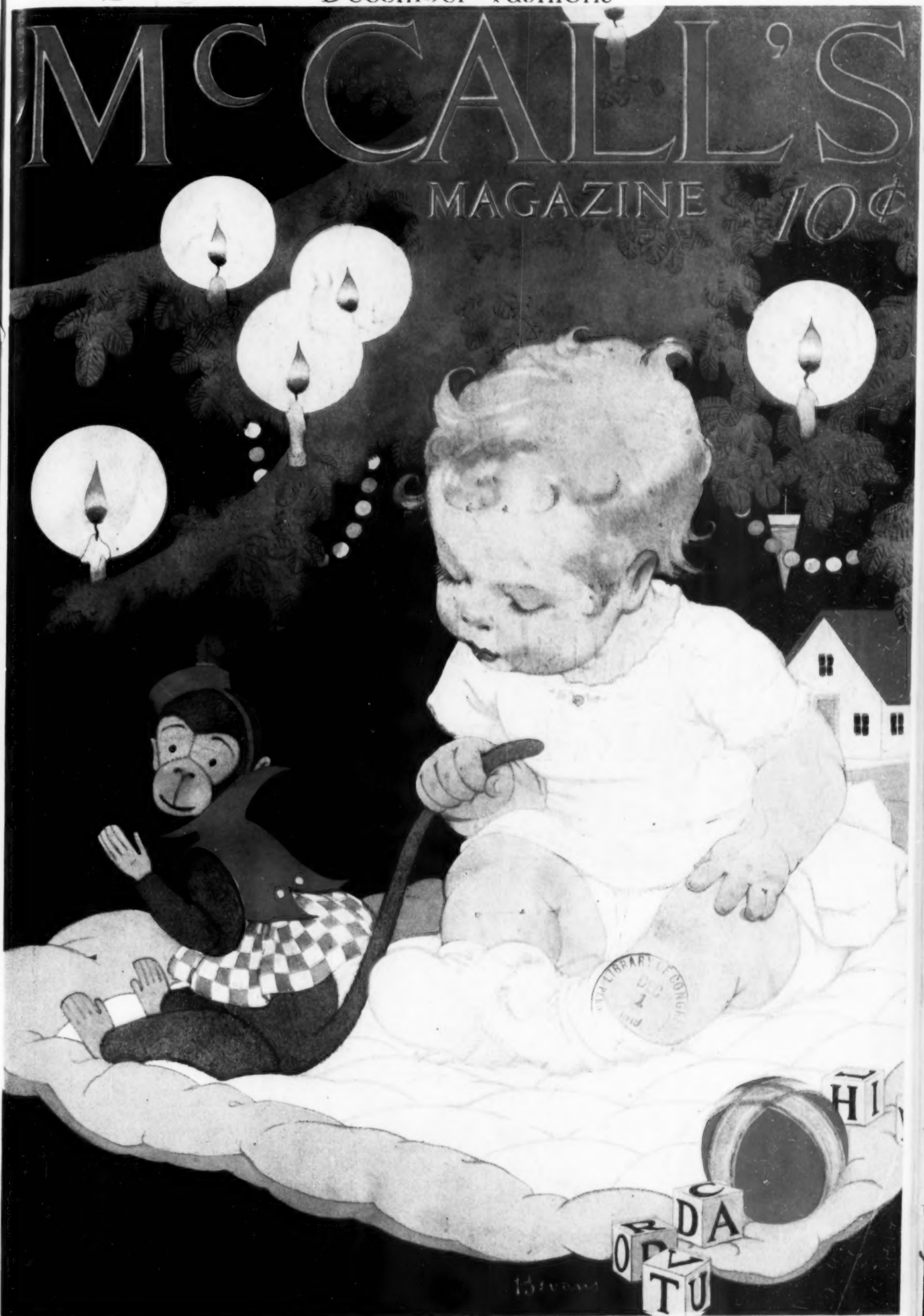
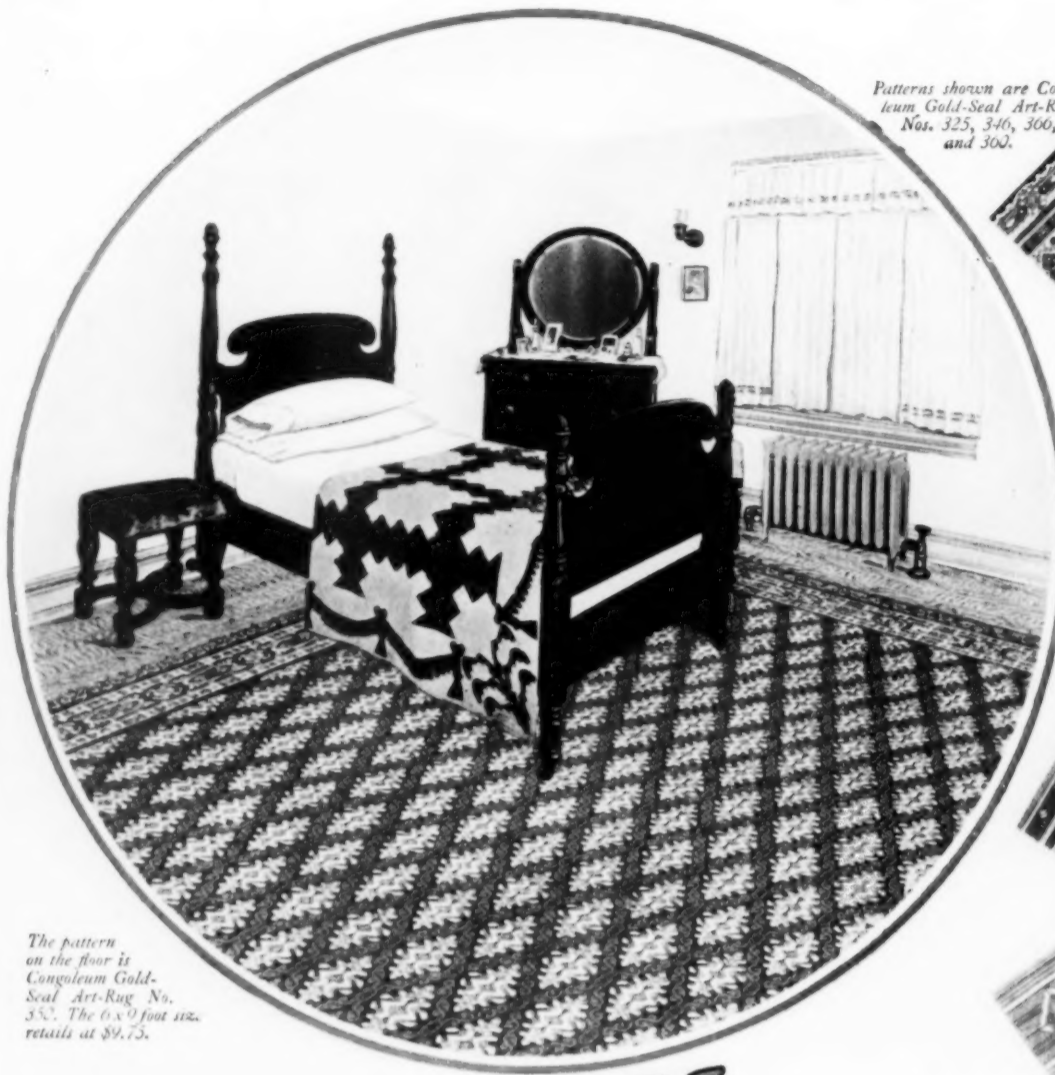


December Fashions

MCCALL'S

MAGAZINE 10¢





The pattern on the floor is Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 352. The 6 x 9 foot size retails at \$9.75.

Patterns shown are Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rugs Nos. 325, 346, 300, and 302.



CONGOLEUM

Gold Seal

ART-RUGS



The Sensible Floor-Covering

CONGOLEUM ^{GOLD SEAL} Art-Rugs are suitable for use in any room where a low-priced rug is desired. They are the most sensible covering you can put on your floors, and the most economical. They are low in price (see price-list); they wear a long while; they require no fastening; and they always look well. Their firm, non-absorbent surface is waterproof and sanitary—cleaned in a few seconds with a damp mop.

We show above five of the newest designs. There are many more, all exclusive Congoleum patterns, the work of leading rug and carpet designers with studios in Paris, London and New York.

In fact, unless you are familiar with Congoleum ^{GOLD SEAL} Art-Rugs you probably have no idea that such beautiful patterns could be produced in anything but expensive woven rugs.

Note these Low Prices—

6 x 9 feet	\$ 9.75	9 x 9 feet	\$14.25
7½ x 9 feet	11.85	9 x 10½ feet	16.60
		9 x 12 feet	\$19.00

Congoleum-by-the-Yard for Kitchens, Bathrooms, Halls, etc.

Congoleum comes also in roll form by the yard in a variety of equally beautiful patterns and artistic color combinations, suitable for floor-coverings in kitchens, bathrooms, halls, etc., where it is desired to cover the entire floor.

Be sure to look for the Gold-Seal Guarantee on Congoleum in this form, also. It is pasted right on the face of every two yards.

Price: \$1.00 per square yard for material of either two yard or three yard widths.

Beautiful Color Charts Free

Send your name and address to the nearest branch office for a copy of the latest Rug Chart showing the full assortment of patterns in the actual colors. You can then decide at home just which will look best with your furniture. We also have color folders illustrating the other Congoleum Floor-Coverings. Specify which you want when writing.

This Gold Seal is the Mark of Genuine Congoleum

WHEN you go to select a Congoleum ^{GOLD SEAL} Art-Rug be sure to get the genuine. Inferior imitations are sometimes misrepresented as being "just the same as Congoleum."

But they are not the same, any more than a counterfeit dollar is the same as a genuine. Counterfeit floor-coverings have counterfeit value. That is why you should *insist* upon seeing the Gold Seal pasted on the face or the name "Congoleum" stamped on the back.

Genuine Congoleum ^{GOLD SEAL} Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings carry our definite assurance of "Satisfaction guaranteed or your money will be refunded." We mean this absolutely and will positively make good if any Gold-Seal Congoleum you buy doesn't give you complete satisfaction.

Prices in Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

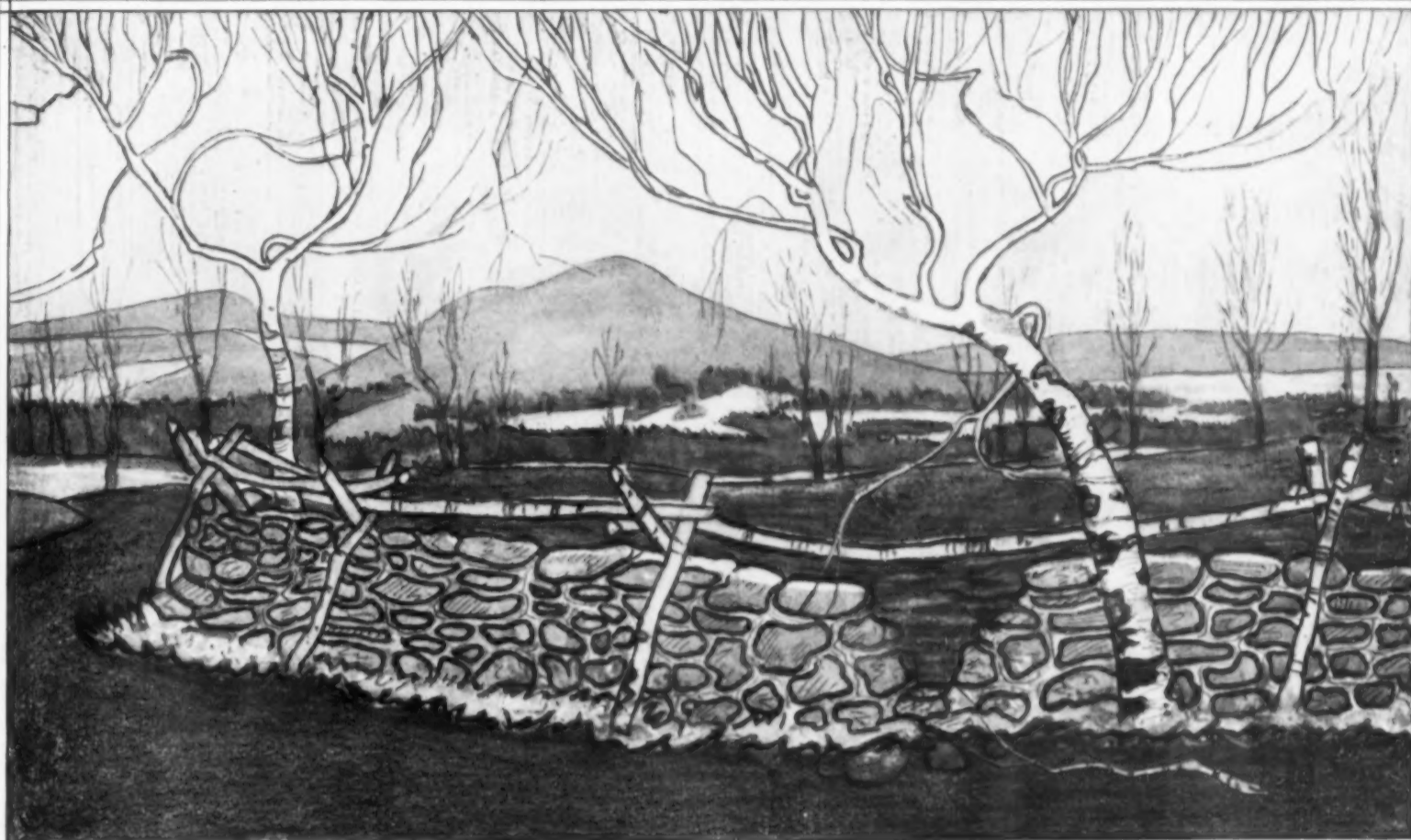
Congoleum Company
INCORPORATED

PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

NOVEMBER

-M^cCALL'S-

MAGAZINE



Keep Off the Grass

WHEN I go out into the city park it irritates me to meet a sign reading, "Keep off the Grass." There is the smooth, green lawn; there is the comfortable brown bole of the big elm tree; but I and my companion of the rickety bench, some sad relic, perhaps, of the city's unthinking usage, may not go there and sit luxuriously, gazing up into the spotting sunshine and the whispering leaves.

Once I rode for miles through smiling farm country dotted with little islands of pine grove, where straight close-packed tree trunks rose symmetrical and strong to spread a roof for the wayfarer from adjacent sunny fields. The pine fragrance was enticing. The ways were dim and cool. But the warm brown carpet of needles was strewn with fluttering papers, decaying cardboard boxes, egg-shells—and, always, olive bottles.

Members of the Appalachian Club have a fondness for high mountain places and solitary forests. Often they marshal their expeditions in large forces, and their hikes are long. Much food must be carried. The Appalachian Club has one hard and fast rule—the paper wrappings, the cardboard boxes, the egg-shells, and the olive bottles, must be buried. Nothing must be left to mark the passing of the human except, perhaps, the occasional blazing of a trail and the sturdy footprints that Nature herself can easily eradicate.

There is no reason in the world why we should have to endure irritating admonitions. When we are nice we don't have to be ordered to "Keep off the Grass."

Fences

BEFORE I built a wall I'd ask to know
What I was walling in or walling out,
And to whom I was like to give offense.
Something there is that doesn't love a wall,
That wants it down."

Robert Frost, from *Mending Wall*.

MANY things there are that do not love walls. The youth and the daring in each of us is on the side of that mysterious unseen force which would topple them down. Walls would be all well enough if they served simply to shut us in, but they shut the rest of the world out. Only timid souls who are afraid to meet life, or having met it have met disillusion, hide themselves behind fences.

There are many kinds of fences. A fence is pretty much what you make it. I am inclined to think that none but a philosopher should ever be allowed to build one. It takes a philosopher to find that nice balance between privacy, as necessary to human beings as bread and water, and exclusiveness, devastating as starvation.

If I were to build a fence I think I should make it low enough to lean across for the exchange of neighbor gossip or the comfortable lending or borrowing of a cup of sugar. It should be tall enough to tempt the feet of a lad bent upon his first adventure of discovery, but not so formidable that it would daunt his daring.

I know a fence that is a prison wall. There are miles of it stretching round a great estate and on the top there is a layer of jagged glass. The gates are bolted and guards watch that none goes through. It is a voluntary prison, and I wonder whether the proud man who lives within ever suspects what it means to cheat himself of the blessed contact with his fellows.

I know another fence which nothing can love. It is a spite fence built to blot out the sky's blue and the sun's gold from a neighbor's sight. It is the saddest of all barriers, an ugly confession of failure; the failure of two human beings to play the game of life according to the rule of give-and-take.

Some fences are as much a part of the landscape as the trees and the grass. Time has weathered them to the color of the soil, years have robbed them of formality. The tender shoots of spring vines lean contentedly upon them for support and autumn leaves gather there for the last stand against the coming winter. Perhaps, these are the ideal fences. They neither shut in nor shut out. When you can't climb over them you can crawl under, and the only thing that makes a wall bearable is the gap.

The Delay

WE regret that your November McCall's is late.

Owing to a jurisdictional dispute in the printing trades, a strike occurred in New York City on the first day of October which made publication on the usual date impossible. As a result of one of the most complicated and difficult labor-union controversies that has ever arisen, practically every printing press in the city of New York was idle, and every composing-room was empty during the entire month of October.

As most of the big magazines of the United States are published in New York City, all have been similarly affected.

The question of settlement was outside our control. The dispute was not a controversy between employers and employees. The point of contention was one of authority between the international printing unions and certain New York local unions.

We are all, employers and employees alike, hopeful that a satisfactory settlement will soon be reached, so that we may resume a normal publication schedule and save you from a repetition of this inconvenience.

Every possible effort is being made to overcome the disadvantage under which we are laboring.

We are certain that you will appreciate the situation in which we are placed and will pardon the delay.

The December issue of McCall's Magazine will be mailed you just as soon as it is off the presses.

THE PUBLISHERS.

M^cCALL'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1919

VOLUME XLVII, NUMBER THREE

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Price of McCall's Magazine

10 cents a copy at any news-stand or McCall Pattern Agency. Subscription price \$1.00 a year (12 issues). Canadian postage, 25 cents extra; foreign postage, 75 cents extra.

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number.

All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

Change of Address

Please give four weeks' notice. Be sure to give your old address (complete), as well as your new address. If possible give the date you subscribed.

Advertisements

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

Just by Way of Contrast

"You must have a bit o' cake with your bread and ale;
Silk as well as calico, my dearie-O;
Posies on a window-sill and praties in a pail;
If you'd be after keeping right cheery-O."
—Old Song



People really must live up to their names. That's why Witter Bynner writes lilting lyrics, and Walt Mason makes happy, homely rhymes. We quote W. B. to HER, on a moonlit night; and we read W. M. out loud to the family every night.

Now, if we'd been christened something tuneful or home-folksy, we might have been a poet, too. As it is, we can only hand over the recipe to parents who want their children to be famous.



Introducing two real artists. When Ma paints a picture, so to speak, she snubs cook-books, measuring-cups and advice-givers. But Ma's daughter (A. B., B. S.) fusses with proteins, carbohydrates, calories, weights-and-measures, and many more domestic-scientific apparatuses (or is it apparati?).

After sampling, we say "Really, most delicious!" and "Lickin' good!" Puzzle: Which remark to which?



We do not know the sassy, twinkling star that is Dorothy Gish; but often have we giggled and sniffled and felt downright chummy with her many little movie selves.

Says Dorothy: "No footlights for me; the Cooper-Hewitts are much too dazzling."



We do not know the wonderful, shining star that is Maude Adams; but often have we smiled and wept and made friends with Peter Pan and Lady Babbie and Cinderella.

Miss Adams declares: "I shall never appear on the screen."



Rachel Crothers (the bookish one) increases her capital by writing capital plays; Anita Loos adds to her capital by writing captional plays. Miss C. confesses: "Making a stage-comedy is a serious business." Says Miss L.: "Making a screen-comedy is a delirious business."



John Singer Sargent, whose paintings fill us with solemn and reverential wonder, has received the honorary degree of M.A. from Yale University. Bud Fisher is a Master of Arts also. Witness his two little arts, one named Mutt and t'other named Jeff.



We might say that Irving Berlin's music goes to the feet, and Percy Grainger's to the head. For when I. B.'s fingers dance along the keys, we all want to dance, too; and when P. G. plays, we lean back and close our eyes and feel our way through strange, colorful places.

Your New Home

should be made artistic, sanitary and livable.



These walls should be Alabastined in the latest, up-to-the-minute nature color tints. Each room should reflect your own individuality and the treatment throughout be a complete perfect harmony in colors.

The walls of the old home, whether mansion or cottage, can be made just as attractive, just as sanitary, through the intelligent use of

Alabastine

Instead of kalsomine or wallpaper

How much better, when you have a new home, to start right than to have to correct errors afterward from former treatment with other materials, when you come to the use of Alabastine, as does nearly every one sooner or later.

Once your walls are Alabastined you can use any material over it should you desire, but having used Alabastine you will have no desire for any other treatment.

Alabastine is so easy to mix and apply—so lasting in its results—so absolutely sanitary—and so generally recognized as the proper decorative material in a class by itself that it is becoming difficult to manufacture fast enough to supply the demand.

Alabastine is a dry powder, put up in five-pound packages, white and beautiful tints, ready to mix and use by the addition of cold water, and with full directions on each package. Every package of genuine Alabastine has cross and circle printed in red.

Better write us for hand-made color designs and special suggestions. Give us your decorative problems and let us help you work them out.

ALABASTINE COMPANY

340 Grandville Road

Grand Rapids

Michigan



The Simple Way

THE easy, practical way to polish and preserve finished surfaces is with Johnson's Prepared Wax and a cloth—you don't need brushes, sprays or mops of any kind. Simply apply the Wax with a cloth and then polish with a dry cloth—very little rubbing is required to produce an exquisite, lustrous polish of great beauty and durability.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is not only a polish but a wonderful preservative—it forms a thin, protecting film over the finish, similar to the service rendered by a piece of plate glass over a desk, table or dresser-top.

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

Paste - Liquid - Powdered

Johnson's Prepared Wax protects and preserves varnish, adding years to its life and beauty. It covers up mars and small surface scratches and prevents checking.

Use Johnson's Liquid Wax for polishing furniture—leather goods—woodwork—and automobiles. Use the Paste Wax for polishing floors of all kinds—wood, linoleum, tile, marble, etc.

For a Perfect Dancing Floor

Just sprinkle Johnson's Powdered Wax over any surface—marble, tile, wood, composition, etc. The feet of the dancers will spread the Wax, polishing the floor and immediately put it in perfect condition for dancing. Conveniently put up in shaker top cans.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Racine, Wis.



A cologne bottle that adds to the attractiveness of any dressing table. No one denies the usefulness of any candy jar. And who could hold any more beauty and grace than this little bottle?

For its beauty— and its usefulness!

For both its beauty and its usefulness, you'll like to own Heisey's graceful, sparkling glassware!

The new Heisey designs in glass for your dining table or your dressing table—in candy jar or cologne bottle—are unusually artistic and particularly well-made.

You'll be delighted to find, too, that these desirable pieces of Heisey's Glassware are very inexpensive. You'll enjoy using them every day! Heisey's Glassware is for sale only at the better stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from A. H. HEISEY & CO., Dept. 82, Newark, Ohio.



On every piece

On every piece

FOR THE TABLE

WHITTALL

RUGS

Are Priced as Low as Quality can let them go

THE Whittall Mills never compete where Price sacrifices Quality. To-day their products are more their Pride than ever before. Because with world-wide conditions hindering on every side and steadily forcing increased prices, Whittall Rugs have steadfastly upheld their Quality and even enhanced their Beauty

Our illustrated book "Oriental Art in Whittall Rugs" sent free
M. J. WHITTALL ASSOCIATES, 232 Brussels St., Worcester, Mass.



When you feel uncomfortable every time you see people's eyes upon your hands, you cannot be at your best

PEOPLE NOTICE YOUR FINGERNAILS

Every time you put your hand to your hair — Every time you powder your nose — Whenever you make a gesture your hands are conspicuous

YOUR tea cup poised in the air; the attention of the others centered on you—and then you caught a glimpse of your nails! The very memory of it still makes you flush.

The big occasions when your nails made you feel awkward stand out in your memory. But are you conscious of the thousand little daily acts which make your hands prominent?

You cannot put on your hat or fasten your glove; you cannot give your clothes a tiny, settling pat; you cannot make the least gesture without drawing attention to your hands.



This is ruinous!
The nail root is only 1/12 inch below the cuticle. If you cut the cuticle, you are sure to injure the delicate root.

People not only look at your hands—they judge you by them.

An occasional manicure may improve the appearance of your nails for the time being, but it will not keep them looking well. You must care for your nails with the same regularity that you do for your teeth, and care for them by the right method.

When you cut the overgrown cuticle, you can't help cutting the living skin, too. There's only 1/12

of an inch of cuticle to protect the root of the nails. When you hack into this cuticle you are hurting the only protection of the sensitive root.

The skin, in its effort to heal these ugly little places, grows quickly and forms thick, ragged cuticle. This gives your cuticle the unkempt appearance that makes you feel self-conscious when people look at your nails.

But you can keep your cuticle thin, smooth, even—your nails so lovely that you feel only pleasure when people look at your hands.

The right way to do this is to use the correct softening method; then remove any surplus cuticle with a soft cloth. After years of experiment an expert



This is correct
Soften and remove surplus cuticle with Cutex. It will leave a thin, beautiful nail base

worked out a harmless cuticle remover—Cutex. Just dip an orange stick (with cotton wrapped around the point) into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back the dead cuticle. Carefully wash the hands, pushing the cuticle back when drying them.

The Cutex way keeps the cuticle in perfect condition. It can't break the skin or injure the nail root. With Cutex, you will no longer have the mortification of rough, heavy cuticle, of hangnails—you can keep your hands well groomed all the time.

To remove stains and make the nail tips snowy

white, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

Get Cutex at any drug or department store. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White and Nail Polish are each 35c.



The exquisite result
Your nails look like this all the time when you give them a regular Cutex manicure

For 20 cents have exquisite nails for a month

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you a complete Midget Manicure Set. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 311, 114 W. 17th Street, New York City.

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MAIL THIS COUPON WITH TWO DIMES TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN Dept. 311, 114 W. 17th St., N. Y. C.	
Name	
Street	
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Below you see Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, and Cutex Powder Polish in the new tube. The three give you a wonderful manicure.





McCALL'S MAGAZINE

Bessie Beatty, Editor



The Lady above the Mantelpiece

By George Barr McCutcheon

ILLUSTRATION BY J. HENRY

"You're not quite what you were in those days . . . but that's you up there, just as much as this is you sitting here beside me"

nothing of the supposititious snooper at the distant keyhole. She was, you might say, all-seeing.

She was created, so to speak, in her twenty-fourth year, by a great French portrait-painter. It is worthy of note that the event transpired in the first year of her marriage. Up to that time, she had not really existed—certainly she had not possessed the power to use her eyes with such widespread concentration. Not that she had been an unlovely or uninviting creation in the flesh—far from it, she was beautiful—but that the painter had succeeded with uncanny skill in perpetuating the single instant in which she was incomparable.

For twenty-five years and more she had looked down from her exalted place above the mantelpiece, and never was she anything else but incomparable.

The years had been kind to her. They had given her no wrinkles; they had taken none of the luster from her eyes, none of the radiance from her cheek, none of the enchantment from her lips, none of the satin from her neck and shoulders—nor had they put the drab touch of age upon her glossy hair.

True, she had mellowed with age, as all beautiful ladies do in portraits; the pigments and oils of which she was composed had softened in Time's crucible, while a skilfully applied coat of varnish had done much to preserve the luster of her complexion. Moreover, she was safely ensconced behind a flawless piece of French plate-glass.

She was tall and slender and aristocratic; her gown was a delicate rose-color, charmingly unrelated to the cruel fashion of her day—which was, by the way, of the early eighties; indeed, the amiable Frenchman had created a gown as well as a lady—and she evidently had paused in the process of fanning herself with a gorgeous white fan in order to fix her undivided attention upon the polite and gallant artist. Thus it must have been, for he certainly caught her when she was looking. She was coming down a broad marble stairway. One shapely hand was on the balustrade, one dainty foot poised in what seemed to be the very act of stepping across the frame and out upon the mantelpiece.

NOW, all this was twenty odd years ago. Mrs. Renfrew, of Fourwinds, had long since ceased to be the living, fleshly counterpart of the Mrs. Renfrew above the mantelpiece. The marble stairway in the great hall had not altered, nor had the polished balustrade, but the lady herself had undergone a far from subtle change.

There is something cruel about the stability and constancy of inanimate things. A few score years, or even hundreds, make little or no difference in the serene existence of a marble stairway; nor do they diminish the glory of a well-painted portrait.

The youthful Mrs. Renfrew above the mantelpiece was a thing of paint and pigment, but she would endure forever; the hand of time could not destroy the contour of her face, nor refashion the shapeliness of her body; it could not give her a double-chin, nor supply her with the tissue that galls; it could not remodel the trim ankle, the shapely hand, the graceful waist, nor the slim neck and peerless shoulders; it could not take the engaging light out of her eyes nor the red from her lips. The lady above the mantelpiece was twenty-four; she would never be a day older. And one of the most wonderful things about being a portrait is that if by some unforeseen accident a lady's beauty is marred by scratch or blow, she can at once be restored to her pristine self by the hand of a skilful painter, and the patch will remain invisible! So much for the beautiful women who are created by man!

On the other hand Mrs. Renfrew in the flesh was close upon forty-nine. No painter—not even one so crafty as herself—could restore her to the condition in which the French artist left her when he laid down his brushes a quarter of a century before.

Of late years she had spent a great deal of time, energy and money in the effort to keep strangers from pointing at the portrait and exclaiming, "And who, dear Mrs. Renfrew, is that lovely creature above the mantelpiece?"

She was very stout; her complexion had completely deserted her, her features had become stern and heavy, her eyes no longer danced, she had no neck at all. In lieu, however, of all the things she had lost she retained a painstaking hair-dresser, an encouraging modiste, a diligent masseuse, an amiable physician, a distressing appetite, and a husband who not only had kept his figure but had grown better looking with age.

As a matter of fact, the master of Fourwinds in his fiftieth year was a remarkably handsome man. Odd, isn't it, how a few well-distributed wrinkles, some deeply cut lines, a thatch of gray hair, and garments that can almost be fitted by telephone, will so perversely add to the beauty of one sex and yet so thoroughly ruin the peace of another?

Mrs. Renfrew was not jealous of any woman alive. She was quite above that. But she was in the anomalous position of being insanely jealous of herself. She loathed, despised, feared and envied the twenty-four-year-old enchantress above the mantelpiece! There stood her only rival for the affections of her husband—that lovely, unprincipled

THE portrait hung above the wide Italian mantelpiece at Fourwinds. As one entered the room, almost baronial in design and dimensions, the lovely, brilliant face above the mantel greeted him with a tender, inviting smile; one involuntarily smiled in return. Not even the oldest acquaintance or the most frequent visitor at Fourwinds was immune to this delicate appeal; no matter how often one entered that spacious room he felt that he was being most graciously received by the lady above the mantelpiece, and if he experienced a slight fear that someone had caught him in the act of smiling back at this inanimate siren, he consoled himself with the thought that he was paying tribute to the painter and not to the subject.

A stranger, experiencing his first contact with the lady, invariably stopped in his tracks and gazed spellbound for a moment or two before murmuring:

"What a lovely thing that is!"

A trite commonplace that betrayed not only a paucity of words but a profound desire to make the best of what few he had at his command.

Then he would look into her violet eyes from every angle known to the connoisseur—not so much in art as in beauty—and she would look back at him and smile directly into

his eyes, no matter where he stood, apparently ignoring everyone else in the room. If he looked at her out of the corner of his eye, she was sure to meet his glance and smile; if he stood below her with his foot on the fender, she looked down into his eyes the instant he raised them; if he happened to turn for a last, inquiring peep as he passed into the dining-room, she was still following him with that frank and gentle smile; if he were the sort of person who would stoop to such a thing as peeping through the keyhole in the door of his bedchamber, provided it was the one at the head of the stairway, commanding a partial view of the mantelpiece, he would draw back in guilty confusion, for she would be looking straight into his eye from her remote position.

And if he were at all nice he would feel some hesitancy about undressing without first hanging his coat or waistcoat on the door-knob.

But the lady above the mantelpiece was far too amiable to devote her attention exclusively to any single admirer. She had eyes for everyone; no matter how crowded the great room might be, no matter how far to the right one observer might be or how far to the left another, she could manage to look straight into the eyes of both, and still keep an individual orb on the rest of the assemblage, to say



bussy who was forever looking down upon her with derision, but who smiled so tenderly, so confidently into the eyes of the man who had fallen in love with her before she was even created.

There she stood, day and night, with diabolical heartlessness, luring the master of Fourwinds away from what aptly may be termed his present wife. The detestable hussy above the mantelpiece was unmistakably his former wife. You couldn't get away from that. No one knew it better than Renfrew himself. That painted thing up there was the woman he proposed to and married twenty-five years ago, and despite the fact that she long since had been displaced by a middle-aged matron as mistress of the house, she hung on like a leech, keeping her looks, holding her youth, displaying her charms and reminding John Renfrew of the days when he loved the feel of her in his arms.

There was no room for doubt in Mrs. Renfrew's mind. Her husband was still in love with the creature. She had always known it, but it was of late years that she had begun to resent this singular inconstancy in the man—or, would it be better to say constancy? In any case, whatever it was, it was intolerable. He was quite open about it, too.

It was his custom to dilate upon the charms of the lady above the mantelpiece, not only to his wife alone but with any unsympathetic idiots who happened to constitute an audience; he never tired of reminding her of the adorable way in which her hair grew about her ears, of the bewitching lips, the long white throat that throbbled with the beat of her heart, the smooth breast. Poor misguided gentleman, he actually believed he was paying tribute to the wife of his bosom!

He never entered the room without bestowing a proud, adoring smile upon the lady above the mantelpiece. He never sat down with his back to her, if he could help it, and, no matter how beautiful other women in the room might be, he had no eyes for them.

His wife—shall we say his present wife—frequently found him reclining comfortably in one of the big arm-chairs, his hands clasped behind his head, gazing dreamily into the eyes of her only rival, loving her with all his heart and soul. There was no mistake about it. She knew he was making love to the painted hussy!

Once he said to her: "Harriet, I believe I could part with anything else I possess rather than give up that portrait."

And she could only reply: "How silly, John."

"It is so like you, my dear," he said, smiling up through the smoke of his cigar into the eyes of the lady.

This was a little too much. She looked daggers at herself above the mantelpiece and snapped: "How long has it been since you've seen me, John?"

"Eh?" he exclaimed, looking at her as if he had not heard aright. "What do you mean?"

"I asked, how long has it been since you've seen me?"

"What an extraordinary question. I see you every day of my life. I see you all the time." Then he took her hand in his. "Of course, you're not quite what you were in those days. You couldn't be. No one could be, my dear. But *that's* the way I see you, just the same. That's *you* up there, just as much as this is you sitting here beside me."

He would have been shocked if he could have heard what she said under her breath.

Her son, devoted adolescent, increased her hatred for the lady above the mantelpiece by frequent though varying comments, such as this: "I say, mother, it wasn't to dad's credit that he picked you. There wasn't anything else for him to do but to fall in love with you. I'll bet every man in town was crazy about you. Why, gosh, you could have married all of 'em, couldn't you?"

"Do I suggest a bigamist?" she inquired, rather hopeful that he would say that she did, which would have been something, at least. They were looking at the picture.

"No, but you certainly could have created an awful epidemic of bigamy among men if you'd wanted to," was his brash way of complimenting her.

Her daughter, still in her teens, would sigh over and over again: "Poor dad! How horribly jealous he must have been. And do you know, I believe he still is, Mumsy. I've caught him glaring like anything when some other man stands here and stares at you."

Staring at her, indeed! Staring at that painted creature!

THREE in Mrs. Renfrew's forty-eighth year, accidents occurred that, except for the intervention of a designing Providence, would have resulted fatally for the lady above the mantelpiece. The first was brought about by the somewhat convenient presence of a hawk in the chicken-yard. One of the servants came rushing up to Mrs. Renfrew's room with the word that the bird of prey was hovering over the place and that the chickens were in a

state of wild alarm. You could hear them cackling for miles, she declared.

Now, the mistress was an excellent shot. She had shot and hunted with her husband for years. She was accustomed to the use of firearms as a sport. Hurrying to the gun-closet, she took down her favorite piece. Slipping in a couple of shells, she rushed downstairs. The servant had preceded her.

No one—not even Mrs. Renfrew—knew exactly how it happened, but as she entered the hall on her way to the rear of the house, a rug slipped under her foot and she fell. In relating the experience afterward to her husband she said she must have pulled the trigger in the frantic effort to save herself. In any event, a full charge of shot riddled the upper left corner of the portrait, missing the radiant face by not more than half a foot.

Renfrew was properly horrified. He went so far as to command her never to use the gun again. Why, good God, he exclaimed, staring at the portrait, she might have blown her head off!

Later, after the picture had been taken down, repaired and restored to its accustomed place of honor, one of the thick copper wires supporting it snapped off sharp and clean, and down came the heavy frame, its partially released weight jerking the other hook from the molding. This happened in the middle of the night. Some men had been at work during the day, mending the stone hearth; the picture crashed down upon one of the spear-like andirons which had

course, easily convinced his wife and other members of his household that it couldn't have happened in any other way.

He figured it out like this: the spark (the fact that it was a spark could not be disputed, for hadn't Mrs. Renfrew, with her own eyes, seen the charred little ember when she sped forward and frantically began to beat with her gloved hands upon the burning brocade?), the spark had shot upward and outward from the heap of burning logs with something of the force of a bullet, striking the screen near the top at such an angle that it glanced upward and inward, popping high in the air and coming down on the mantelpiece. No doubt about it, argued Renfrew. Still, Renfrew was only speculating. As I say, it was, and still remains, a mystery. The flames were already creeping up the carved picture-frame when Mrs. Renfrew entered the room. (I forgot to mention that someone had carelessly left a filmy chiffon scarf on the mantelpiece. Later on it developed that the daughter had mislaid it. At any rate, the girl had been looking for it everywhere, but hadn't the faintest recollection of bringing it downstairs, and she was awfully sorry to have been so stupid.)

By the time the servants responded to their mistress' call, the case looked hopeless. The frame was blazing and fire was licking greedily at the back of the canvas. The butler, however, was a most resourceful and energetic fellow. No doubt, he considered himself guilty of carelessness under the circumstances. In any event, he saved the lady above the mantelpiece from incineration by the swift and judicious use of a fire-extinguisher which happened to work as advertised.

She came through the ordeal unmarred, unscarred, triumphant. She did not change expression while the butler was squirting cold chemicals up and down her back, nor did she shrink so much as an inch when an excited maid-servant drenched her feet and ankles with a pail of water.

Although in direct peril, she looked down through smoke and flame into the eyes of each and all of her faithful protectors with the same radiant expression, the same inviting shadow of a smile, the same serene indifference to mortal emotions! She watched them scurrying hither and thither, missing not so much as a single movement; she followed them into the hall and into the dining-room, even though such departures were made simultaneously, and she welcomed them back again with undivided interest. And all the while she kept an eye upon the uneasy middle-aged lady who had sunk into a chair at the farther end of the room and was glaring back at her with unspeakable ferocity!

Of course, she had to be restretched and relined by an expert; she had to have a bath followed by a gentle and no doubt agreeable scrubbing; she had to have a new frame and, as an after-thought, an asbestos back. She was absent from Fourwinds for about three weeks, and while she was away the space above the mantelpiece was a dismal waste on which nothing could thrive except lamentations.

It was while she was away that Mrs. Renfrew suggested that the portrait be consigned to a storage warehouse. In fact, she was quite emphatic about it.

"I shall feel more comfortable, John, if it's in some safe place like that," said she, quite naturally employing the neuter gender. "We've had warning enough, don't you think?"

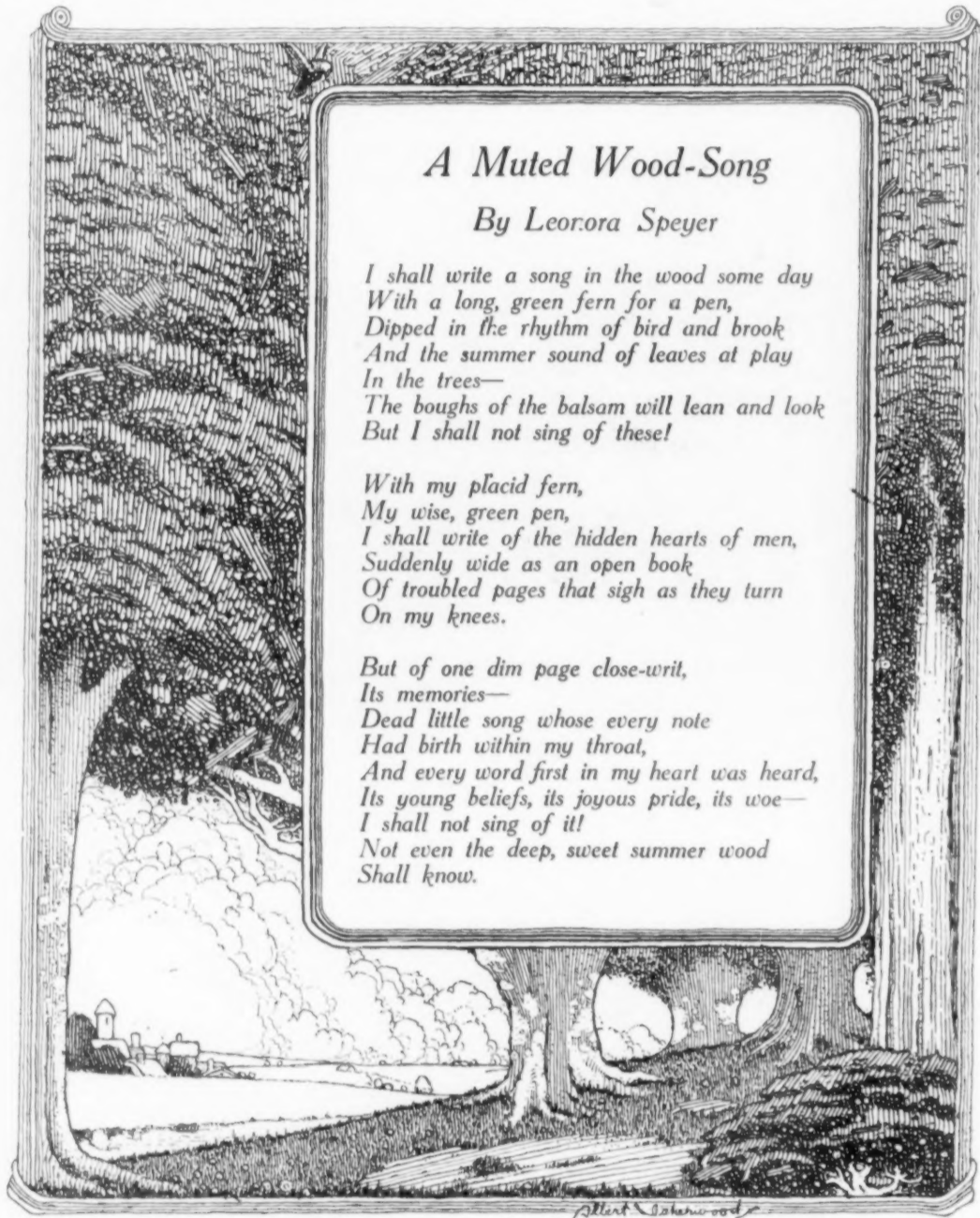
Three times it has come so near to being destroyed that I am really getting to be downright superstitious. It really looks as if—well, as if some evil influence were bent on destroying it. We may not be so lucky the next time."

"Certainly had a narrow squeak this time, Harriet," said he soberly. "By Jove, when I think of it I can't help shuddering. Don't let me forget to do what I spoke of doing on Gibson's next pay-day. He saved that picture, my dear. If it hadn't been for him it would be nothing but ashes now—and the house, too, for that matter. I shouldn't have minded the house so much, however. We could build another. But, bless your heart, my dear, we never could replace that portrait, never! 'All the king's horses and all the king's men could never—' But that is sacrilege. Humpty-Dumpty! I ought to be shot for even starting anything so odious."

"But you must put it in the vault at the storage warehouse, John," she insisted.

He drove the steel deeper by shaking his head and saying: "Why, the house wouldn't be the same without you up there above the mantelpiece, Harriet. It wouldn't be home to me. I should be like a lost soul if I came into this room and you were not up there to welcome me, to smile at me, to caress me with your eyes, to kiss me the instant I entered the door and looked up at you. Impossible, old girl, I couldn't stand it. I'd die of loneliness and grief if you weren't up there to greet me. No; we'll chance it. Better

[Continued on page 35]



A Muted Wood-Song

By Leora Speyer

*I shall write a song in the wood some day
With a long, green fern for a pen,
Dipped in the rhythm of bird and brook
And the summer sound of leaves at play
In the trees—
The boughs of the balsam will lean and look
But I shall not sing of these!*

*With my placid fern,
My wise, green pen,
I shall write of the hidden hearts of men,
Suddenly wide as an open book
Of troubled pages that sigh as they turn
On my knees.*

*But of one dim page close-writ,
Its memories—
Dead little song whose every note
Had birth within my throat,
And every word first in my heart was heard,
Its young beliefs, its joyous pride, its woe—
I shall not sing of it!
Not even the deep, sweet summer wood
Shall know.*

been withdrawn from the cavernous fireplace and left standing well out in the room. The glass was shattered and a few trifling rents were made in the canvas. The only serious damage to the picture was done by the andiron. It tore quite a gash in the marble stairway, but fortunately inflicted no injury upon the lady who was descending it. The expert who had rehung the picture could not, for the life of him, understand why a strong wire should snap off like that. He maintained that it was strong enough to hold a ton—an exaggeration, of course, but quite professional.

The third accident, and the one that came so near to succeeding—if the word may be used without prejudice—occurred in the fall of the year. Mrs. Renfrew herself discovered the fire and gave the alarm. It was a cold, raw day and a big fire was blazing in the fireplace. Renfrew was due from the city at five-thirty, and she had come downstairs, dressed to go to the station with the chauffeur to meet him. She was thinking how he would enjoy the roaring fire after a cold, cheerless day in town. Indeed, she had seen to it herself that the fire was a good one. Three or four logs more than usual were piled up against the back-log, and were blazing merrily.

Of course, it would always remain a mystery how the spark leaped from the fireplace, over the tall Florentine screen, and with uncanny precision upon a rare strip of Italian brocade that ran the length of the mantel and hung elegantly over the ends. Renfrew had a theory of his own. He never tired of expounding it to his friends; and, of

The Dark Mirror

By Louis Joseph Vance

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARK FAY



"How do I know Red sent you here. . . . How do I know this ain't some dodge the Nut put you up to—or Inez?"

PART TWO

I. THE ANTAGONISTS

For Synopsis, see page 24

AGAIN Fosdick hesitated, his face dark with doubt. "You're sure, Priscilla, sure you haven't read an afternoon paper today; sure nobody has talked to you about anything in today's papers?"

"But, of course, Philip!" And then, alarmed by his look of doubt, Priscilla demanded: "What is it? Why do you ask?"

"Half a minute." Philip crossed to the console-table near the door, where he had left his hat and stick and a folded newspaper, and came back with the latter, hastily shaking out its sheets. "I remember noticing a news story on my way down," he said uneasily, as he scanned the columns. "A story curiously like yours in some respects—about some gangster of the lower East Side who shot a detective in the street last night, then took refuge in a restaurant, and escaped after shooting two others. I'm not sure of the names. . . . Ah!" The backs of his fingers tapped the paper smartly. "Here it is. . . . You see!"

The headline smote her understanding like a blow in the face:

Gang Murders on Lower East Side

But the text swam illegibly under her blurring gaze. Even Philip's voice seemed remote, at times barely audible.

"Yes, the same names! Leo Bielsky, the gangster. Ennis and Corbin, plain-clothes men. Ristori's restaurant. No mention of Carnehan, though, or anybody else except the proprietor of Ristori's, who swears he never saw Bielsky before last night. Apparently your friends made a clean getaway, too—"

Priscilla caught his arm with imploring hands.

"Philip! It isn't true! It can't be! Tell me it isn't—!" Seeing her face of waxen pallor, her dilated eyes in which horror flickered, he dropped the newspaper and took her hand in the calming and encouraging clasp of the physician.

"Steady, 'Cilla, old girl, steady on! Of course it isn't true—not the way you mean. There's an explanation somewhere short of witchcraft, and I'll find it for you, Priscilla. I'll dig it out if I have to chuck my practise to the dogs and give the rest of my life to the job!"

There was an interlude of which she retained no memory other than a confused impression of struggling with all her might to hold fast to reason, sustained throughout by a sense of Philip's sympathy and strength.

A crisis was reached and passed. Growing more calm, Priscilla found herself in a roomy arm-chair with a serious-

faced Philip Fosdick seated squarely in front of her, holding her two hands in a grasp so compelling that it narrowly escaped being painful, and talking steadily in even, persuasive accents, infinitely comforting.

"There!" He was alert to the first sign of returning self-control. "You're better already. Now rest quietly till you've got yourself in hand, and remember I'm standing by."

"Have I been silly, Philip?" She essayed an apologetic smile, disengaging her hands to make instinctive dabs at her hair. "Hysterical?"

"Not a bit. You're not that sort. You had a shock, enough to stagger anybody, but you've reacted famously. Now sit tight and consider this thing coolly and sensibly."

"But how can I?" Look and gesture were once more distracted. "Why, I don't even know whether I'm myself or where I am—"

"You do. You know you're right here, in your own studio—"

"How can I be sure? I thought I was, last night, but it seems I wasn't—I was heaven knows how far away, in that dreadful place, when *that* happened—not here at all!"

"Rubbish! You were here asleep, here where you woke up. You merely dreamed you were elsewhere—with what psychic provocation remains to be seen. There are such riddles a-plenty still to be solved, in the phenomena of somnambulism, in spite of the long strides we've made of late years in psychical research."

Tight-lipped, eyes intent, she nodded and then shook her head. "I hear you—or think I do—and seem to understand. But how is one to know what to think? Are you Philip Fosdick or a figure in a dream? Which am I, Priscilla Maine or Leonora?"

"You'll know before we finish. That's a promise, 'Cilla. Look at me, please, and listen. You've had a singularly coincidental dream which, coming as a climax to a long series of dreams quite as singular, seems past understanding. But it isn't. There's an explanation, a perfectly simple and natural one, and it can be got at if only we go after it in the right way. I dare say this case'll demand a lot of patience and time and some tolerably stiff thinking, but its cause is waiting to be found and can't elude us if we stick at it, keep our heads, and never say die."

Words and manner carried a measure of conviction. She searched his face and found it the face of a strong man, sincere, faithful and dependable, and illuminated by the most honest eyes she had ever seen.

"Thank you, Philip. I'm trying to believe, but you don't know how hard it is."

"That's where you're wrong. I do know. I understand perfectly. On the other hand, I know there's nothing unnatural in nature—there can't be. Therefore we can't fail to solve this problem except through your lack of faith in me. If you'll trust me, help me all you can, be absolutely frank—"

"I'll do my best. . . . I've got to. I'll never have a minute's peace till I know the truth. Ask me anything you like, and I'll tell you the truth if I know it."

"I'm sure you will."

"But tell me one thing first." She faltered and looked uneasily aside. "You don't—you don't think I'm—wrong—mentally?"

Fosdick laughed, with calculation, a laugh that scouted the suggestion and at the same time was indulgent.

ABSOLUTELY not. You've got the rightest mind I know. But you're anything but obvious, 'Cilla. You're as complex a personality as any I've ever known. You're strongly intuitive—or what we term psychic—sympathetic, impressionable, susceptible to influences that work on you without your knowledge. You'd have to be, or you couldn't paint so well. You may mix your paints with brains, as Whistler advised, but you apply them with emotion. I mean you feel, and paint what you feel more than what you see. Otherwise your pictures would be mere cut-and-dried reports of surfaces. Artists are like that, who do work worth while. With such people, the subconscious is very thinly veiled by the conscious, whereas with most of us simple-minded and unimaginative creatures—consciousness is an indurated husk, tough and stubborn. That's one reason why I'm promising you we won't have much difficulty locating the seat of your troubles. Whatever it is, the cause is known to your subconscious self, and that is bound to tell us, soon or late."

"But how, Philip?"

For the first time since he had shown her the newspaper Priscilla's tone and manner were unaffected by mental strain. Fosdick suppressed a glimmer of satisfaction.

"If we fail to get at the trouble by straight analysis—collecting, dissecting and comparing known facts—we'll catch the subconscious betraying itself. It always does, 'Cilla. That's what makes my job so interesting. One never knows what word or phrase, gesture or nuance of expression will give the clue one needs. So if we fail to make visible progress in direct examination, be sure that sometime, when we're least expecting it, the subconscious will prompt you to drop the hint that will lead us straight to the heart of the mystery."

She nodded eagerly, already persuaded and only too anxious to believe.

"How shall we begin?"

"Feel strong enough to have a go at it now? Good! Then let's get our facts in order—first, the things we know beyond dispute."

Philip produced a pocket note-book, found a fair page, and penned the notation: *Priscilla Maine. Age—21.*

"Where were you born?"

"Here—in New York. At least I presume I was. Does it matter?"

"Can't say as yet." Philip's words followed his fountain pen. "Your father was Henry Hobart Maine, of this city. He was a portrait-painter; made a great deal of money, inherited more; was forty-eight when he died, five years ago, leaving you his sole heiress to a handful of millions. Your mother died when you were born, if my memory serves."

"Yes."
"Her name?"
"I . . . don't know."
Philip's brows lifted. "Didn't your father tell you?"

"Never." The girl's eyes clouded. "He always seemed so distressed when my mother was mentioned that I learned not to ask questions."

"Then he never told you anything about her?"

"No. Neither did anybody else."
"Odd. Must have been something uncommon to make him avoid the subject with his own child. Ever strike you that way?"

"Sometimes." Priscilla hesitated, looking down at a forefinger which traced a pattern on the arm of the chair. "Does it seem heartless of me, I wonder? I was always so happy, life was so kind, father so thoughtful never to let me know an unsatisfied wish—I'm afraid I never bothered about my mother much."

"That's human enough. Still, somebody must know. . . . Your Aunt Esther?"

"I'm afraid not. She married before father did, and went to England to live and never came back till her husband died, a few years ago. She's my third cousin, really—but the only living relative I have."

"Did she ever mention your mother?"

"Once, and then only to say she understood father's married life wasn't a happy one."

"Didn't she say why?"

"She didn't know."
"Somebody must," Fosdick repeated testily. "Now if only my father were living . . ."

"Yes. He would know, if anybody. He was father's dearest friend."

"Well, there's our first big question-mark. Now—"

"Philip—you don't think—possibly—the reason the marriage was unhappy was because of—anything—like mental trouble, on my mother's side?"

NO!" Fosdick declared with just the right degree of pained forbearance. "Do try to cure yourself of that notion, 'Cilla. It's ridiculous. There's nothing wrong with your mind any more than with mine. Neither dreams nor psychic susceptibility are symptoms of insanity. You're as right as rain, every way. Let's see"—his pen hung poised—"you had the happiest of childhoods, and the usual education. And thus far you've lived an average life. You like fun, friends, pretty frocks, books, music, the theater, admiration. You've never once known hunger nor hard work nor, barring what you may have read, anything about the harsh and seamy side of life."

"Does all that matter?"
"Everything matters, young woman. Remember, you're now a Case. To continue . . ." Philip hesitated, eyeing her with a frown of whimsical apprehension. "I know you've never been engaged, but whether you've ever been in love . . ." Priscilla colored, but shook her head. His eyes narrowed. "Honor bright?"

"Oh, I've had crushes—every girl has. And I've always been awfully fond of you—"

"Fond!" he groaned. "Must you rub it in?"

"I've been afraid of love, Philip, because of these dreams. It didn't seem right to think of marrying with such a cloud hanging over me."

He grunted impatiently, scowled at his notebook, shrugged, then pursued: "The dreams began in childhood, you say, and were infrequent and formless until about your fifteenth year. Then they began to seem real, and therefore to play an important rôle in your life, to occupy your thoughts more or less and exercise a secret influence on all your motives and actions. You made up your mind you were 'not like other girls,' and that made you timid about contracting close friendships or giving anybody your confidence. I presume you never kept a diary, or any record of the dreams? You couldn't give me any idea how often they occurred? At what intervals?"

"No. . . . I never thought . . ."

"Pity. Now, you must always tell me as soon as you've had a dream; let me talk to you about it before its impression has a chance to fade."

"I will—of course."

"You've never consulted anybody else?"

"Never a soul; not even my father."

"Too bad. There's no outlet so helpful as talking about one's troubles. Everybody ought to have at least one confidant."

"I couldn't talk to anybody. I simply couldn't risk their thinking me—queer."

"I understand. . . . Now let's see if we can get a line on this from another angle. How were you feeling yesterday? Any way unusual?"

"Restless and unsettled—couldn't seem to keep my interest fixed on anything for ten minutes at a time—otherwise very well and rather jolly."

"What did you do with yourself all day?"

"Nothing much. I had a model in the morning, but didn't like what I was doing and let her go before noon. In the afternoon I worked on my portrait of myself till the light began to change and—"

"Didn't know you were painting your own portrait, 'Cilla. May I see it?"

"Why, of course." Delighted, as always, when someone she liked showed interest in the work she loved so well, the girl forgot her preoccupation and led Philip to the tall canvas beside the pier-glass.

"There!" she laughed—"did you know Priscilla Maine could be like that?"

Impressed by his first glance, Philip merely uttered a thoughtful "H-m-m!" and studied the portrait with an intelligent appreciation not unmingled with wonder. Priscilla released his arm and stepped back, pleased by this mute tribute.

Well drawn and modeled, daringly yet sensitively painted with an unerring sense of color and values, the girl in



Then, without warning, the gloom was abolished by a ghastly lilac glare—and the face on the canvas started out of its dark background with an uncanny look of life, the gay mockery of its smile distorted into grinning malice

gipsy-dress was amazingly spirited and convincing. There was arresting challenge in that impudently tossed head with its laughing mouth of scarlet and dark eyes agleam with charming insolence under lowered lashes.

"Well done," said Philip simply.

"I'm so glad you like it, Philip. Harkness"—she named a dealer known to both—"wants to show it in his galleries."

"I like it immensely, only . . . I can't get over an odd notion that it isn't you. The likeness is extraordinary—"

"I remember well the night you wore that costume—and yet, somehow . . ."

"You see it, too?" Philip turned to her with a sharp glance. She laughed consciously. "I didn't myself till last night, after I'd waked up. Then with the dream fresh and real in my thoughts, I saw I'd painted that other Self. The girl you see there isn't Priscilla Maine, she's Leonora."

"Good Lord!" Philip looked grave. "Were you thinking of her while painting?"

"No—not consciously, not that I remember."

"And yet, without your knowledge, you must have been."

He moved nearer the picture to examine it more closely. "It brings everything back so clearly," the girl mused.

"It gives me the strangest feeling of unreality, makes me wonder which is the living woman, which the shadow. . . ."

The voice behind him trailed off into a pensive murmur. And for longer than Philip appreciated there was unbroken silence while he stood frowning at the portrait in the abstraction of conjecture, weighing theory and surmise, vainly ransacking memory for precedent with which to compare this case.

He made a movement of exasperation, then looked around. The girl was posed in a stare, her gaze steadfast on the portrait, her look remote, her respiration abnormally slow and deep.

Fosdick took a quick step to her, crying: "'Cilla!" She seemed not to hear. He said with sharp insistence: "Do you hear, 'Cilla? Come out of it!" That broke the spell. She roused like a sleeper waking; intelligence slowly reformed her countenance. Sighing softly, she drew a hand across her eyes, then, with an uncertain smile, extended it to him. Philip clasped it between his own.

"Now what?" he demanded with brusque good humor.

"I've had the funniest sensation. . . . I was thinking about the painting, wondering if perhaps I'd done something extraordinary and weird, painted my own soul into the figure on the canvas—you know—so that it really lived and was me while I was merely a shell of flesh and blood . . . and suddenly it seemed to come true. I was really there on the canvas looking into the room here, seeing Priscilla Maine, and wondering about her and about you, as if I'd never known either. . . . Do you understand, Philip? It must sound so wild and silly. . . ."

"It doesn't," he said quietly. "But I think we'd better stop looking at the picture for a while. Besides, I want another cup of tea, and you need one."

Retaining her hand, he led the girl back to the tea-table, made her sit down, and resumed his own chair. With obvious effort Priscilla busied herself with the tea-things; her bewildered look persisted.

"What was it, Philip? What made me feel that way?"

"Auto-hypnotism—a mild phase, superinduced by excitement and fretting. Nothing to worry about. And still . . ."

Frankly, I don't like it. I wouldn't care to have it happen too frequently. It's no good encouraging that sort of thing; each time it happens it breaks

down resistance, makes you only the more susceptible to the next suggestion. If I were you, I'd drop that portrait, put it out of sight and mind till we've settled this question, and so relieved your doubts and fears."

"Perhaps you're right," Priscilla demurred, "but—I don't know. It makes me unhappy to have unfinished work on hand. I'm afraid I won't forget, even if I do turn its face to the wall. Don't you think I might better finish it up, and get it out of the studio altogether?" But Philip's disapproval was manifest. "Please!" she begged her prettiest. "It only means another day or two; then I can let Harkness have it and forget all about it."

"I can't say yes, 'Cilla. I shouldn't be at all surprised if it turned out that the portrait was wholly to blame for last night's experience—I mean for the peculiar content and trend of your dream."

She was frankly puzzled and said so.

"The power of suggestion it has exerted on your thoughts," he explained. "Till yesterday you never expressed it even to yourself, but subconsciously the thought has always been at work that it wasn't yourself you were painting; that it was the heroine of your dream-story, another woman of a different life with an independent spirit and mentality. And then—of course, all this is sheer guesswork—there are associations inherent in the concept of a gipsy-girl and a gipsyish existence, romantic, adventurous, full of dangers, twists and turns and thrills. Such thoughts may well have dictated the character and course of the dream, though you were never actively aware of thinking them."

"I wonder . . ." Priscilla sipped her tea. "Maybe you're right. . . . But still I don't see why I shouldn't go on with the painting. Only another day, Philip—"

"Confound you!" Philip exploded with an irritated laugh. "You know how hard it is for me to refuse you anything. But it's no good this time, Cilla. I won't have you agitating yourself with that painting till you've entirely recovered poise. For that matter, it would be better for you to keep away from the studio altogether for a few days. You've been living much too much within yourself. You want distraction, amusements, to break up this habit of morbid introspection. Get out and about. See people. Go to restaurants and plays and dances more—"

"How can I enjoy such things with this trouble?"
 "That's just it. Until we find the explanation, you're bound to keep worrying unless you go out more into the world. I'm in earnest about this, Priscilla. Promise to keep away from the studio for at least three days."

"If you insist," she conceded with a suspicion of a pout. "I presume I've got to do as the doctor orders."
 "Then that's settled," Philip asserted with reckless complacence.

Priscilla had a pensive moment. "I wonder . . . Do you think you could get at the truth, Philip, if you were to hypnotize, then cross-examine me?"

"I'd rather not, except as a last resort. Hypnotism demands such complete surrender to the will of the hypnotist, it tends to undermine the independence of the ego. And that independence is essential to the right development of the individual."

"But what else can we do?"

"Many things. . . ."

"Such as—?"

"Oh, plain sleuthing, for one thing—like digging into the mystery of your parents' marriage, finding out why they were unhappy, and especially who your mother was and what sort of family she had behind her—whether, in short, it's possible you've inherited some psychic tradition. There are families, for instance, that hand down from generation to generation the clairvoyant tendency we know by the name of second-sight."

"You don't believe in such things—you, a modern scientist!"
 "The more modern the scientist, Cilla, the more open his mind. I may not be wholly credulous, but I won't deny what I can't disprove. People have been burned as witches who only made use of natural laws of which their day was ignorant but which science today recognizes and openly utilizes for the common good. . . . Finally," Philip added, "we may find the police useful."

Priscilla started sharply. "The police!" she repeated in a tone of protest.

"Why not? Don't forget you've told me an amazingly circumstantial and convincing narrative, with names and places plainly stated. Now if

of character. Philip got up to face her, and tried to interrupt, but she wouldn't listen. "It's the way they do with squealers—informers, that is—people who tell. I know what I'm talking about. They kill them, or get them killed!"

"Easy, Cilla. Don't lose your head."
 She didn't even hear. "Red's suspicious already," she declared. "He's rowed a lot with Leonora about Mario. He told me . . . I mean, I remember his telling Leonora he thought Mario was a detective, and if he caught her talking to him again, or anything happened to make him think she'd talked too much, he'd kill her first and Mario next."
 She threw out hands that shook with passionate anxiety. "Promise me you won't go to the police, Philip—for my sake, for Leonora's, for Mario's!"

"For Mario's sake?" Philip's eyes darkened. "To be sure; I'd forgotten about Mario. And he seems to be rather a more important personage than I—"

"I—she loves him, Philip—and he loves Leonora. And his influence is good for her. I know, if you won't tell—I don't know how I know, but I do—Mario will find a way to save her, he'll get her away from those others and marry her and make her good, and make her happy too. Give him—give both of them a chance, Philip! Please! If anything should happen to either of them, I—"

"Priscilla!"

The imperative tone shocked her into momentary silence. But her attitude remained that of supplication, she still trembled in frantic anxiety and besought his generosity with pleading hands.

"It shall be as you wish," Philip told her. "Do you understand?"

"You won't—you promise not to go to Headquarters?"

"I promise. For the time being, at least, I'll keep away from the police—but on one condition. . . . Are you listening?"

"Yes—yes, Philip—"

"You must stop this fretting—take things quietly. And you must come away from the studio with me at once. I'll see you home, and this evening I'll drop round for dinner. After that, if you've nothing else arranged, we might do a play. If you like, I'll scare up some others and make it a box-party, and afterward we can drop in at the Club de Vingt for a dance. What do you say?"

The panic in her eyes gave way to daze, then to dawning comprehension. She smiled feebly, her hands sketched a sign of apology and chagrin.

"I've been silly again! What have I been saying, Philip?"

"It doesn't matter. Will you give me this evening and do your best to help me enjoy it?"

"It sounds awfully jolly, and I'm sure it'll do me heaps of good. Philip—her eyes were dangerously kind—"don't think me ungrateful. You're so good to me. You're such a dear."

"I know," said Philip with a rueful smile. "But I hope that won't be my only epitaph."

dreaming, somnambulism in all its phases, hallucinations, trance, ecstasy, telepathy and telesthesia, and the various forms of hypnosis.

However nearly akin they might be to more than one of these, what Fosdick continued to term Priscilla's "dreams" persisted in defying classification by virtue of a perverse sort of intrinsic uniqueness. For they were in no sense true dreams—jumbles of condensed and disfigured impressions. On the contrary, they were coherent, dramatic, picturesque, convincing reports of happenings which were strikingly like reels inconsecutively viewed in some cinema of entrancing interest.

Further, Priscilla was not hysterical, neurotic, or anemic. Neither was she of unsound mind. The man who, since her earliest days, had adored and watched over her, knew few minds more clear of vision, unprepossessed by illusions, or capable of straight, honest reasoning. It was not more sane than her well-nourished, groomed and guarded body.

TO a certainty, however, the "dreams" were telepathic. And Fosdick had already seen they could be stimulated by auto-suggestion—as when Priscilla had suffered a sense of translated identity while puzzling over her portrait of Leonora. So, too, without question, they fell within the definition of telesthesia. But an important link was missing: there was no known mind with which Priscilla's could communicate with such intimate sympathy whilst she slept. Leonora's was an unknown mind. If there were a real Leonora, what was the nature of the affinity that linked her mind with Priscilla's?

Indisputably Leonora was a living fact to Priscilla, a dissociate personality leading an independent and factual existence. On the other hand, constantly, by word of mouth and in writing, Priscilla referred to Leonora as her "other Self"—a plain and direct lead to the solution expressed by the term "dual personality."

Philip Fosdick felt constrained to adopt the hypothesis of dual personality, and upon it base the beginnings of his survey. Dredging the past for the truth about Priscilla's mother brought to light nothing that seemed helpful. In twenty odd years New York had changed almost beyond recognition, and the constitution of its society had been made over again and again. Henry Hobart Maine, one of the most successful of American portrait-painters, had made few friends, and of these only one had survived him by a year or two—Philip's father. Priscilla's Aunt Esther proved to be as ignorant as the girl had said she was concerning the marriage of her kinsman. She knew indefinitely that "there had been trouble." Its nature, its cause, its outcome, were alike outside her knowledge.

From other sources, by dint of guarded and seemingly casual but persistent gossiping in the lounges of clubs frequented by the elder generation, Fosdick learned that Maine had been regrettably guilty of a romantic indiscretion in marrying a woman of a world outside his own. But her very name had been forgotten. He found nobody who remembered Mrs. Maine, and but few who recalled the tradition of a hot-blooded, high-spirited creature, impatient of restraints and conventions. After half-hearted attempts to reconcile his wife with his friends and mode of life, Maine had disappeared with her and for some years had absented himself utterly from New York. Concerning this period in his life nothing definite was known. There was a suggestion that he had devoted it to travel in South America. But it was certain that he had returned with a girl-child. It was presumed that the wife had died, though there were whispers that "incompatibility" had dictated a separation. Maine never made any explanation but quietly resumed his place and thenceforth devoted himself steadfastly to his profession and the care of his daughter. Philip remembered him well as a gentleman of grave presence relieved by a whimsical

turn of speech, with eyes tolerant and humorous, yet with a hint of pain lurking even in their smile. He lived to see Priscilla give promise of carrying on the torch of his genius, even as her dark loveliness foreshadowed something of the furor it was destined to create.

Disappointed but not discouraged, Fosdick

turned to other avenues of investigation. His wide acquaintance among newspaper men brought him all Police Headquarters knew about the Bielsky affair. It seemed

that the proprietor of Ristori's, held as a material witness, stoutly denied knowing Bielsky or any of the tenants of the private dining-room. He insisted that all of them had left some time before the tragedy. The name of Red Carnehan had not been mentioned in connection with the crime. There was, however, such a person—a notorious gang-leader of the lower East Side.

Considering it essential that he should learn more of Mr. Carnehan and his friends, and perceiving but one way to gain that information without breaking his promise to Priscilla, Philip adopted it without more hesitation. So, on the following morning she was informed that Dr. Fosdick had been suddenly called out of town on a case of vital importance.

After one week of shopping and theaters and dances and motoring, Priscilla felt quite fed up with distractions. She was as fond of amusement and personal success as any girl that ever breathed, but not so constituted as to be able to fritter time away forever without a qualm of conscience. She wanted to get back to her work, and wouldn't be happy till she did.

And why not? A few days of trifling was all Philip had stipulated; and those few had served. She dreamed no more of Leonora or Red Carnehan or Mario. All that seemed remote and unimportant. What though she had dreamed a nightmare which coincided so mysteriously with actual events as to scare her nearly out of her wits? After all, it was at worst a dream; and in this delightfully substantial

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you actually did, through some freak of psychic activity, 'traveling clairvoyance' or whatever it is, have first-hand knowledge of this Bielsky business . . . Well, his isn't the only name mentioned. And if you remembered his accurately, and the plain-clothes men's, Ennis and Corbin, and Ristori's— Why shouldn't the others be real names of real persons as well? English Addie and Inez, Harry the Nut, and Charlie the Coke, Red Carnehan

Struck by a circumstance whose significance had till now escaped him, he paused for thought, unheeding signs of concentration betrayed by Priscilla.

"I say! If you dreamed true, neither of the policemen who entered that upstairs room lived to tell what they found there. Then Bielsky is credited with two murders of which he's innocent. I fancy Police Headquarters will be deeply interested if I can persuade them Red Carnehan was the author of the killings in Ristori's!"

Priscilla's cup and saucer clattered harshly.
 "You mustn't!" she cried, her eyes wide, her features drawn with dismay. "You mustn't do that, Philip! Don't you understand—don't you know what will happen if you do? Red wouldn't hesitate an instant if he thought I'd—if he thought Leonora had told. He'd croak—I mean, he'd kill her!"

"Oh, come!" Philip put down his cup and tried to speak reassuringly. "You're taking this too seriously—"

"I'm not. It is serious. It's life or death!" She was suddenly on her feet, gesticulating in a manner utterly out

II. THE HAUNTING PORTRAIT

THAT was the year of the impetuous spring. March brewed weather whose golden graciousness she stole from May; April brought times of summer heat, such as that afternoon when Priscilla fell asleep in the studio and dreamed her dream of terror. Rare days followed, sweet with the warm delight of youth anticipating the richness of maturity, with nights of wonder whose winds walked suavely beneath skies of velvet purple, dense and soft. Love was in the air, as omnipresent as the dust of gold sprayed into the night by flaming sky-signs. It found few immune, none quite insensible to the preoccupation it imposed so generally. Even Priscilla, though she made no sign . . . Love worried Philip Fosdick with relentless importunity, whether he were behind the desk in his consultation room, or whether he sat in solitude cudeeling his wits for insight into the mystery that so greatly shadowed the happiness of the woman he loved.

The problem mocked his shrewdest efforts. Practise and study, personal contact and observation, had long since made him, as he believed, familiar with every phase of psychosis, hysteria, neurosis, and other psychic phenomena—simple

The Grim Cradle-Rocker of Vienna:



Photographs by Lewis W. Hine, American Red Cross Special Survey Mission

THE best-dressed crowd in Europe still flows up the Ring Strasse, and the life of Vienna outwardly goes on with the sparkling pre-war current. Yet, from the first hours that you walk abroad in the streets, you feel a sense of discomfort. Something is wrong. This great, shining city is stricken with some malady. You sense it in the air. It comes to you through details as incriminating as drops of blood around the scene of a murder, but which at first you do not interpret except as they arouse in you a disconcerting depression.

On the broad boulevard of the Ring Strasse, which encircles the heart of Vienna, palaces and parliament buildings follow one another in their stately harmonies. On it also are the great buildings of the University and the Opera; and, at night, it is gemmed with the lights of brilliant cafes, threaded on the Ring like jewels on a ribbon.

From the Ring outward, life diminishes in intensity, and as the streets lose their glitter the people on them become meager in aspect. But wherever you go, Vienna and her people keep their dignity. Nowhere is there squalor. Vienna repudiated such things as slums when she turned her back on the Ghetto. There comes a point where the city stops with a gesture of finality. There is no tapering off into the degradation of mean streets. The substantial gray blocks sweep on as though they were going to end only on Hungary's plains. Suddenly they stop.

If you have lived here before, two differences jump at you. One is the absence of the magnificent officers who used to swank down the streets. The other is the presence of many beggars. Mutilated soldiers drag their painful bodies before you, hands outstretched, or sit beside walls, quaking miserably, turning toward approaching footsteps their sightless faces. Men and women, accompanied by stunted children, dog your footsteps. Poverty no longer hides ashamed; it shows its lamentable fact unchecked before the multitude. And the knowledge of what is wrong in Vienna leaps at you. Hunger, that is what's the matter.

The people in Vienna are hungry—not just a few of them, not only the recruits of misfortune—Vienna, the great city, is suffering famine. Vienna keeps a brave exterior, but hunger is in her heart. Famine peers at you from the men working on the streets and the debility of slow starvation looks out of the eyes of the moderately well-to-do.

I look back over the pictures of my memory, and famished faces stare at me. I choose two stories at random.

I sat at lunch in a restaurant off the Ring Strasse. From a miserable bit of ham, I had cut the unsavory fat which remained upon my plate. A middle-aged flower-woman came past with a basket of fresh field-flowers. She saw the shaving of rancid fat, and then asked me, looking fearfully over her shoulder toward the waiter:

"Are you going to eat this, Gnädige Frau?"

"No," I answered.

"May I have it?"

At my nod of assent, this decent woman snatched at it with a gesture of horrid and eloquent eagerness.

Another picture: The house servant came into my room to get my shoes of a morning. He was a gray-haired man who looked like the typical German father of a family. I had the usual breakfast of imitation coffee and sour black bread, so soggy, so ill-tasting, that I had not been able to finish it. Ernst, instead of leaving the room, balanced on one foot and then on another, and finally managed to say:

IF the Gnädige is not going to eat that—" He let his voice trail off. I nodded to him and felt a lump coming in my throat at what this implied—that the servant in a good hotel should need to beg the heel of a bit of bread.

But it is from the children that you learn how deeply starvation has poisoned life. On the faces of the children of Vienna you may read the accusation of those who made war. It is the more terrible in that this accusation is so patient. But more than an indictment of the will to war these children are an indictment of blockade.

The children of the poor paid for it in terms of suffering. They paid for it in terms of their lives. They paid for it in terms of their stunted, ruined bodies. It was these defenseless ones on whose shoulders came the burden of the war penalty. The armies continued to be fed, but the ration of the people in the cities diminished. Food was to be had by underground methods by those who could pay for it. The

The Great Gray Wolf

By Mary Heaton Vorse

rich continued to eat; people of the middle-class, those on salary, drew their savings out of the bank and got food by the same underground channels. Meanwhile, the blockade killed the children of all that great population which lives from hand to mouth on the wages for which they have worked.

I realized how the children were killed when I went with a friend to visit the model tenements. There, the true meaning of blockade hit me like a blow in the face. I'd known it before as an academic matter, but seeing these children had all the difference of reading about some disease and seeing people die of it. These tenements had been built especially for people with large families. The houses were two stories high, each giving on the outside air. There were two good-sized rooms. Each had running water, its own toilet, and a good stove. Behind the houses were spaces for gardens.

I went first to the rooms of a Frau Ebers, a widow with five children ranging from twelve to four. Her pension was one hundred and forty kronen a month. (At present, in the good restaurants of Vienna, it is impossible to get a meal for less than twenty-five kronen, and you may easily pay fifty and more without any extravagance, and, at that, it will not be a meal which sticks to your ribs.)

ON the floor, two little boys were playing; the younger was four years old and no larger than a child of a year and a half. He had a wizened face like those of children seen in hospitals, who have been aged by suffering. His face and scalp were covered with a skin disease due to lack of soap. The older boy got up and came toward us. He was so blond his hair was almost white. With his thin long neck and pale blue eyes, he looked like a fledgling robin.

"This is my oldest," said Mrs. Ebers. I couldn't help asking, "Is he twelve?" for this boy was no larger than a boy of eight. The baby got up and walked to us in friendly fashion, and then I noticed that his frail legs were crooked. A little girl ran in and stood looking at us. Under both her ears were big lumps—a child with tubercular glands.

What I saw in this house was true of all of them. Here were clean houses. Decent people lived in them; the sort of people that form the backbone of a nation—saving, industrious citizens who work hard, who love order and cleanliness. Here lived many widows; here lived women whose husbands were still sick in hospitals. Nowhere was the disorder of dirt. Nowhere did one see children with torn or filthy clothes. The working people of Vienna have always been as self-respecting as the Viennese streets. In all the houses there were those pathetic attempts at adornment which mean the reaching out toward beauty. And everywhere swarmed the children—pale children, children with blotched and scarred faces, children with skinny crooked legs—I suppose it wasn't so, but as I look back on it, it seems to me all the children had crooked legs. And everywhere stared little girls and boys with tubercular lumps under their ears.

That was what blockade had meant—tuberculosis, rickets, skin diseases. Not one child looked normal. I asked child after child, "How old are you?" Little girls and boys who looked ten, and underfed at that, replied thirteen and fourteen. You could understand the words of one of the workmen who cried, "Why don't they take the men out and shoot them instead of starving our children to death?"

All these women told me the stories of slow starvation. There was something terrifying in their patient unemotional recitals, since privation and disease and famine had been woven into the very fabric of life. This state of things seemed as inevitable to them as the cold of winter.

"We used to stand in line for hours, getting up long before light. We took bedclothes with us to keep out the cold."

"After we waited all night we could get nothing. It was gone. We had bread-and-meat-cards, that was all. The children could not eat bread and meat sandwiches made of cards."

I went away with the sick knowledge that this place was no isolated plague-spot of famine. What I had seen here was true in a greater or lesser degree of the children of all the

working people in Vienna, and not only Vienna, but in all the industrial centers throughout Europe.

There is one more picture of a child whose face stands out among the others in a public school which I visited. She was a little girl as transparently pale as a magnolia, her colorless face framed in a mass of dark hair. She was as fragile as a wind-flower. I noticed her for her beauty and for a certain quality that you could only call innocence. She seemed

drooping under the weight of some invisible burden, and presently I found that the burden was long-continued hunger.

"What do you have for breakfast?" a doctor of the American Relief Administration asked her.

"A very little bread and black coffee."

"With sugar?"

"Oh, no, we never have sugar."

"And for dinner?"

"Some cabbage soup and, if there is any bread left—bread."

"And then for supper?"

"Whatever there was left from dinner," she answered, her grave eyes fixed upon us.

It is good to think that Mr. Hoover, together with the American Relief Administration, thought of the plan of feeding wholesale the children of Central Europe. At this present moment there are 100,000 children in Vienna who are fed through the American Relief Administration, and there are 100,000 more throughout the rest of German Austria.

In April, Mr. Hoover gave over seven and one-half million dollars from a private fund appropriated for special uses to the children of Europe; of this one million and two hundred thousand went to Austria. Another eight hundred thousand was raised by private subscriptions, or given by the Government for the up-keep of the kitchens. It is the purpose of the Children's Relief in Austria to leave something of a permanence behind it so that the children can continue to be fed at the kitchens and food-stations until the food supply has again become normal. What this is going to mean in the actual saving of life and in the prevention of disease cannot be estimated.

You can see, by visiting a kitchen, what it means in just plain happiness. The first kitchen I went to was approached through a magnificent alleyway, with formal clipped hedges and gardens on either side, where great flower-beds were surrounded by lawns. Up this alleyway came a little procession of the meager, neat school-children of Vienna, each one carrying a cup and spoon and plate. They were going to eat their noon meal in the palace of the former Dowager Empress.

Dr. Herman Geist, who is the Commissioner for the children, is a man of imagination, and where he found pleasant places for children to eat he took them. He saw the palace of the Dowager Empress lying empty and he filled it with the children of the poor. Barracks, public buildings, and palaces have all been appropriated for this purpose. School-children eat their noonday meals in the Kürgarten, the fashionable outdoor restaurant, close to the Ring Strasse. It has taken tact and persistence and energy to turn these wide, empty spaces over to their present use.

SUCH things had never been done. Such things had never been heard of, but today, Vienna's famished and undernourished children are eating in the historic palace of the Hapsburgs, Schoenbrunn; and here, in the kitchens where the great diplomatic dinners used to be cooked, brisk, competent women run around the big soup-caldrons, and make huge piles of corn bread, and gallons and gallons of cocoa. Fourteen hundred undernourished children, victims of war and blockade, are fed here every day. Here, at long tables, sit the children eating. At either end is an American flag, joined with the new Austrian flag, and there are pictures of Washington and Lincoln. That is why no motor with an American flag can go through the streets of Vienna when school lets out, without being cheered by the children. At the sight of an American motor, their pale faces blossom into smiles. They line up on the sides of the street to wave their hands.

I defy anyone who has been long enough in Vienna to have any imaginative insight into what the children have been suffering, to go to one of these midday meals without having tears come to his eyes. Here you see massed together

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Phoebe Replies

By Parker Fillmore

ILLUSTRATION BY NANA FRENCH BICKFORD

ONE naturally thought of the whole Leighton family in its relation to Corinna. Alec was Corinna's brother; Phoebe, Corinna's sister; Mrs. Leighton, Corinna's mother. In fact, Corinna's pervasive personality went even farther, and a man like Jack Haden, for instance, was spoken of as one of Corinna's young men, and Eloise Conway was quite generally known as the girl that Corinna wanted her brother Alec to marry.

It was not that Corinna was managerial either in manner or temperament, but merely that her youth was overwhelmingly exuberant. Her spirits were so high, her color so rich, her eyes so dark, her hair so streaming, her health so radiant, that in comparison to her the rest of the world seemed staid and quiet. In another family Phoebe might have been spoiled as a beauty, but as Corinna's sister she had been allowed to grow up with a modest opinion of herself.

It was this general feeling that when Corinna was present she was the one to address, that made Alec, throttling his noisy little runabout, call out:

"Corinna! I've got some news! Pennfield Ashley's in town and he's coming out tonight to say 'Howdy.' We'll take him to the dance."

Corinna, surrounded by her week-end party, received the announcement quietly. "Is that so? I'll be glad to see him."

"But, Corinna!" Phoebe gasped.

"What?"

"If he's coming," Phoebe panted, "you know perfectly well it's because he supposes that you've been writing him all this time!"

Corinna was plainly startled. "Do you mean, Phoebe, that you have been writing him all this time?"

Alec looked from one sister to the other. "What are you two talking about?"

Corinna sighed. "I suppose you might as well, all of you, know because I see you've got to help me. The last time I saw Penn was reunion week at New Haven and he had just got his traveling orders. And he was your best friend, Alec, you know he was, and it was moonlight and very sad and—and—I let him kiss me on the forehead. I think it was the forehead. At any rate it was a very chaste kiss and he was going away never to come back and, as I've said, it was moonlight and I cried a little and I suppose he did, too, and it was going to be a beautiful memory for both of us."

Alec sent up a shout of laughter in which Jack Haden joined, but not heartily.

Corinna looked about her mournfully. "Then I did something I should not have done. I knew then I shouldn't and I'm sorry now I did it. I promised to write him letters."

"My child," Eloise Conway said, "you were rash!"

"I know it, but, as I have said, it was moonlight and he was young and I was younger." Corinna sighed. "Ah me!"

"But you never write letters," Alec suggested.

I KNOW I don't. That's what makes it so hard for me to know what's been in the letters that poor Penn has been getting from me for two or three years."

Eloise was frankly perplexed. "Corinna, what are you talking about?"

Corinna grew plaintive. "It isn't my fault I can't write letters. From the time I was a small child, whenever I had to write letters, someone else had to write them for me. Some people are born that way."

Jack Haden looked distressed. "Do you never write the notes you send out?"

"Notes? I didn't say anything about notes. I can write three and a half lines and sign them, 'Yours in haste.' But if ever you get a ten-page letter from me, you may be pretty sure Phoebe has written it."

"Phoebe!"

"Yes, Phoebe. She loves to take her pen in hand, don't you, dear? So whenever a gentleman deserts me, never to return, and leaves a last request for letters, Phoebe always writes him once or twice. It pleases him and it amuses Phoebe."

They all looked at Phoebe and laughed until they saw that she, at least, was taking the matter seriously.

"What I can't understand," Corinna continued, "is why she didn't taper off long ago in Penn's case."

"I did stop two months ago," Phoebe murmured.

"Two months ago! Why didn't you stop two years ago?"

"How could I? The poor chap was sick at first and he needed letters to cheer him. Then as a matter of course I began sending him books and papers."

"Books!" Corinna exclaimed. "And from me! What kind of books?"

"Poetry, mostly."

Corinna shouted with amusement. "And does he think I sent him poetry?"

"You didn't—I mean I didn't send him poetry at once. I worked up to poetry."

Corinna assumed a tragic air. "He loved me for my beauty once, but now he loves the 'pilgrim soul' in me," she chanted.

Phoebe nodded. "That's what he says. He says he was entirely unprepared for the beauty of your mind."

"Woof!" Corinna barked. "And he went that far in his letters and you didn't shut him off?"

"How could I when he was sick and needed cheering and all that? He had never said a word about getting well until a few months ago. I suppose he wanted to surprise me—I mean, surprise Corinna."

"See here, young woman," Corinna said sternly, "since it's you and not I who have brought back this young man to health and happiness, you'll have to take care of him. I won't."

"But, Corinna, he'll never look at me. I tried once to interest him in me, and he wrote back that he didn't like my type. He remembered me as a long lank colorless girl who never had anything to say."

Corinna reached over and patted Phoebe's flushed cheek. "If he could see you now I don't believe he'd call you colorless." Then something she saw in Phoebe's face made her add: "My word, I believe she's interested in him!"

"Corinna," Phoebe begged, "don't be foolish! I hardly know him except in letters. You're not going to make it awkward for me, are you?"

Corinna tapped her foot thoughtfully. "I don't know what I'm going to do. But I'm not going to try to live up to the absurd character you've given me. When he talks to me about poetry, I'll talk to him about pups. I may even have to engage myself to Jack."

Haden jumped to his feet enthusiastically. "I'll back you there, Corinna!"

"Thanks, Jack. But don't forget my fatal habit of losing interest in a man once I'm engaged to him."

There was silence for a moment, and then Corinna murmured feelingly: "If only I didn't have to see him until morning! They're so much easier to snub in the morning!"

Alec, are you sure he wants to go to the dance? I don't see why he should after being an invalid and out West and everything."

Ha, a plan comes to me! We'll simply have to be gone before he arrives—the four of us, I mean. I just remember we have a previous engagement with the Mooreheads to dine with them at the Club. I'll telephone Susan at once and tell her so. Then Phoebe can take *Henrietta* and meet Penn at the train and if he insists on following us to the dance, she can drive him over later."

Henrietta, be it explained, was the family name for Alec's noisy little car.

"I won't do it!" Phoebe cried. "Besides, you know perfectly well *Henrietta* always stalls when I drive her."

"Hush!" Corinna warned. "She'll hear you!"

"I won't!" Phoebe reiterated wildly, but she knew she would have to.

HENRIETTA ambled down to the station like a lamb.

Not once did she give the little cough or the long-drawn gentle wheeze that made her sound like an old lady with a bronchial affection and that always portended trouble. But even so Phoebe was not reassured. "You old thing," she murmured, "I don't trust you one bit! You are always meek enough when there are people about who can tinker you, but you act like a fiend when you get me off alone! You know you do! You're just as selfish as Corinna—that's what you are!"

Yet, under her grievance, Phoebe was not altogether unhappy. Penn was coming, the dear Penn of the letters, and she was to have first sight of him.

The train pulled in and there he was greeting her before he had fairly reached her side.

"Phoebe, little Phoebe, I'm so glad to see you!" He stooped and kissed her lightly as Alec might have kissed her, with a matter-of-fact, affectionate, family type of kiss. Nevertheless it deepened the glow on her cheeks and that in turn made Penn add innocently: "How well you are looking!"

She felt she could say the same to him, as he had the appearance of a man whose health was sound and well established. Indeed, he looked now like a strong older brother of his former self.

"Oh, yes," he told her. "I'm all right. My old M. D. gives me a clean bill of health on every count."

On the way home *Henrietta* continued to behave like a perfect lady, and Phoebe was able to explain the absence of the others and the plan for meeting them later in the evening at the Club.

After dinner Mrs. Leighton hurried the two young people off, reminding them that the summer

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"I'm sure the fairies are out tonight," Phoebe murmured.

"I hope *Henrietta* doesn't frighten them"



Nana French Bickford

The Brew of Thanksgiving Broth

by
Ruth Comfort
Mitchell

NOW this is the story of Jonathan Peach—
(Which isn't his name at all!)
For if I should mention his name, you see,
Somebody perched on a Family Tree
Might claim that my incidents didn't agree,
Might think I had dared to be making free
With Puritan Persons of high degree.
(A most embarrassing challenge for me!)
Which is why I intend to call
My valiant hero Jonathan Peach—
Jonathan Ichabod Bildad Peach—
(Which isn't his name at all!)

*The sun sails high in a blazing sky;
The wind hath a scorching breath;
Faster and faster they ride, they ride—
Famine, Disease and Death!*

*But ever before, beyond them ride,
Swift as a vanishing wraith,
Steady and sure to the hills of dawn—
Courage and Hope and Faith!*



"Oh, the sun shines hot and the wind blows hot,
And the fields are sere and brown,
And it's I am feared God layeth a curse
On the folk of Plymouth Town!"

'Tis a lily maid in a woolsey dress,
That would have shone in silk,
And her hands are white as the clean sea-foam
And her face as white as milk.

"Now, God ha' mercy on us," she saith,
"His wrath is woeful plain,
For that He sendeth no provender
Nor a ship nor healing rain!"

And then up spake young Jonathan Peach,
"Nay, maid, fret not so sore,
For yon red chief of the savages
Hath corn in goodlie store.

"It's I will hie to his heathen home,
With a trusty friend beside,
And beg his corn for our starving folk
And for my promised bride!"

"Oh, say not so, my valiant love,
Oh, say not so, my dear!
It's you will die by a red man's hand
While I be starving here!"

"There speaks no courageous Puritan maid
That dared the raging sea,
And gave her nay to a velvet lord
To plight her troth with me!

"So let you watch and wait and pray,
Till seven days be sped.
And if I come not with corn and cheer
Then may you mourn me dead.

"Then may you mourn me dead," saith he,
"Farewell, my own true love!
An' I wed thee not in Plymouth Town
I'll wed thee, certes, above!"



DECORATED BY
JOHN R. NEILL

He strideth forth in the molten noon
Beside his trusty friend;
Two days, two nights, they plod, footsore,
To find their journey's end.

They reach the red Pokanokets,
The camp is deep in gloom;
The chief, he hath laid him down to die;
He yieldeth him to his doom.

'Tis Massasoit, the Sagamore,
And he is wondrous weak,
Nor bite nor sup may pass his lip,
And he can scarcely speak.

Yet, when his braves with murderous cries
The hapless whites will slay,
He lifteth a shrunk and trembling arm
And he sternly saith them nay.

And sith he is sickened on savage fare
He sweareth a solemn troth—
A safe return and a store of corn
If they make him a Plymouth broth!

If they brew him a dish of Plymouth broth
Whose like he had tasted there!
Now Jonathan pales and the trusty friend
Groaneth in deep despair.

Full many a bowl of savory broth
Beneath their belts they've laid,
Full many a dish of broth they've supped—
Never a drop have made.

But if they fail now their lives must pay,
And the lily maid must die
With the starving folk in Plymouth Town;
Jonathan, he will try!

He fetcheth fair water from yonder brook,
Sprig of watercress, too;
He bruiseeth corn in the squaw's stone bowl
And setteth it on to stew;

He diggeth a root of sassafras,
While sweat bedews his brow—
"Now, Lord, an' Thou bringest me out o' this,
I'll learn to cook, I vow!"

He plucketh a golden dandelion
While the Sachem fights for breath,
And ember eyes of the Sachem's braves
Glow for the white men's death.

He shreddeth a bit of venison flesh—
And "Oh, for a kitchen wench
To taste and season and guess me this!
It hath a fearsome stench!"

He bringeth his mess to a lusty boil,
He straineth it thro' a cloth,
He cooleth it down and poureth it out—
The Sachem hath his broth!

They close him in and they ring him round,
Red Pokanoket men,
They grasp their knives while the Sachem sniffs.
He tastes the broth, and then—

*The sun sails high in a blazing sky;
The wind hath a scorching breath;
Faster and faster they ride, they ride—
Famine, Disease and Death!*

*But ever before, beyond them ride,
Swift as a vanishing wraith,
Steady and sure to the hills of dawn—
Courage and Hope and Faith!*

'Tis a lily maid in a woolsey dress,
That might have shone in silk,
And her hands are white as the clear sea-foam,
Her face is white as milk.

And slowly she gat from off her knees,
"Now seven days be sped
And he cometh not with corn and cheer,
So I'll mourn him now for dead."

But when she lookit upon the sea,
She crieth with mighty voice—
"My love hath come with a store of corn!
Oh, Plymouth Town, rejoice!"

"Oh, I wot not what it may portend,
Nor what it may betide,
But my true love cometh in savage state
With a Sachem by his side."

And the rain comes down and the grass comes up,
And the sea revealeth a sail,
And the maid is red as a red, red rose,
That was so lily pale,

And Massasoit, the Sagamore,
From pang of death released,
He bideth him there in Plymouth Town
For gay Thanksgiving Feast.

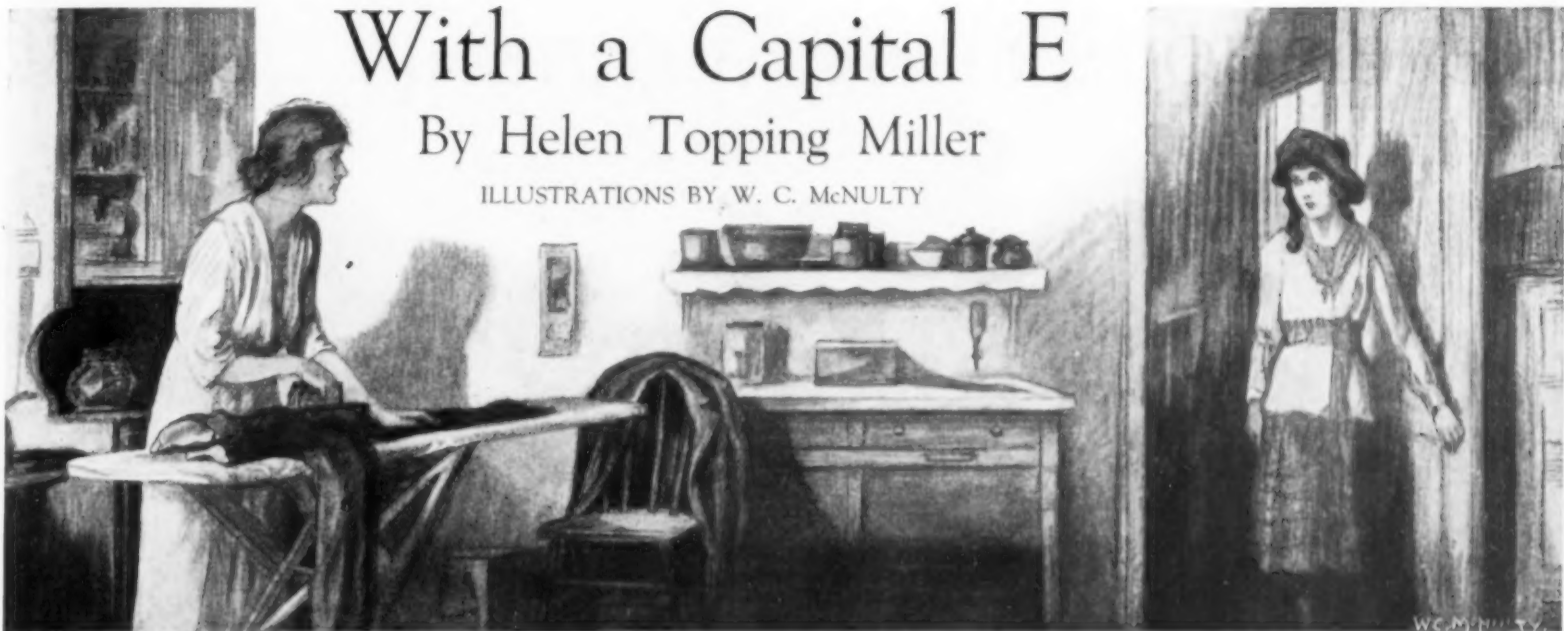
And the maid's well rid of the velvet lord,
And fain to pledge her troth
With the lad who brought the Day of Thanks
With a simple brew of broth!

Now this is the story of Jonathan Peach—
(Which isn't his name at all!)
For if I had mentioned his name, you see,
Somebody perched on a Family Tree
Might have claimed my incidents didn't agree,
Might have thought I dared to be making free
With Puritan Persons of high degree.
(A most embarrassing challenge for me!)
Which is why I have dared to call
My valiant hero Jonathan Peach—
Jonathan Ichabod Bildad Peach—
(Which isn't his name at all!)

With a Capital E

By Helen Topping Miller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. C. McNULTY



"And you'll look—like a mop!" blurted Pat with kid-sister frankness. "Does Dave admire you when your hair's all stringy?"

RUTH WAGGONER, riding away on her honeymoon journey in a bumping taxi, with rice and confetti rattling on the windows, and David, her new lover-husband, beside her, felt two heavy tears swim over her eyelids and tumble down upon her new gloves.

She dabbed away the wetness swiftly before David's searching fingers should discover it in the dark.

She knew why she was crying. It was not because she had just married David. Not because she was so deliciously, delightfully happy. Not because of the lilies in the church, or the candles, or *O Promise Me*, or the organ music like soft arms about her. Not because she was going to New York—of which she had dreamed the girlish dreams which are made chiefly of hope and hopelessness. Not because she was coming back after two weeks to a shining little new bungalow with hardwood floors and an unbelievable prodigality of closets. Not because of any of these things.

The two salty tears, which threatened to attract two more from the mere thinking about them, were for Dad.

Never had Dad's hair looked so white, never so wispy thin at the sides, never had his eyes—which were not steel-blue and capable as were her own, but velvet-brown, and filled with visions—seemed so like the eyes of an adorable child. Who—who, beseeched the tears, would look after Dad now?

There was mother, of course.

Mother was dumpling and laughing and vain of her cooking—given to little weaknesses like marceling her white hair and manicuring her nails, exactly as though she were still a young girl. Mother was a darling, undeniably. But it must be admitted, even by an indulgent daughter, that mother was careless about many things. Essentially important things like dust, and heel-marks on floors, and soapy rings in washbowls.

She had certain perversities, also, had mother. Ruth, leaning back in the dark silence, with the warmth of David's shoulder close to the blue silk sleeve of her going-away gown, sighed a little over the fate of her neat little red account-book which had known an unvarying abode in the buffet drawer.

Never more, she knew, would the grocer's bills and the ice bills and the estimated cost of labor and overhead and interest on the assessed valuation of the house, be added in carefully tabulated columns in that little red book. Never again would any member of her father's household be able even to approximate what it cost them to live!

Mother would laugh and crumple up the grocer's slips and pay the milkman with pennies purloined from somebody's missionary mite-box—and argue demurely that you had to eat—and of course nobody spent any more than was absolutely necessary—and what was the use of keeping a mercenary account with one's own digestion?—and somebody see if there was a cold bottle of ginger ale on the ice! As early as fifteen Ruth had resigned herself to the fact that there was no earthly use trying to change mother!

AND the boys were as bad. Allen, who never took his nose out of a book. And Cleage, who wouldn't wear a hat or a stiff collar and who pinned cheap pictures of tennis champions and setter dogs and golf girls all over the English chintzes in his room and whose life's ambition was to own a rowdy red racer, wherein he could sit on the back of his neck, with the steering-wheel under his chin, and his knees higher than his head, and drive past the mayor's snobbish eight-cylinder at forty miles an hour.

Allen or Cleage could never so much as remember to turn off the bathroom light. Another briny tide threatened Ruth's eyelids as she thought of Dad, trudging patiently down the hall to turn off lights after his heedless sons.

As for Pat—there was no measure with which to mete the incorrigibility of Pat!

Pat, who was fifteen and insisted on remaining about four; insisted on wearing her hair down, though it took hours to curl it properly; insisted on sliding down banisters and running to the corner to meet Dad, her long legs flying disgracefully; insisted on doing so many childish and absurd things that Ruth sighed audibly when she thought about her young sister.

Whereupon David, the bridegroom, slipped a lovely arm about her and moved closer.

"Tired, honey?" he inquired gently. David was always gentle, always considerate.

Ruth sighed again. "I was wondering, David—do you suppose they will miss me at home?"

"Miss you?" David was gallantly emphatic. "Miss you? Gee, whiz! Why, sweetness, you're going to leave a hole in that family as though somebody had pulled out a big front tooth. They'll miss you so much that they'll be weeping on our doorstep when we get home! They'll be offering me bribes to get you back again."

"I wasn't thinking—David, there isn't one of them who can remember a telephone number! Allen might if he would apply himself, but he won't. And Dad's suits will be pressed three times one week and then go baggy and stringy for months. And nobody will remember when the pew rent is due until Mr. Pickard writes a nasty dun. And nobody will ever put any water in the radiator until the car runs hot—"

"As I previously prophesied," argued David, "they'll be besieging our domicile with wails and moans, beseeching me to give them back their little Miss Efficiency. And I'll stick my nose out of a port-hole and laugh at their distress—having captured the princess and mured her in my dungeon deep!"

Which was lovely and consoling, and which, though it did not entirely soothe his bride's anxieties, diverted her with a new resolution. At least, Ruth declared to herself, she would be a good wife to David. David was so tender, so honorable, so lovable—she would always take care of David and of David's interests. David should always know exactly what it cost them to run the house. David should always find clean towels in the bathroom and matches beside his ash-tray. David should never be annoyed because she had forgotten to send his shirts to the laundry or because his clothes had not come home. Efficiency, with a capital E, should gleam like a gold star above the hearthstone of their little bungalow!

Dad would worry along some way, of course. Dad was patient and he loved them all. Even Allen, who seldom vouchsafed his society to his family, came out of his shell to talk to Dad, and for Pat—Ruth had always felt a twinge of daughterly jealousy toward her madcap sister Patience!

A little of the burden of regret had rolled from Ruth's shoulders when she boarded the beautifully luxurious train for New York, and the weight of it was replaced by a joyful new purpose—the purpose to be a good and efficient wife to David Waggoner!

MISS Patience Field, commonly called Pat, applied the brake to the old family car shriekingly, killed the engine with a deft thumb, tossed her brother Cleage's old buckskin gloves into the tonneau and, giving her scarlet tam-o'-shanter a rowdy jerk over one eye, mounted the well-kept doorstep of the Waggoner bungalow.

Finding the front door cautiously locked, Pat swung herself, without ceremony, through an open window. She made her way, involuntarily tiptoeing over the shining floors, to the kitchen, whence came the hot smell and the thumping sound of ironing. Ruth was evidently busy.

"Christopher Betsy!" exclaimed Pat abruptly, halting at the kitchen door.

Ruth Waggoner, a six months' bride, looked up a trifle wearily. Her face was flushed, though it was October and cool, and her hair clung to her ears with limp straightness. The palm of her hand, as she relinquished the hot iron, glowed swollen and red. Her slender young shoulders, under her gingham gown, sagged listlessly.

"Why on earth doesn't Dave send his clothes to a tailor?" demanded her young sister without ceremony. "Does he make you press 'em every week?"

Ruth's lips tightened a bit. Somehow, to the sharp young eyes of Pat, it appeared that the red line of them compressed into tautness with more readiness than she remembered.

"I send David's clothes on Fridays," answered Ruth, coldly. "These are not David's—they are Dad's."

"Heavens! *Those!*" Pat moved nearer and scrutinized the limp leg dangling over the end of the board. "Why—Dad hasn't worn those in ages."

"Probably not!" said Ruth. "When I found them yesterday they were so baggy and shapeless that nobody could wear 'em."

"But if he wanted them pressed he'd have said so!" persisted Pat, hotly. "He'd have yelled all over the house, 'Now somebody remember to send my suit to Tony's,' and there wouldn't have been any peace on earth."

"Perhaps he did yell—and nobody listened," argued Ruth. "At any rate, it's a perfectly good suit, and it ought to be worn. It will look like new when I finish this leg."

"And you'll look—like a mop!" blurted Pat with kid-sister frankness. "Does Dave admire you when your hair's all stringy, and you decorate that kitchen creation with two safety-pins and a needle with black thread in it?"

Ruth fumbled vaguely and laughingly at the bosom of her gown.

"I pick up all sorts of things when I'm dusting," she explained. "And—David likes his dinner on time, and hot. As long as I'm pleasant and happy he doesn't mind if I'm not dressed prettily. You can't keep house in a lace negligee; you know that, Puss!"

"I'll bet Dave doesn't mind how you look," drawled the child impudently. "I'll bet he's thrilled by a wife with a complexion like a Bologna sausage, and a gown that doesn't have to be starched, and is no trouble to iron. If you haven't any decent powder, I've got some that absolutely won't come off. I swiped it out of Cleage's traveling-case."

"I'll put on some powder—after I've wiped up the bathroom," said Ruth.

"We've got a magnificent system for cleaning our bathroom now," vouchsafed Pat. "We give the tub three swipes with a damp towel, and then turn over the mat. It's always clean on the other side."

Ruth recalled the scrupulous care with which she had cleansed the tiled corners of her mother's bathroom with an old tooth-brush, and sighed. But all she said was: "It seems to me that you are getting rather slangy."

"Heavings!" ejaculated Pat. "you ought to hear mother! Since you aren't there to look at her reprovingly, she is absolutely scintillating. And Dad says 'damn' when he cuts his chin—on Sunday mornings."

"I'm glad you miss me—even if it is only my civilizing

influence," remarked Ruth with a thin laugh.

But Pat's poppy mouth quivered suddenly and tremulously. "We miss you every single solitary minute, dearest," she protested, in a voice inclined to wobble. "Life is absolutely hideous without you at times. That's why I came. Ruthie, do curl your hair and powder your nose and put on some stylish clothes and ride over with me to play bridge with some of mother's friends. We've baked the nicest little cakes, and mother made a pistachio mousse with marshmallow on top—"

But Ruth's lips had tightened again, and a resigned and saintly patience lay like a glow upon her face.

"I mustn't, Patsy. I haven't done my marketing, and tomorrow is Saturday and there is mending to finish—"

(Continued on page 16)

And David, a towel over his shoulder, his shaving-brush in his hand, took swift steps. "I'll buy you one, tomorrow," he said



Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist



By Maud Younger

ILLUSTRATION BY F. STROTHMANN

PART THREE

ELEVEN to win before we can pass the Senate," said Alice Paul, looking up from her desk as we trooped rejoicing into our headquarters. The suffrage amendment had just passed the House. Miss Paul had not waited for the vote, but had hurried to begin work on the Senate. Handing me a list, she added, "Will you see these men to—" she glanced at the clock, it was nearly eight,—"morrow?" she concluded, regretfully.

The Senate office-building was dazzling white under a blue winter sky, and the air sparkled with a thousand hopes when I walked up the broad terraced steps into the white marble rotunda next morning.

"Convert a United States Senator!" one of them had exclaimed, dropping a handful of papers in amazement. "Why, when a man comes to the United States Senate he never changes his mind again. You can't convert a United States Senator!"

This was indeed appalling. But the Senate was not immune to progress. I remembered twenty Senators who had come to Washington opposed to our amendment, but whom we had seen change under our very eyes. We needed only eleven more. So I took a deep breath and determined to begin with Senator Reed of Missouri.

In the hall I came suddenly upon brown-haired Mathilda Gardner. That expert lobbyist was scared and trembling.

"Oh, did you hear him!" she said, her hand at her throat. "Senator Pomerene of Ohio! He just roared and roared. I—I only mentioned suffrage, and he burst out like that. I thought everyone in the building would come to see what was the matter. He shook the whole room. It was terrible!"

"That's what he always does," I consoled her. "Never mind. Just let him roar."

Mr. Reed sat at his mahogany desk—a large, rather good-looking Senator, with gray hair. His record in our card-index read: "He is most reactionary, not to say antediluvian." So I was not surprised to hear him say, slowly and solemnly:

"Women don't know anything about politics. Did you ever hear them talking together? Well, first they talk about fashions and children and housework; and then, perhaps—about churches; and then, perhaps—about theaters; and then, perhaps—" At each "perhaps" he gazed down at his finger-tips where his ideas appeared to originate, looking up at me at each new point. "And then, perhaps—about literature!" he ended triumphantly. "Yes, and that is the way it ought to be," he added, satisfied.

"But don't you believe that voting might make women think?"

At this suggestion he recoiled, then recovered and grew jocose.

"Do you think I want my wife working against my interests? That's just what she'd be doing—voting against me. Women can't understand politics."

I began to tell him about California women voters, but he interrupted. "Women wouldn't change things if they did vote. They'd all vote just like their husbands."

Still, Senator Curtis had told me that Senator Reed had a good mind. So I spoke about democracy. But it was obvious that Senator Reed's belief in democracy stopped, as well as his good mind, when it encountered woman suffrage. "Women can't understand politics," he repeated.

So I went to see Senator Overman of North Carolina, a portly jovial gentleman, white-haired, with a black ribbon on his glasses.

"You need only eleven votes?" he said, surprised, taking the poll I held out to him. Adjusting his glasses he went over it name by name. "What! Ransdell of Louisiana? Sheppard, of course, but—Texas? And Kirby of Arkansas? McKellar of Tennessee! Gore of Oklahoma!" He spoke name after name, Southerner after Southerner, as though

each were a separate and sharp stab to him. When he had finished he dropped his head dejectedly on his hand and pondered.

Then he looked up and sadly said, "A few years ago no one would have believed this possible! You women have made one of the most remarkable political fights in history."

"Then you'll vote for us?" I said quickly. "No—oh, no, I can't do that," he said, smiling. That pleasant smile made lobbyists come away hopefully. But it meant, not that his mind was open, but that his manners were pleasant.

In the marble room I found Miss Paul, and in those hard surroundings we sat and discussed the situation.

Behind every member of Congress there are three powerful influences, aside from his personal convictions. These forces are his constituents, his political party, and the President. Through one or another of these we must reach our eleven votes.

"We should get Senator Phelan now," said Miss Paul. "He opposed federal suffrage because the President did. Now that the President has come out for it, Senator Phelan should do so. Send for him."

I sent in my card and he came at once, very neat in a cutaway coat, his eyes smiling about the trimmed sandy beard. "Of course I'll vote for the amendment," he said, as though he had never thought of anything else. He was plainly glad to have an excuse for changing his position.

"That leaves ten to get," said Miss Paul. "Let's go and see Senator McCumber." The Senator from North Dakota is sandy and Scotch and cautious and, like many other Senators, thinks it would be weak and vacillating to change his opinion.

"I voted against it in 1914. I cannot vote for it in 1918," he said. "I cannot change my principles."

"But you can change your mind?"

"No, I could not do that."

"Then you might change your vote," said I, urging progress. He, too, saw progress, but was wary of it. Looking cautiously around the room and back at us he said slowly, "If the legislature of my state should ask me to vote for it, I would feel obliged to do so."

That same night Beulah Amidon telegraphed to North Dakota—her own state—to the Chairman of the Republican party and the Non-Partisan League that controls the legislature; to her father, Judge Amidon, and to others. The legislature immediately passed a resolution calling on Senator McCumber to vote for our amendment. Miss Amidon went to see him at once, with the news.

"But I haven't seen just how the resolution is worded yet," said Senator McCumber cannily.

When the resolution arrived, someone else went to see him.

I WANT to look it over carefully," he said. When he had looked it over carefully he admitted, "I will vote for the amendment." But to show loyalty both to constituents and principle, he added hastily, "I will speak against it and vote for it."

"That leaves nine to get," said Miss Paul, counting Senator McCumber off on her little finger and turning to a list of other legislatures in session. The difficulty was that the legislatures in session did not fit the Senators whose votes we must get. There was, however, Rhode Island. Mildred Glines, our Rhode Island chairman, was at our headquarters, and Senator Gerry of Rhode Island was at the Capitol, and not for our amendment. So Mildred Glines set out at once for Rhode Island, where she had a resolution presented and passed, and returned with it to Senator Gerry.

Then I went to see his colleague, Senator Colt. A scholarly-looking man, he sat at his desk deep in some volume of ancient lore. Arguing with himself while I sat listening, he stated the case for suffrage and Senator Gerry. "But on the other hand," he said—and then stated the other side.

"Yes," he concluded, deliberately, but with a twinkle in his eye, "Peter will vote for it."

"That leaves eight to get," said Miss Paul, very thoughtfully. "Have you seen Senator King lately?"

Though Senator King is not unpleasant to talk with, if one does not broach subjects controversial, persons who appealed to his reason had succeeded only in ruffling his manners. He smiled blandly and, leaning back in his chair, began what he believed to be a perfect case: "I've always been opposed to national suffrage. I said so in my campaign, and the people elected me."

We must appeal to his constituents. But how? His legislature was not in session. Alice Henkle went post-haste to Utah, and at once newspapers began to publish editorials; all sorts of organizations, civic, patriotic, religious, educational, social, began to pass resolutions. Letters poured in upon Senator King. But always Miss Henkle wrote us, "They tell me everywhere that it's no use; that Senator King is so 'hard-shelled' that I might as well stop."

"Go to the Capitol and see," said Alice Paul. I had just entered the revolving door when Senator Sheppard, hurrying past, stopped to say, "Do you know, King is coming around! I think we may get his vote."

SO Miss Paul wired Alice Henkle that night: "Redouble efforts. They are having good effect." Four weeks later, three Senators told me that Senator King had said in the cloak-room, "I'm as much opposed to federal suffrage as ever, but I think I'll vote for it. My constituents want me to."

"That leaves six to get," said Miss Paul, "counting Senator Culberson, too." For while we had been busy in Washington, Doris Stevens and Clara Wolfe had been busy in Texas on the trail of Senator Culberson.

The national committees of both political parties had taken a stand for federal suffrage in February. Also, Colonel Roosevelt and other Republican leaders were writing to Senators whose names we furnished, urging their support.

"Now," said Senator Curtis, smiling, "I think we'll get Harding and Sutherland. They both want to vote for it, but their states are against it. I'll go see them again. Keep the back-fires burning in their states."

Senator Curtis has the dark hair and skin of Indian ancestry, and perhaps his Indian blood has given him his quick sense of a situation and his knowledge of men. Without quite knowing how it happened—it may have been his interest in listening or his wisdom in advising—he had become the guiding friend, the storm-center of our work on the Republican side of the Senate.

"Colonel Roosevelt has written to Senator Sutherland, too," I thought hopefully, while I sat waiting for him in the marble room. He came out, and said almost at once, "I've just had a letter from Colonel Roosevelt asking me to vote for your amendment."

"Have you?" said I.

"Yes. But I wish he had told me how I can do it, when the overwhelming sentiment of my state is against it." I spoke of something else, but that night I reported this remark to Doris Stevens and Mrs. Robert Baker. Both of them immediately wrote to Colonel Roosevelt. Later, I again saw Senator Sutherland. He had evidently forgotten our former conversation.

"I've had a letter from Colonel Roosevelt about your amendment," he said. "It's the second time he has written to me about it. He wants me to come to Oyster Bay so he can give me reasons for voting for it."

[Continued on page 41]

Torn Veils

By William Almon Wolff

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. UNDERWOOD

STEVE WHITMAN lay face down on the beach. The sands of Burnstable stretched away for miles. They were bleached white by the steadfast glare of the summer sun; they lay beneath it now, hot and gleaming, save where the shadows of the dunes stretched purple, and where the waves had reached, leaving the wet sand to shine in all the colors of the rainbow. Steve, dozing, shared the long miles of sand only with a few children and nurses. The surf was gentle; great, lazy rollers came floating in, and their breaking made a rhythmic cadence that carried healing to his tired nerves.

Steve's bathing-suit looked too big for him. His arms and shoulders were white; the sun had not had time to touch them yet. But it was not until he got up, uncertainly, and stood, unsteadily, laughing as he looked down at his treacherous legs, that you could see he had been ill. He smiled as he began to walk, gingerly, toward the cottages that stretched, in a long, haphazard row, where the ground began to rise from the white sands, and where green grass, and flowers, and, here and there, a tree marked the frontier of the land.

He walked slowly, but with a growing assurance. And he took great breaths of the salt air; he drank it in. He was gay as he waved his hand to a girl who came to meet him.

"Well, Steve!"
"I feel great!" he said. "And hungry enough to eat a horse. That's a good sign, isn't it?"
"You do look better," his sister said. "You're still a bit shaky, and you're pretty pasty and pale. But a few weeks of this and you'll—"

"I can't stay too long, you know," he told her. "I've got to get back on the job again. Father—"
"Oh, I know, Steve! But you've got to be sure you're all right first."

"Of course. But if I hadn't waited to finish college! Dad made such a point of it—"

"He was right, too, Steve."
They came to the house, and Peggy helped him a little at the steps, although he was properly scornful. "Sit down—you've lots of time before dinner," she said. "I'll get you something to throw around you."

He dropped into a chair, luxuriously.
"His great, being an invalid!" he said. "Hello—"
His eyes, wandering about, had fallen upon a house not far away.

"Looks as if there was someone in the Ramsay place—"
He was trying to control his voice, but it broke a little.
"Oh—I forgot to tell you," Peggy said. "They're coming down. I heard this morning. They'll all be here tomorrow—Janet and her mother, I mean."

She didn't look at him. And yet she was watching him, too. Women can do that.

"Good," said Steve, after a moment's silence. "Wonder if Janet's changed much."
"I'm going for something for you to put on!" said Peggy, and made for the door. "You've got to be careful."

He was sitting very still, looking out to sea, when Peggy came back. She caught her breath as she looked at him.
"Poor old Steve!" she said, and patted his shoulder, as she held a robe for him to put on. "Does it still hurt?"

He turned and looked at her. And he was smiling—with his eyes as well as with his lips.

"Hurt!" he said. "Heavens, no! She's coming back—"
"Oh—Steve!" Peggy's eyes were wide. "Steve—I tried to be decent, last year—didn't I? I didn't rag you, or ask questions, or tease, or anything?" He nodded.

"You—" she hesitated. "Steve—I'm too fond of you to see you get hurt again. And—I'm a girl. I know what little beasts girls are sometimes. I've been one myself. You haven't heard from Janet, have you?"

His eyes were rather somber.
"We promised," he said, curtly, "Mrs. Ramsay—"
"I know," Peggy interrupted. "But, Steve—it's nearly a year! You—you're not counting on Janet too much, are you? You're not expecting too much—?"

"No," he said, directly. "She—we—we both made some promises to one another, too, Peggy. You see—there wasn't anything, really, until Mrs. Ramsay cut up the way she did. We—we just knew we cared for one another. We didn't want to talk about it. But when Mrs. Ramsay went up in the air—it was pretty beastly. She made us promise not to write to one another. And we never have. But we knew then we'd meant to. . . . So we promised. And then she let us say good-by. And we—oh, you must know, Peggy!"

Peggy was sitting on the arm of his chair now. And her arm was about his shoulders.

"You're a dear, Steve," she said. "I—I was sort of afraid it was that way. Everyone else laughed, and said you'd get over it. You are an awful kid—that's why they say it."

"I'm old enough," he said. "And, anyway—we knew—"
"Yes," said Peggy. "But, Steve—Steve, dear—you mustn't be too sure! Janet—she's had time to change. I can't bear to think of you counting on her so utterly, and perhaps—"
"It's all right, Peggy," he said.



"I—I've grown up. And you're just a boy. . . ."

And, indeed, as he got up and stood, looking down at her, with laughing eyes, he looked as if all were and must be right with him. Peggy's heart went out to him. First love! She knew. It was with Steve as it had been with her. Poor Steve—mocked for the youth that glorified him, punished because he had not had to pay the toll of the years that had passed over his head.

After dinner he walked, slowly, to Janet's house. Chairs had been put out on the veranda, and he went up, and looked about. A great vine shaded the veranda; through it he could see the sea, and the great white path that the moon made upon it. For him there were memories in every crash of the surf, in every stirring of the great vine in the faint breeze, in every breath he drew.

Janet—he remembered her, as he had seen her last, here, in this spot, with the friendly vine to hide them from the world. Had there ever been a time when he had not known Janet? He could not remember it. But it had been last summer, that summer that had been, in some way, the climax of his adolescence, that had seen her fill her true place in his heart and in his mind. Now, all sorts of queer, half relevant things were etched clear in his mind.

SO little they had said—so much they had understood! Between them, everything had been tacit. It had been as if they had feared that words would shatter some charm. And yet, more and more, as the summer had gone on, they had been drawn together; each had excluded everyone save the other, each had known that the other was supremely desirable, desired.

Steve flushed hotly at the memory of Mrs. Ramsay and her first shocked sensing of the thing that had grown between Janet and himself—the thing so mysterious, so beautiful, so fragile, they had thought, that they had scarcely dared to harbor it. He remembered how he had climbed the steps of this veranda, to find, not Janet, but her mother, waiting for him. He remembered every word Mrs. Ramsay had uttered; her wild, hysterical denunciation; her sudden transition to pleading; her appeals in the name of Janet's youth, and his, and of his duty. From the beginning, Mrs. Ramsay's purpose had emerged, clear cut. She was going to take Janet away. She had the power to do that. Then why need she talk on, eternally?

She had won his promise; that promise he had damned himself a thousand times, since then, for giving. And then, having won her way, she had turned kind; she had sent Janet to him to say good-by.

He had forgotten nothing. There had been no moment, since that night, in which he could not close his eyes and call up the bitter memory of himself, waiting. She had come, and the moonlight had fallen upon her. An agony of self-consciousness had held them both. For the first time,

as they faced each other, they had been abashed. The veils of mystery that had been wrapped about the thing that was between them had been torn away. They had exalted that, and now, all at once, it had been cast down; it was a thing of which they must be ashamed.

"Oh, Janet—!" he had cried.
And then, for the first time, he had taken her in his arms; for the first time their lips had met; for the first time he had felt the moisture of tears upon his cheeks.

HE was lying on the beach, next day, when Janet came. He saw the motor, a cloud of dust heralding its coming, swing up and around by her house; all his pulses were beating madly as he saw her spring out and turn to help her mother. Did she turn, first, for just a moment, to look at his house? He couldn't be sure.

Even had he been well, Steve thought, he wouldn't have gone to the station to meet her. He wanted to see her first alone; he wanted to have her to himself. For all his brave words to Peggy, he had moments of a chilling, a dreadful fear. It had been a long time. Would she remember? Could he blame her if she had changed? He would not; he was sure of so much, at least.

He did not see her, it turned out, on the day of her arrival. It was next morning, and he came upon her as he returned, rather tired, from an adventurous excursion to the post-office. Just for a moment he scarcely knew her. She had changed so greatly! Such subtle things had happened to her!

He had seen her last a young girl, a girl with hair just up. And now

She was exquisite. She stopped when she saw him; she preened herself, as a bird does. She wore a gown of some sheer stuff; a great hat shaded her face. How could he know what accounted for the change in the way she looked? How could he guess at the ministrations of a maid, at a complexion aided by cunning products of a shop, at endless labor spent upon her eyebrows, to make of them straight lines of black? For a moment he was shaken. And then his heart cried out to her, and his lips echoed its cry.

"Janet! Oh, Janet—!"
"Why—Steve!" she said. "Steve Whitman! I—I heard you'd been ill. But you look dreadful! Steve—I'm so sorry!"
"Oh, Janet!" he said. "It doesn't matter now! You're back!"

"Come up and talk to me, Steve!" she said. "Such ages since I saw you! We've got volumes of things to tell one another."

He went with her. He searched her with his eyes. A puzzled look was dawning in them. What had they done to her? Where was the Janet who had clung to him, whose tears had been wet upon his cheek?

"Oh, Steve!" she said, when they were settled on her veranda. "I've had such a heavenly time! Mother let me go everywhere. She'd always said I'd have to wait, but I didn't! Oh, Steve—I'll never be able to think of all the things I have to tell you!"

She ran on. In gay, colored snatches of talk, she told him of her adventures. And he looked at her, and listened, and wondered how Peggy had known! They had taken her from him. He had no need to ask her, even. He could see. It was as if, in those exotic lands in which she had been, she had matured, like some tropical plant; as if they had ripened her, made her a woman while he was still a boy.

But all at once he broke out.

"Janet!" he cried. "Don't you remember? That last night here before you went away—when we said good-by? Oh, I've wanted you so! There hasn't been a minute when I haven't longed for you—"

"Steve—Steve, dear—" she said. Her fingers brushed his hand. "I—I do remember. But we were such children then. We can be great friends, can't we? But—we mustn't remember that—"

He stayed a little while. That was because he loved her, and he said to himself, over and over again, that it would hurt her to know how she had hurt him. He stayed long enough, indeed, for Mrs. Ramsay to come out and greet him.

"It's Steve Whitman, isn't it?" she said. "You've been ill, I hear. Typhoid? Shocking! I'm sorry. But this air will bring you around."

Mrs. Ramsay killed his last hope. Young he might be, but he knew some things. She had been afraid of him once. And now she dismissed him as of no account. He might follow Janet as closely as he pleased; so much her manner said. She could trust Janet now.

The tragedy of his youth buffeted him as he went home; as he made his way, blindly, upstairs to his own room. Janet! He loved her. And there was no hope for him. His youth condemned him to stand aside, dumb, his love unvoiced. It damned him to the loss of all his hope—for lack of the few years that would give him what he needed.

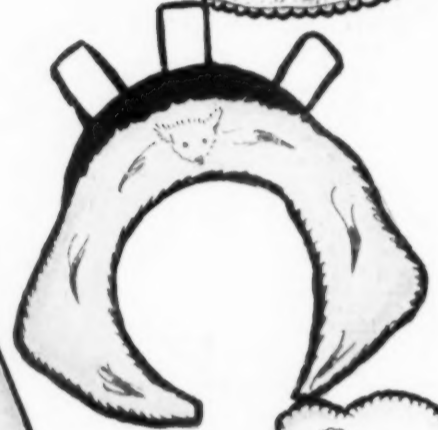
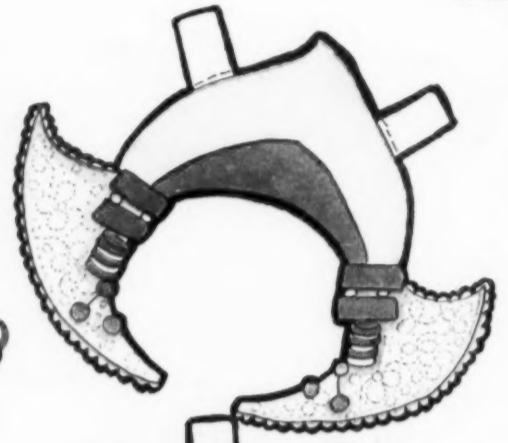
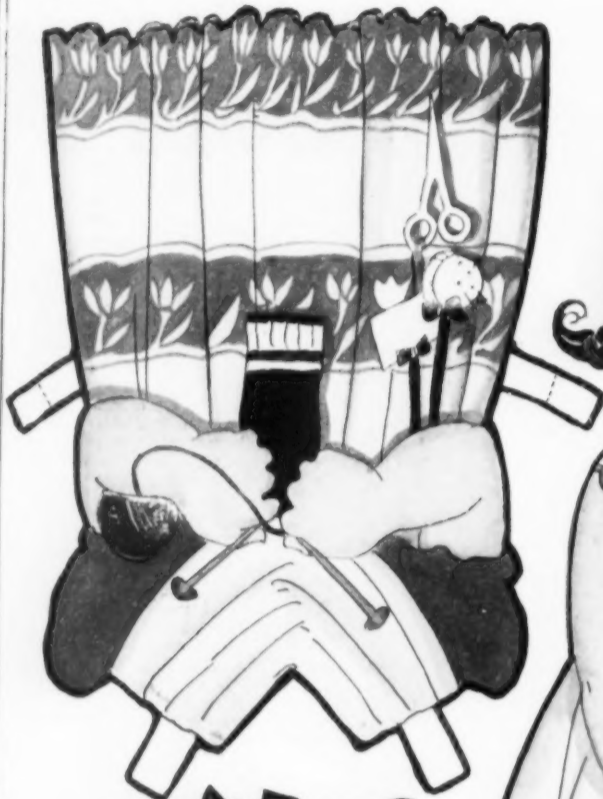
There were tears in Peggy's eyes when she saw him. But she had no words for him; she knew there were none that she could find to comfort or help him.

[Continued on page 66]

Katrinka's my name; from Holland I came. I like you a lot—please like me the same



BY
BARBARA HALE



A. B.



slip on foot A



slip on foot B.



“The more the merrier”

No matter who comes nor how unexpected—even though they arrive just at your meal hour.

With *Campbell's* at hand you always have a delicious soup course ready to emphasize your welcome. And this is only one instance.

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Campbell's Tomato Soup

Suppose any meal goes wrong or disappoints you or you suddenly feel the need of an extra touch—something appetizing and nourishing which you had not planned.

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Order this tempting soup by the dozen or case. Get the full benefit and enjoyment.

21 kinds



“Look at my bountiful store
For dinners and suppers galore
I welcome each guest
With a joy unrepressed
And always I'm ready for more!”



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



Like They Serve Down Town

WHY not serve Baked Beans at home as good as they serve down town? Countless restaurants buy Van Camp's, because they please the men. Try this plan once and watch the man's delight.

Beans are cheaper than meat, more nutritious than meat. It will pay you to make them inviting—pay you to serve Van Camp's.

Not Woman's Fault

The trouble with home-baked beans is not the woman's fault. She lacks the facilities.

Here we have a laboratory, college-trained cooks, able chefs and modern steam ovens.

Each lot of beans is analyzed before we start to cook. The water used is freed from minerals, for minerals make skins tough.

The beans are baked in steam ovens without contact with the steam. Thus they are baked for hours at high heat—baked so they easily digest. They are also baked after sealing, so we save the flavor which otherwise escapes.

In home ovens, beans become crisped or mushy before they are even half-baked. Van Camp's Beans come mealy and whole from the oven.

A Premier Sauce

Then there never was a sauce like the sauce we bake with Van Camp's. Our scientific cooks tested 856 recipes to attain this zest and flavor. It is baked with the beans, so this sauce gives tang to every granule.

Van Camp's are served quickly, hot or cold. They always taste freshly-baked.

With a dozen cans, a dozen hearty meals are ready at your call.

You owe to yourself a knowledge of this dish.



Men come here to thank the Van Camp cooks for creating such baked beans.



The beans are mealy, nut-like, whole, and easy to digest.

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Made of nuts so blended that the butter has exquisite flavor.



The House the Girls Built

By Mary Gordon Page

PERHAPS love is not the most important problem, nor the most interesting that we deal with, individually, in life; then again, perhaps, with all that hinges on it and all that it leads to, love is. Certainly it is so important that the life which has not love either in actuality, in hope, or in memory, is inconceivably barren. And so it is inevitable that many of the letters that come for discussion to *The House the Girls Built* should present some phase of the subject. Sometimes these letters ask for definite advice. More often they are the expression of fumbling for the right way to meet a difficult emotional situation; the groping through a fog of indecision, or an attempt to lighten the way after a hard decision has been made.

Life plans made, and abandoned; the sudden coming to an impasse on a path that had seemed to wind endlessly on through beautiful green fields—these are the things we talked about the other evening while we sat late before the fire in our hill-top cabin. "If only we could leave off loving when we know that we should!" one girl wrote. Her letter had told of the discovery of certain traits in her fiancé's character that had caused her to break her engagement.

"I know I ought to be glad to have found it out in time, but that it was there to be found out breaks my heart."

Another girl, deep in unhappiness, wrote:

"Ours was so perfect a companionship in the beginning. It seemed to me that I had never really lived until we found each other, and I was very happy in planning our home and our life together. But lately it is different, and I realize his feeling must have changed or we would not so constantly misunderstand each other. . . . I don't know how to take up life and go on."

"I wonder if they truly know; if they are sure it is something real and essential that has come between," Wilma mused. "Sometimes it is only a vague, shadowy thing that might with a little honest, clear-headed effort at comprehension be swept away. I don't want to think of either of these girls looking back some day, and saying, 'I've always been sorry I didn't marry him. My life would have been very different. But I wanted to be too sure.' A gray-haired, regretful old friend said that to me the other day."

YES," Jane said, poking at the fire, "but she might be looking back with more regret if she had married him. You never can tell. These 'might have been's' are dreary speculations, and as commonly wrong as right. Anyway, what is something real? How is one to know?"

That, we all felt, was a question that could not be answered with concrete examples. The thing which to one would be an unsurmountable barrier to love, to another would be only a call for greater giving. Love is made up of so many things. It is comradeship; it is joy in each other's presence, and perhaps more than anything else, it is a dream together.

"When one begins to doubt and wonder, isn't that a certain indication that the dream is over?" Helen asked.

"Not necessarily," Margaret declared. "It is so serious a business. Doubts must come. Love has its penalties as well as its gifts, and we wonder whether we can pay out of life all that love demands. And all the time we are wondering, we know that

a love which is splendid and fine is the most worth-while thing that is likely to come into any life."

"But something, real or not, has come between in both these instances," I told them. "The girls are looking forward to readjusted lives. And readjustment seems impossible while the hurt is new and stinging. Love throws so rosy a glow over the world that their way seems now incredibly dull and gray and hard."

"The more need for high-hearted endurance," Anne said. "It won't be so hard after a little while."

"They are suffering more now because they cared so truly. There is hurt pride, too, among the wounds," Wilma said.

"I know," Anne answered. "But the time will come when they will be glad of having given their best, and not a light emotion that could swiftly die or be withdrawn. In this uncertain world, the only thing that we may be even reasonably sure of is the quality of what we give. We know that however great the pleasure that comes from being loved, the real happiness comes from loving."

No life's happiness hangs on any one thing. We talk about love and happiness as though they were states one may enter and remain in, the troubled world shut out. But love is not life. It is one of the things that come to us on life's highway. And if it be so that we link arms and travel together to the end, then the whole way will be brighter, more joyous. But if this is not so, then we may not linger, lamenting. We must go on.

THE things that come farther along the highway are various. More often than not, it is a bigger, truer love than the one of the shattered dream. Out of the old suffering there often comes a richer nature, capable of greater giving, deeper understanding and wider appreciation.

"Happy? Yes, indeed," a friend said to me the other day. "Though some people seem to think I ought not to be." She had been telling of a love affair that, ending in poignant suffering, was now far enough in the past to be spoken of. "I'm interested in so many things; there is my work and all my friends. Living as we do in the same city I see him now and then, and of course there always comes the memory of the great hurt, but together with that, the utmost thankfulness that I realized in time how impossible life together would have been."

"Would you willingly have missed the experience?" I asked.

"Not for anything. All the wonder of that dream! At the time it nearly killed me," she added, with a quivering smile.

One could see that she was without bitterness; she had kept the best of the lovely emotion. And that best had enriched her nature, had made her splendid.

"It isn't easy to find or give comfort at the minute," Olga said out of the long silence. "I wonder if anything that we have said has helped the girls at all?"

But I knew that talking it out had helped a little, and writing the letters had helped. Getting a problem into words is sometimes the first step toward its solution. And perhaps the most help comes from the realization that life is not simple, and the hardest tangles to unravel come in these matters of human feeling from which spring our happiness and our suffering.

EVERY way of life leads at one time or another into the road called "Love."

Sometimes the paths run parallel to the road; then, again, they cross it for a short day's journey. For some, it winds to the hill-tops beyond the clouds; for others, into the valley of broken illusions. Always it is beset with difficulties. What are the problems you have found upon the way?



The appeal of beauty

WHAT person lives who is not attracted by beauty—beauty of face, beauty of voice, beauty of complexion—and who at times has not sought it?

Not all can have beautiful features, nor can all have beautiful voices, but a beautiful complexion depends largely upon the care that is given to it.

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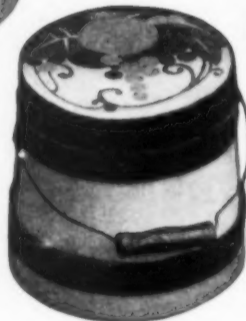


The label is white and red

Try Stenciling for The Unusual Gift



A beautiful shade for lamp or candle makes an exceptionally welcome gift. Those illustrated can be copied at moderate expense. Ordinary wire frames form the foundation for the covering of heavy paper or material, which is oiled, stenciled and shellacked. (See Editor's note below.) The charming candle-sconces pictured can be had at ten dollars a pair, and the graceful polychrome lamp at twenty-five.

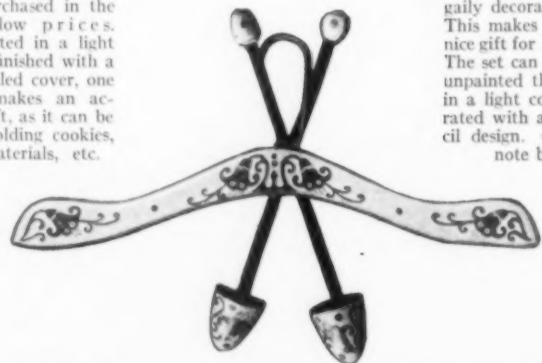


The window-shade cords illustrated above are charming when made to carry out the color scheme of a room. These are pleasing novelties and very inexpensive to make. The materials needed are silk cord, a bit of colored ribbon for the ornament and two or three large beads.

The little tin candle-sconce above has a strong appeal for its old-fashioned quaintness. No one would suspect that it is a tomato can with part cut away and a handle soldered on at the tin-smith's. It is easy to make and to decorate in stripes of black and white or colors.

The pail and the round box are of wood. Unpainted boxes of this sort can be purchased in the shops at low prices. When painted in a light color and finished with a gaily stenciled cover, one of these makes an acceptable gift, as it can be used for holding cookies, sewing-materials, etc.

Another practical gift suggestion is a set of hanger and shoe-trees gaily decorated to match. This makes an especially nice gift for a young girl. The set can be purchased unpainted then enameled in a light color and decorated with a dainty stencil design. (See Editor's note below.)



Editor's Note—Stencil designs and directions for making this lamp-shade and candle-shades are printed on one leaflet, No. FW. 123. Price, 10 cents. Stencil Designs and directions for the box, pail, tin candle-sconce, shade-cords, hanger and shoe-trees are printed on one leaflet, No. FW. 124. Price, 10 cents. With your request enclose a stamped envelope for reply. Send stamps or money order to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, N. Y.

Room at the Top

LAST spring a well-known firm of New York brokers established an uptown office with women in charge. It was an epoch-making move in the world of finance, as it was a public recognition of women. For the first time men have voluntarily started a be-skirted adventure of this kind without regarding women as a stop-gap or emergency measure.

This is just one straw that indicates the direction of a real tornado which can carry with it to the top thousands of women who want to get there—and have the common sense to accomplish it! For common sense is the sure road to accomplishment, and the first thing to learn is to throw off the under-dog attitude of mind and take it for granted that they have equal chance with their brothers.

Lillian Palmer, of San Francisco, who successfully conducts a lighting-fixture business, a few years ago became much interested in the question of why more women do not reach the top. So convinced was she that inherent timidity has much to do with it that in connection with Government employment work she started a bureau to look into the matter. One woman came to consult her about bettering herself. She said she had held the same stenographic job for eight years and wanted to make a change.

"How much are you getting?" Miss Palmer asked.

"Eighty-five dollars a month," was the reply.

"If you have been doing the same work for eight years and are getting only that amount, there is something wrong with you," remarked Miss Palmer.

She sent the girl back to her position, told her to go through her employer's files, study them out of hours, if need be, and go to him with any suggestions that might occur to her about better sales methods, office system, shipping improvements, anything she thought might make the business more efficient. A short time later the girl returned to report that she had been given an increase in salary, more responsible work to do, and really felt her job held a future.

Emma Hirth, of New York, vocational expert, has spent the past eight years looking into opportunities for women in business. She believes that the ability to judge of her own possibilities and attainments without conceit and at the same time without false modesty is what will enable many a girl of hidden talent to get ahead.

Six years ago, a dietitian in a Connecticut institution came to talk with Miss Hirth. She was tired and discouraged. She felt there was no future in her work; she was badly paid and her health was not good. Miss Hirth saw that here was a good well-equipped brain going to seed, a good body failing under the weight of mental discontent and discouragement. She remembered a conversation of only a few days back with a friend who had a large city household, with a corps of servants. This woman had been speaking with real despair of the difficulties of running such a household without leaks. She knew that the cook and the butler were "doing" her in conjunction with the marketman, but it was impossible for her to oversee the details sufficiently to prevent it. It took only a moment to show the possibilities of this situation to the dietitian. Armed with a letter of introduction, she was given a trial by Miss Hirth's acquaintance, and in the first month had saved two hundred dollars on the food bills!

THIS was the start of a good business. The girl is now a professional marketer with a list of good customers for whom she is able to save large amounts through her astuteness as a buyer and through purchasing supplies at wholesale.

"I never advise anyone," says Miss Hirth, "and I do not 'make careers.' I give a girl what information I have and let her draw her own conclusions as to her fitness for a new field of work, or how to get on in her present one. If she is a girl still at school or college, I make her investigate her own tastes and abilities and then I make her give herself advice! This ability to look at herself impersonally is the first thing for women in business to learn, and it is one way in which women have been woefully lacking."

Miss Hirth was formerly Director of the Intercollegiate Bureau of Occupations

IF there is room at all in the business world for women, there is room at the top.

No job is worth the taking if, when stepping on the first rung in the ladder, one cannot visualize its possibilities.

In this article, Mrs. Leaycraft writes of women whose first feeble steps led to enviable heights. If there was room at the top for them, there should be room for you.

By Julia Searing Leaycraft in New York, an organization which conducted an employment exchange for college women, and is now director of an investigating agency of her own. Whenever she hears of a woman who has been successful in a business way, Miss Hirth gets in touch with her.

The Intercollegiate Bureau was founded on the idea of enabling women to find their proper work. In the early days, teaching was practically the only profession open to women, and colleges fitted them for that primarily. Poor teachers resulted where girls taught without any taste for the work or love of it, but merely to earn a living, and a waste of good material in the girl herself who should find real interest and enthusiasm in some occupation for which she would be better adapted. This overcrowding of women lowered the salaries and tended to make teaching—which should be the most sought-after and honored of all—an apron-string profession, for the women crowded out the men.

Libraries, too, have been overstocked with young college

women. About three years ago a young woman who had been a very successful librarian in a Middle-Western city came to realize that, while her profession was pleasant and congenial, it did not present great opportunities for advancement, nor offer her chances to exercise her organizing abilities and her adventurous spirit. A chance opportunity took her to California as an employment secretary to a branch of a large public utilities corporation. After a year or so at this work, her expanding capacities led her across the continent to New York, where, with but a small amount in her pocket, she sought out the Intercollegiate Bureau. She was led into an employment job with a New England firm, and after a year or so of intensive experience in organizing employment departments, she entered the Ordnance Department and now has set up business for herself as employment expert. She is ready to study manufacturing and other kinds of business which employ large bodies of workers, find out their special requirements and install suitable employment and welfare departments. As the only woman in the country to undertake this kind of profession as a consultant, she holds a unique position.

SCIENCE offers new opportunities for women. A girl who graduated from Cornell in 1916, having specialized in chemistry, found a position as chemist with a large life insurance company in New York. Women had never been employed in this sort of position before. Within a short time she had so demonstrated her ability that now there are five women working under her.

Hearing about those of their sisters who are already on the crest of the wave will give confidence to many a struggler in the back waters of opportunity. Everywhere women are showing their readiness to get together for mutual help. Business clubs are being formed in all parts of the country, and in them the highest salaried women join with the younger business girls in all kinds of activities to improve their standing in the community as business women and to study methods of self-improvement.

It is encouraging to know what women have already been able to achieve. The cattle exchange in Chicago boasts a woman member. In a Kansas city a woman is president of the state bank, and a Michigan city has a clever woman who is sales manager of a large power concern. She sells power to factories.

Business women are a giant army, extending from coast to coast, an army of ready and willing workers roused to a sense of purpose in life. They have most of them come to realize, too, that the laborer is worthy of the same hire whether he be man or woman and to see the fallacy in the old theory that a woman who takes pay for a job when she does not actually need it is taking work from a sister.

In a world where financial reverses are always imminent, with an ever-changing economic order, and where the actual chances of marriage are hugely reduced by the present excess of women over men, it is actually foolhardy not to prepare girls to earn their own living. Much can be done by taking stock, early in a girl's life, of her tastes and qualities and letting school and college lead to some more or less definite future.

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Write for Circular

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The Dark Mirror

[Continued from page 9]

and matter-of-fact world, coincidences don't count with anybody except a novelist hard up for a plot.

The quiet of the empty studio was soothing and grateful. Priscilla sighed contentedly, wheeled the heavy easel over to its stand beside the pier-glass, then shrugged into a paint-smeared smock. For fifteen minutes she sat in a chair before the self-portrait, in stilled, intent study of her work. Again it seemed good in her sight—decidedly the best thing she had ever done. Yet she was dissatisfied. Something was wrong, something was missing without which it could not prove convincing.

The head she must not touch, lest one misjudged stroke mar the excellence of its spirited gesture. Neither could she see any way to improve her painting of the figure. The folds of the skirt needed some little attention; not much, possibly half an hour's work. The fault seemed to be with the background.

At length, rising, Priscilla took up her palette and squirted upon its satiny surface sleek coils of color—cadmium, burnt sienna, orange, vermilion, black, ultramarine, a tiny blob of crimson lake. Then with swift, sure brush-work she overlaid the insipidity of the original background with an impressionistic scheme of soft, deep tones relieved by tints of dull tawny lights.

For hours she worked steadily, absorbed, till a premature change in the light broke the spell. With a slight frown of annoyance she looked up to find the frosted glass of the north light overcast with pale blue shadow. A second glance through windows discovered the western sky dark with cliff on cliff of slaty cloud.

No matter. Her task was ended, and sooner than she had thought it would be. A few days more and she could turn the canvas over to Harkness. She put aside brushes and palette, shut the windows (through which a cold, strong draft was blowing), drew the draperies close, and returned to the chair before the portrait.

The concentration of the working mood was still strong in her. For some time she remained in quiet contemplation of the tremendous improvement she had wrought upon the canvas without appreciating the true significance of what unconsciously she had accomplished. For these somber, atmospheric depths with their remote play of lights now framed the figure of Leonora truly in its native background.

The slow, thoughtful smile provoked by this discovery merged into a look of abstraction even more profound, as reverie led her insensibly back to memories of *The Street of Strange Faces* whose dim reaches stretched away indefinitely behind that painted shape of dream. The effect of return to old associations grew strong; she could veritably see, she could almost smell and hear *The Secret*.

She knew a period of mental uncertainty, of daze and wonder, out of which grew the sensation she had once before experienced of confusion of identity with the woman in the portrait. Inexplicably something impalpable yet essential seemed to go out from her to the other, with whose spiritual essence it blended intimately. For the moment she had no true existence save upon that painted surface, where she paused, hesitant, doubtful, confused, before passing into a vague half-world, a place of vast and shapeless spaces where there was neither light nor darkness, wherein consciousness grew faint and the sense of Self was blotted out entirely.

OUT of nothingness, out of a sort of inert chaos, spectral walls like veils of mist took shape, closed in, added unto themselves a floor and ceiling, assumed a semblance of stability, became a box-like room wherein her spirit was pent in a mood of sluggish and melancholy mutiny. It was a room hatefully familiar to her in its every hideous detail—its poisonous wall-paper, stained ceiling and threadbare linoleum, its iron sink in the corner, its rude chairs and common table cluttered with soiled crockery and a gas-stove linked to an overhead jet by frayed tubing, its shelf from which hung articles of dejected clothing, its shaky iron bedstead with sagging springs and the lumpy mattress upon which her Self lay, half-dressed and half-conscious, too bored to care whether she waked or slept.

Weariness and disconsolation were eloquent in her posture and written legibly in bluish shadows under listless eyes, in sallow cheeks, in the sullen cast of her firm-lipped mouth.

A mutter of far thunder swelled and died. The girl moved only her eyes, looking up to a window that revealed the storm-

black sky. A sword of lightning slashed the gloom. What mattered it to her, whether or not it rained? She was condemned, apparently, to endless imprisonment in this dismal place whose threshold her foot had not crossed in so many days she had lost count of them.

She could have shrieked from sheer exasperation of ennui. She told herself that anything were better than such a fate as this. Why not shriek till her cries fetched the police? Or, better still, go forth and court arrest? A cell in the Tombs were preferable to this place of proved security from the attention of the police. Was she less a prisoner here than would be there?

More lurid lightning, a deeper diapason of thunder, again that breathless hush.

Of a sudden she left the bed and in one soundless bound gained the middle of the floor, where she paused in the crouch of a hunted thing at bay, her wide gaze fastened on the door.

Through a wait so long that she concluded her hearing must have been at fault, she heard nothing. She relaxed, drew a deep breath—and grew rigid with alarm when she heard the noise repeated, a stealthy knocking on the panels.

Putting out a bare arm, she caught up a cheap red kimono and wrapped herself in it, then moved to the door in stockinged feet.

Now that fumbling knock was unmistakable, and with an ear to the crack between door and frame she seemed to detect a panting murmur: "Nora! . . . Nora!"

She called guardedly: "Who's there?" A voice of greater confidence replied: "Me—Charlie—le' me in!" She drew a bolt and turned the knob, distrustfully opening the door a few inches with a shoulder to it, prepared to slam it shut with all her might should she find cause to think she was being tricked. In the outer murk, the pale contour of a face she knew was just discernible. She stood aside and let its owner enter. He came in with shuffling feet, sidling, and slouched against the wall, his limbs aquiver with the jerking palsy of the drug-addict. She welcomed him curtly, with a scowl.

"Well? What you want?"

The Coke returned a twisted, placating grimace.

"I don't want nothin'. Red sent me to tell yuh he wants yuh."

"Red!" She caught her breath sharply. "Where—?"

"I dassent tell. He made me take me out'. He says it's all right. Ristori's kep' his trap shut. Th' bulls ain't wise to Red and Leo's hang-out. He wants yuh shou'd come to him t'night."

"He does?" There was a trace of challenge in her tone. "Suppose I don't? What if the bulls pipe me in the street? Suppose I don't come?"

The dope-slave shuffled spasmodically. "Red says yuh're to—"

"So you say. But how do I know he does? How do I know Red sent you here to tell me that? How do I know this ain't some dodge the Nut put you up to—or Inez?"

"Honest' t' Gawd, Nora, yuh got me wrong!" the Coke protested. "I ain't seen the Nut, nor Inez neither, sinst that night. Red sent me."

"Prove it."

"How'm I gonna do that?"

"Go back to Red and bring me something to prove he sent you—that silver ring he wears—anything."

"I would, Nora"—the protestation was convincingly earnest—"but I dassent. Red'll half kill me if I go back without yuh. Besides, it ain't safe, goin' there too offen. The bulls might see and follow me."

"Well, what about me? What if they see and follow me? I suppose it's all right if I get pinched along with Red and Leo." The girl gave a gesture half impatient, half defiant. "Nothing doing. You tell Red I said so."

"Red says, tell yuh if yuh don't come t'night somepin yuh won't like 'il happen to that Wop what's stuck on yuh."

"Mario!" Her lips framed without uttering the name. She retreated a pace, convulsively tightening the fist that clutched the folds of the kimono above her bosom.

"What—what are you talking about?" "What Red said to tell yuh. Take it from me, Nora, yuh better do like he says. Somebody's been givin' him an earful about yuh an' that Spanish guy—"

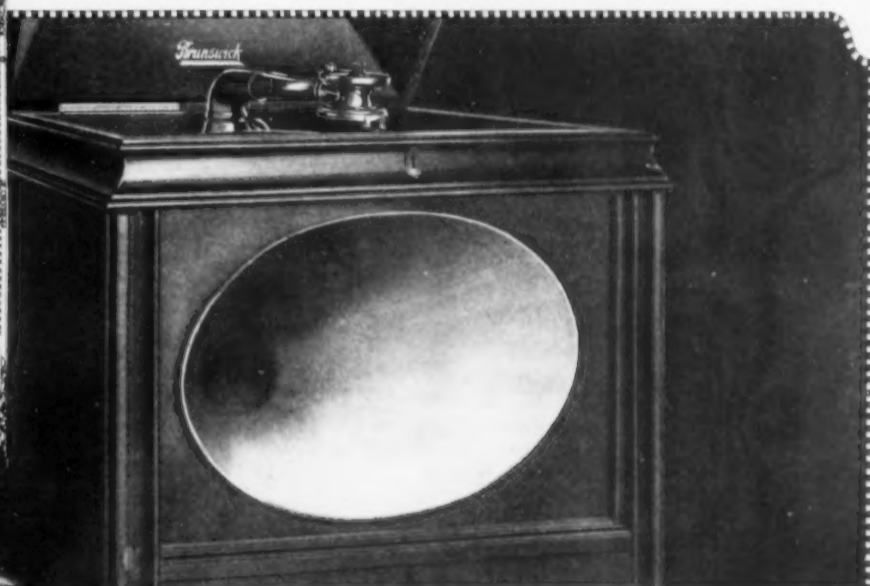
"Spanish guy?" she echoed shrilly. "I don't know what you're talking about!"

"Maybe so, maybe not." The Coke

[Continued on page 24]

The Brunswick

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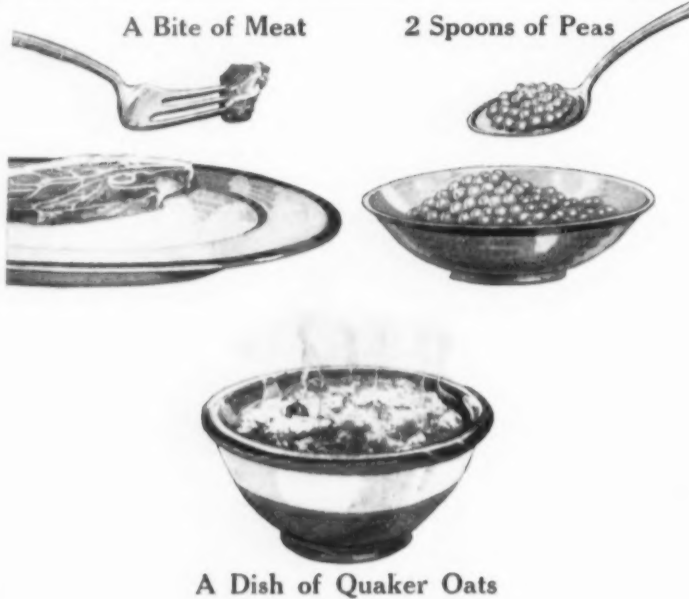
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The Dark Mirror

[Continued from page 22]

licked his lips with a furtive tongue. "Anyhow he's sore. If I was yuh, and didn't want no more trouble I'd do like Red says."

After a while the girl said sullenly: "How am I going to find him if you won't tell me where he is?"

"I'll take yuh there. Ten o'clock tonight. It's all right, Nora—yuh don't hafta be afraid—"

"Where'll I meet you?"

"In the back room at—"

A lurid flame of lightning dried speech upon his lips. Terrified, he covered back to the wall. Darkness fell. Thunders shook the tenement on its foundations, crash upon rippling crash. Half stunned, the girl felt the leash upon her senses slipping. Her hands caught wildly at nothingness.

Body and soul seemed welded into one taut string vibrating in agonized response to the fury of the tempest. She found herself standing far from the chair in front of the easel, in quivering affright gazing at the featureless long rectangle of the portrait in the shadows.

Rain sluiced the skylight in wind-whipped waves. Thunder rocked the skies. A lull fell, loud with the monotonous drum of rain upon the roof. Then, without warning, the gloom was abolished by a ghastly lilac glare—and the face on the canvas started out of its dark background with an uncanny look of life, the gay mockery of its smile distorted into grinning malice. Instantaneously blacked out as thunder once more smote and rattled, it lingered stubbornly before the vision of the girl, like the sun-blot that hangs before dazzled eyes.

With head averted, she swung the easel round so that the painting faced the wall.

Still she was ill at ease in the company of the thing. The memory of its jeering smile persisted. Like a specter unseen but importunate at her shoulder, the notion lurked of the work of her own hands turned monster.

She had a crawling shiver of superstitious dread. Common sense was powerless to comfort her with its assurance that she had merely had one more hypnotic hallucination induced by auto-suggestion. Instinct insisted common sense for once was wrong, that there was more in this than the human mind could comprehend or cope with. Surely supernatural forces were here at work.

She strove without success to cast out that thought.

Comparing her wrist-watch with memory of the hour marked by the clock in Leonora's refuge, she reckoned her lapse from full waking consciousness had not lasted longer than five minutes. In that scant spell her soul had journeyed far, tar-

ried a while in communion with another, and returned with a freight of fears, of doubts, and cares, that threatened the stability of her reason. In those few moments the work of a week had been undone. She stood now where she had been immediately after the last preceding dream. Then, she had only her own self to fear for; now, the lives of others hung in the balance, lives as real to her as her own, though she knew them through the medium of dreams alone.

Within five hours her other Self must go to keep an assignation with a murderer. Fancy pictured Leonora stealing through streets of sinister shadow to that rendezvous with a fate inscrutable.

But not for Leonora was all this torture of solicitude. Through unhappy mischance Mario had been marked for Red's enmity. And where Red hated, tenure of life was treacherous.

Now it was revealed to her that, however inexplicable the affinity of their souls, however dissimilar their circumstances and irreconcilable their ways of thought and standards, Leonora and Priscilla Maine were one in love of Mario.

Acknowledging this incredible fact without protest, Priscilla told herself she had loved Mario always, ever since that time, long past, when he had first figured in her life of dreams.

And contemplating the prospect of living through the night to come, under whose impenetrable cover Mario and Leonora must work out their dark entangled destinies while she waited, powerless to help or hinder, Priscilla felt a shadow fall athwart her understanding, as black and cold as Death.

(Continued in the December McCall's)

SYNOPSIS—Priscilla Maine, a young artist, haunted by strange dreams, asks Dr. Philip Fosdick, a family friend who loves her, to psychoanalyze her. She tells him that, so far back as she can remember, her dreams have always been peculiar, like chapters out of another life. They have to do with a girl who seems to be herself, yet whose surroundings Priscilla has never seen and whose habits of thought and speech are totally opposed to her own. Priscilla then relates her dream of the previous night. She describes as *The Dark Corner*, that turning in her psychic life between her normal sleep and her wild dreaming, when she enters into *The Street of Strange Faces* and her dual existence as Leonora. Leonora's associates are a band of East Side gangsters led by Red Carnehan, who loves her. She, however, loves Mario, a mysterious stranger in *The Street*. At the gangster's meeting-place, she is accused by Harry the Nut of betraying their pal, Eddie, to the police. Her quick intuition suggests Harry, himself, as the guilty one. She, in turn, accuses him, but Bielinsky bursts into the room, and warns them of a frame-up. In the stampede to escape, Red and Leonora are the last to get away, but not before the door is broken open by a policeman and a plain-clothes man, Ennis, who are shot down by Red. Priscilla's dream ends with this tragedy. Dr. Fosdick, deeply moved, asks her if she has seen the afternoon papers.

Phoebe Replies

[Continued from page 11]

dances were early affairs. As *Henrietta* objected particularly to going out at night, they took the valley road, which was longer than the hill road but more likely to afford them rescue by a passing car in case of need. But *Henrietta* didn't cough once. She didn't even clear her throat.

"She seems a reliable enough old girl," Penn said as the lights of the Club House came into view.

A dance was in progress as they entered. "More like old times than ever," Penn murmured as he put his arm lightly about Phoebe's waist.

They caught a glimpse of Corinna, but before the music stopped she had disappeared. Near the end of the intermission they saw her again, the center of an animated group around the punch-bowl.

"Howdy, Penn," she said cordially. "How well you're looking! But, Phoebe, why didn't you bring him sooner? I had given up hope of your coming, and have dances enough to carry me into next week!"

"Who has your next?" Penn asked.

"Jack, I think."

"And the one after that?"

"Probably Jack, too. He's greedy."

"In that case, I'll swap one dance with him and let him have Phoebe."

The music started and before Corinna knew what was happening Penn had waltzed her off while Jack Haden was still murmuring a helpless: "Oh, I say—"

"Score one for Penn!" Phoebe cried.

"What's that?"

"I was just saying tough luck you had to take me."

"Oh, I say, Phoebe, it isn't that. I don't mind dancing with you."

"Thank you," Phoebe murmured.

"Oh, hang it all, I didn't mean that! I only meant, what will Corinna say? Come on, I'd just as soon dance. We'll keep as close to them as we can."

Penn made no further effort to dance with Corinna. Instead he devoted himself to Phoebe as though he were by choice as well as chance her escort for the evening.

"It's certainly jolly to see you again, Phoebe. You were only a kid when I saw you last. You hadn't yet bloomed into a beauty. You were very shy and your nose was always buried in a poetry book. If you were the same little girl, do you know, I think we should become great friends now, for since I've been away I, too, have learned to love poetry."

Later, when they were seated on the veranda near an open door through which they could watch the dancers, he remarked suddenly: "What I can't understand is why she wants to keep up that sort of thing. Has she been doing it all these years?"

"Who?"

"Corinna. Shouldn't you suppose she'd grow tired of it? Just look at Jack Haden. She's reduced him to a state of idiocy."

Phoebe rallied loyally to her sister's support. "It isn't Corinna's fault that she's beautiful and that men make fools of themselves over her!"

"But she does help nature along."

Phoebe gasped. "Aren't you in love with her, too?"

"I? No! I don't know where you got that notion. Not from Corinna, I'm sure."

"But you've been—haven't you been writing her all this time?"

[Continued on page 32]

Every Mother—Every Baby

The Merriest Hour of the Day

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.
 Director, Bureau Child Hygiene, Department of Health,
 New York City



DURING the first ten days of life the baby's bath should be given on the nurse's lap, and the tub bath should not be used until the cord has dropped off and the navel entirely healed. Any time during the day is all right for this early bath, but always let it come midway between feedings.

Two basins of water are needed, at a temperature of about one hundred degrees Fahrenheit; absorbent cotton or clean gauze is good for wash-cloths. Wrap the baby completely in a flannel blanket and wash only one part of the body at a time. First, use the water from one basin to wash the head and face; gently cover each part of his body with a little soap rubbed on wet cotton and then rinse off with the water from the other basin before the skin is patted dry with a soft towel. Care must be taken not to wet the navel, and one cloth should be used for the head and face and another for the body. After the tenth day, for the regular tub bath which is then permissible, the following articles are desirable:

A tin or rubber tub which can be set upon a low bench or box and filled two-thirds full of water. I prefer the tin tub as it can be kept much cleaner than the rubber one and also is more firm and durable. A bath thermometer is essential because the proper temperature of the water is important. There should be a low rocker with no arms, for mother or nurse to sit on so she may not have to bend over. She should wear a rubber apron which is covered with a flannel apron or a large square of flannel. On a low table on one side there should be castile soap, a few old soft towels, some talcum powder, a bottle of boric acid solution made in the proportion of two teaspoonfuls of boric acid to a pint of water, boiled and kept in a perfectly clean bottle, soft pieces of gauze or new clean cheese-cloth about twelve inches square, pieces of absorbent cotton or old linen to be used as wash-cloths, and a needle already threaded, for use on the baby's abdominal binder after the bath.

On the other side there should be a small rack upon which the baby's clothes should be hung and, if possible, the clothes should be slightly warmed. Keep the room in which the bath is given at about seventy degrees Fahrenheit. Care must be taken to avoid drafts and if there is an open fireplace, everything should be arranged in front of it and the bath given there.

Place the clothes in readiness and the water in the tub before the baby is undressed. The temperature of the water must be tested with the bath thermometer and for the first few months should be about one hundred degrees. After the baby is five to six months old, the temperature of the water may be gradually lowered until it reaches ninety-four degrees.

It is wise to undress the baby on the bed or a low table. Place him on his stomach, unbutton the clothes in the back and then turn him over; now the outer clothes may be slipped off over the legs, the shirt unbuttoned and the band and diaper unfastened. When he is wrapped in a flannel apron or cloth the mother may sit by the tub with the baby on her lap.

First, a piece of absorbent cotton should be wetted with the boric acid solution and each eye gently bathed, making the strokes from the nose outward on either side. Then, use a small piece of the cotton or gauze to

gently clean the openings of the nostrils. The baby's mouth should not be washed out, as there is danger of injuring the delicate mucous membrane.

Wet a piece of the gauze and rub a little soap on it. With this, bathe the baby's head and neck gently, taking care not to get the soap into his eyes. Special attention should be given to the folds behind the ears. Rinse the head with clean water from the tub and carefully pat dry with one of the towels. Another piece of gauze or a fresh wash-cloth should then be well soaped and the baby's body gently rubbed while he is still in the mother's lap.

The best method of placing the baby in the tub is to support the back and head with the left hand and forearm. In little babies, the right hand may then grasp the ankles; in larger babies, it is advisable to place the right hand under the buttocks or to hold the legs firmly together. Then lower the baby into the tub, keeping the head supported. The right hand of the nurse can be used for bathing the baby all over, keeping him in a partly upright position so that the head and face need not be wet again.

For very young babies, not more than two minutes should be spent in the bath. As they grow older, they may stay as long as five minutes, but prolonged bathing is not desirable. Lift the baby out of the tub in the same way and place him on a large towel laid over the rubber apron on the nurse's lap. Cover him immediately with the towel and gently pat him dry. Never rub the skin of young babies. After the body is completely dry, a good powder, such as talcum or a mixture of one part starch and two parts boric acid, should be lightly sprinkled over the body, particularly in the folds of the skin and around the genitals. The baby is then ready to be dressed and put to bed for a regular nap.

Absolute cleanliness is essential for keep-



—and after taking a refreshing dip in the tepid waters of his daily bath.

ing babies well. Particular care should be taken, therefore, of the buttocks and the genitals, because they so easily become chafed. They should be washed very carefully after every wetting or movement and then lightly covered with powder. Never use the diapers a second time after they have been soiled, but place them in a pail of cold water until they can be washed. It is better to boil them before using again.

BESIDES being the high spot of comfort in baby's day, his bath hour should be merry. But his mother must know the secrets of the mystic morning rite. Dr. Baker tells her how to go about it.

Are there other questions about keeping baby healthy, happy, and normal? Dr. Baker will be glad to answer.

Address Dr. S. Josephine Baker, Baby Welfare Department, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

If the chafing is severe, it may be necessary to see that the parts are not wet at all until healed. In such case, the baby must be given a sponge bath and the genitals cleaned with sweet



oil and a little cotton after each movement, and then covered with starch and boric acid powder or powdered stearate of zinc. The latter is particularly good because, besides adhering closely to the skin, it is waterproof and very soothing. In case of very delicate babies or those suffering from eczema or skin trouble, the daily bath may have to be omitted.

For sickly babies it is best to get a doctor's advice on this subject, but if this cannot be obtained, I would suggest a daily gentle rubbing with sweet oil all over the body, and twice a week a gentle sponge bath taken on the mother's lap. When there is a definite disease which does not yield readily to treatment, the mother should not attempt to care for it without special advice.

BRAN BATH: This is good for babies with delicate skin or with prickly heat.

A cupful of bran should be put in a cheese-cloth bag and then squeezed in the water until the latter is of a milky color. Bathe the baby in this, using no soap. For the best results, there should be no rubbing of the skin.

Soda Bath: For bad prickly heat which does not yield to the bran bath, or in case of hives, a soda bath may be used with some temporary benefit. Two heaping tablespoonfuls of baking soda should be put in a tub of water and the same method followed as has been outlined under "bran bath."

Cooling Sponge Bath: The method of giving this bath has been spoken of before. The water should be only tepid or about seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. These baths are advisable in very hot weather or when the baby is feverish or restless. They can be given three or four times a day without harmful effects, particularly during the hot weather. Often they prove to be very soothing.

Mustard Bath: In case of sudden convulsion in a baby, the mustard bath is a first aid. A level tablespoonful of mustard should be mixed in a cup of water until it is free from lumps and then the mustard should be thoroughly stirred into a tubful of water which should be at least one hundred degrees Fahrenheit. Care must be taken that none of the flakes of mustard are left floating around in the water as it is apt to irritate the baby's skin and cause a burn. A bath of this kind should be of about five minutes' duration; when the baby is taken out wrap him immediately in a flannel blanket. There are other methods of treating convulsions, such as seeing that the bowels are emptied at once by means of an enema or injection, but the mustard bath is a family remedy of first importance. A convulsion in a baby is apt to terrify the

young mother, so she should know what to do at once. Remember that this bath should never be relied upon as a cure; send for the doctor as quickly as possible.

As soon as the baby is old enough, let him take part in the bathing process. Babies usually enjoy being in the water and, as they grow older, the splashing about or helping to bathe themselves is not only real fun but helps them to an appreciation of the comfort of the daily bath, and this is one of the life habits that is especially health-giving. A baby may be strong at birth but if he is not kept clean, he will soon lose vigor and health.

Remember that without taking the baby's comfort into consideration, the daily bath, given right, is a great time-saver and matter of content to the mother. A baby that is always sweet and wholesome is apt to cause very little interruption; his days can be run on schedule with his feedings, baths, naps and playtime coming at regular, established periods.

Prepare baby's food according to the

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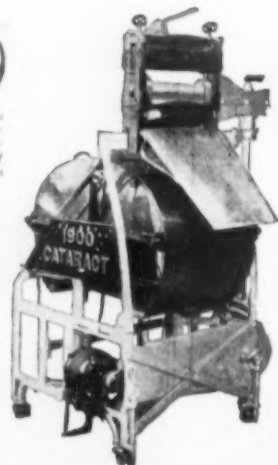
The swinging wringer works electrically.



No heavy cylinders to lift out and clean.



The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 movement and four times as often.



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Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

IF SOOT FALLS UPON THE CARPET OR RUG, do not attempt to sweep it until you have covered the spot with a thick coating of dry salt. The soot can then be swept up without leaving a stain.—Mrs. A. H. M., Waupun, Wisconsin.

A STRAIGHT CARPET NEEDLE for sewing on shoe buttons almost makes the task a pleasure, as the three-sided needle acts as its own awl. A curved carpet needle will not answer the purpose.—E. F., Los Gatos, California.

TO KEEP CHILDREN'S ARMS WARM, I take bands of old fur and sew them inside the sleeves of their winter coats, close to the wrist. This prevents the cold wind from blowing up their sleeves.—Mrs. E. M., Brooklyn, New York.

IN MAKING BROWNED FLOUR, which so many housekeepers use every day, the following recipe can be made in quantity, and kept indefinitely if put in screw-top jars. Take a half-pound of flour and spread it about an inch thick on a baking-pan. Set in the oven to brown, stirring often. This will cook the flour and prevent it from lumping.—G. E. P., New Orleans, Louisiana.

A SHOE-OR SLIPPER-HOLDER, which is both useful and attractive, may be made by sewing old, discarded, felt house-shoes to a piece of cretonne. Fasten the soles to the cretonne, toes down. The slippers or shoes slipped into these perfect-fitting pockets are protected from dust, and their shape preserved.—Mrs. E. M. G., Decatur, Texas.

TO CROCHET A RAG RUG that is a little unusual in design and at the same time easy to handle, the following directions may be used. Make a chain ten or twelve inches long, crocheting back and forth until you have a square, then turn and crochet across the end, making another square the same size. Continue this until the rug is whatever size or length desired. By making the rug this way, the crocheting does not become so monotonous and the effect is a very pretty one.—Mrs. A. G. D., Lenora, Kansas.

A PRETTY PORTABLE SERVING-TABLE which will save the busy housekeeper many steps can be made from a plain table which has a lower shelf. Around the top of the table and the shelf tack a narrow molding (this will prevent the dishes from falling off), and to the legs attach ball-bearing casters. By placing a piece of cretonne under a glass top on the upper shelf this table can be made to also serve the purpose of a tea-wagon.—Mrs. W. H. L., Detroit, Michigan.

REMOVE THE INNER LINING FROM EGG SHELLS just used, and put it away for settling coffee. It will keep indefinitely and will clear coffee as effectively as the whole egg.—F. E., Los Angeles, California.

A CAKE OF SOAP will last twice as long if the bottom of it is covered with a double piece of tinfoil. This prevents the soap from wasting away when laid in a wet place.—E. C., Brooklyn, New York.

TO KEEP A DOOR FROM SLAMMING, tie a small pad over the lock. This can be held in place by loops attached to the pad and fastened over the door knobs.—Mrs. A. E. E., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

A CHEESE WILL KEEP IN ANY KIND OF WEATHER if covered with paraffine. This should be applied with a small paint brush until the cheese is thoroughly covered. If carefully done the cheese will keep fresh for many months, and it is not in any way difficult to remove the wax.—Mrs. C. A. M., Cuyler, Cortland Co., New York.

WE want your best suggestions for saving time, money and strength in housework of all kinds. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. Address: Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

AN ATTRACTIVE AND CHEAP TRIMMING for a dress or blouse can easily be made as follows: Baste an embroidery pattern to the material, which, if inclined to stretch, should have another paper basted underneath. Thread the top of your machine with whatever colored embroidery silk you wish and the bobbin with plain sewing cotton, as near the color of the silk as possible. Stitch through the design on the paper; tear the paper away carefully. The effect is of hand embroidery.—F. D. Clearfield, Iowa.

The Great Gray Wolf

[Continued from page 10]

all the undernourished children, the worst sufferers. Here is spread before you, like some terrifying object-lesson, the suffering of the guiltless.

There are nearly 10,000 poor nursing mothers who are getting a good meal in the kitchens. The 40,000 children left in day-nurseries, whose food had been black bread and coffee, and soups made without fats or meat, from things like turnips and cabbage, these are getting good meals also. The men in the American Relief Administration, who have come from the Belgian Children's Relief, will tell you that the children in Northern France were never so badly off as these children. All through Central Europe, America is saving children's lives, and to do it the Relief Administration is breaking through old bureaucratic conditions, short-circuiting the delays of militarism and using, always, all existing

groups of people who have been working previously with the children.

There are people whom we have not helped. There was a face of famine which haunted me while I was in Vienna; it was that of Russia, for what one sees in German Austria is only a pale and clouded reflection of Russia's starvation. When is America's food to go to them?

The children of Europe, whose hunger has been stayed, look upon our flag as an emblem of salvation, and America as a country whence came help and life in a moment of desperate need. The economic life of Europe is torn to pieces and the population is so depleted by war that help from America will be needed for some time to come.

The women of America cannot countenance any longer the destruction of young children if any act of theirs can save them.

Don't Use
Narrow-Neck
Bottle



Use
Open-Mouthed
Hygeia



**Baby's Life May Be the
Difference between These Bottles**

DO you know that a baby's life is risked 2,000 times during the first year if it feeds from a small-necked nursing bottle? A nursing bottle with a narrow neck may look clean, yet contain enough bacteria to start baby on a fatal sickness. The neck allows food particles and germs to collect at the shoulders. It prevents these danger spots from washing out clean. The swab collects germs, sheds bristles inside the bottle, and scratches the glass. Boiling water cannot circulate freely, and dirt and germs are not always washed out. The neckless Hygeia has no danger spots. No swabbing is necessary. The Hygeia washes out as readily as a tumbler. In boiling, water rushes in and out of the wide mouth and renders the bottle absolutely safe and clean. Best for baby, easiest for you—that's the Hygeia, invented over 20 years ago by a physician to save his own baby. Since used by hundreds of thousands of intelligently-cared-for infants. Breasts made of red or black rubber. Sold at drug stores everywhere with the name Hygeia on box, breast and bottle. THE HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE CO., Inc., 1206 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Dealers: Motion Picture Slides with your name on sent Free. Write.

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Have Soared High
but the Cost of
Instant Postum
and
Postum Cereal
Remains
Unchanged



The Cream of Three Generations

BEAUTY'S sway was unchallenged when your grandmother was a belle. Your mother was surrounded by her own court of admirers because of her loveliness. Your chief charm, too, is the dainty complexion that is refreshed and beautified in all seasons by daily applications of

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"The Kind That Keeps"

Three generations have decided there is nothing quite like D & R Perfect Cold Cream. All reined people like it because it gently cleanses the skin and makes them look just right at Autumn's merry parties and on motor-trips. Apply it before retiring to rid the hands of any harshness and to beautify your shoulders and arms. The soothing properties peculiar only to D & R Perfect Cold Cream make it the one emollient for all uses in the home. Tender care of Baby's chafed skin is not the least of these. In tubes and jars, 10c to \$1.50.

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Pour out one-half cup of these super-cooked, evaporated oats.



Stir them in two cups boiling water. In two minutes they absorb the water.



Then you have four hot, flavory dishes, seemingly just cooked.

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Your grocer now has what you've always wanted—a ready-cooked oat dish to be served steaming hot in a trice.

Now the quickest breakfast can have its hot oat dish. None need ever start the day without it.

The dish is ready long before the coffee. It is served about as quickly as a cold cereal food.

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We cook it as doctors want oats cooked—so they easily digest.

Then we evaporate the cooked oats to one-fifth their volume. In this dry form they retain all their freshness and their flavor.

You simply replace the water. Then one cup makes five cups, or about 8 dishes.

And the hot oats taste exactly as when they came from our cooker.

Two-Minute Oat Food is entirely new in form and flavor. The product is controlled by patent exclusively by The Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

A New Flavor To Delight You

This oat dish has a new, delightful flavor, due to the high-heat cooking.

That gives a new enticement to this food of foods, and every mother wants that.

Just think what this means to you—hot oats always on call—oats cooked to perfection, and made doubly-delicious.

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6-Dish Package Free

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Mail me a 6-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oat Food free.

Try It Now

Send this coupon for a six-dish package free. Or get from your grocer the 20-dish package, which costs 15 cents.



Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government booklets written for housekeepers and mothers especially. The Bureau will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of some of the booklets described below. The other booklets may be obtained as directed. When writing to our Bureau always enclose a two-cent stamp with your request for booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

How to Avoid Tuberculosis

UNDER this title the United States Public Health Service has issued a leaflet concerning tuberculosis. The leaflet tells how one may be able to suspect he is affected with this dreaded disease, tells what to do, things to remember, and gives many hints on how to avoid the disease. Our Washington Bureau will be pleased to obtain a copy for you.

Prevention and Control of Diphtheria

DIPHThERIA, which has come down from antiquity under various names, is justly regarded as one of the most dreaded of childhood diseases. Until recently, an outbreak in a community caused a shudder of horror, but under modern treatment it is easily controllable. In order to secure the intelligent cooperation of the sanitary authorities, the medical profession and the general public, the Public Health Service has issued this booklet. Write to our Washington Bureau for a copy.

Use of Milk as Food

THIS booklet discusses the composition and characteristics of milk, condensed milk and milk powder, graded and certified milk, care of milk in the home, digestibility, nutritive value of milk compared with other foods, and the use of milk in cooking. A copy of this booklet may be obtained on postal card request from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 363.

School Lunches

"SCHOOL LUNCHESES," issued by the States Relations Service of the Department of Agriculture, is a booklet for mothers of school children. It deals with foods for children, milk and ways of using it, the importance of green vegetables, desserts and their selection, suggested bills of fare and the special problems of the rural school lunch. A copy of this booklet may be obtained from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 712, and do not enclose return postage.

Use of Mutton in the Diet

THIS booklet deals with the composition and nutritive value of mutton, its digestibility, care of mutton in the home, cuts of mutton, how to judge and select it, methods of cooking, and has several pages devoted to mutton recipes. A copy of this booklet may be obtained on postal card request from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 526.

Plan Your Next Year's Fruit

A MORE general culture of fruits in gardens and in home orchards would contribute substantially to the health and pleasure of the average family, besides furnishing a supply of valuable food products at a relatively small outlay of money. Now is the time to begin to plan your next year's fruit, and this booklet should be of considerable help to you. It deals with those widely grown fruits, such as the apple, peach, pear and plum, which are commonly called deciduous. A copy of this booklet may be obtained on postal card request from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 1001.

Poultry-House Construction

THE prime essentials in poultry-house construction—dryness, sunlight and proper space—are treated in this Government booklet which is issued by the Bureau of Animal Industry. The booklet also deals in detail with poultry-house roofs, floors, partitions, roost and dropping-boards, material, paint and whitewash. A copy of this booklet may be obtained on request from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 574.



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A Modern Miracle

By Ellen Ruth Brooks

ILLUSTRATION BY C. H. TAFFS

IT was the first day of the Fall term at Cotter College and the campus was once more buzzing with life. Madge Roberts' room, always the most popular in the dormitories, was crowded with girls just back from summer vacations. And we all had tales of happy experiences. Madge, perched on top of three unpacked trunks, led the gay discussion.

"Poor Louise Clayton! It's too bad she can't come back this year!" remarked Helen Blair from her place on the crowded window seat. Mere mention of the name brought a picture to our minds—a picture of the forlorn little creature from up state whose pitifully plain old-fashioned attire had set her apart from the rest of the girls. Every one had admired Louise's brilliant work in her studies, but her clothes—well, they had simply shut her out of the social life of the school.

"What's the matter with 'Plain Louise'?" asked Madge.

"Why, didn't you know?—her scholarship was good for only one year," another girl replied. "She told me last June when we were packing to go home. And she felt terrible about it! I guess they're fearfully poor."

"Madge Roberts!" interrupted Adelaide Baker, as she pushed open the door and saw the girl on the trunks. "What in the world are you doing—giving a lecture or taking up aviation?"

"Hello, Ad!" cried Madge, stretching down a welcome hand to the newcomer. "Have a seat—there's lots of room on the floor! We're talking about 'Plain Louise'!"

"Oh! Then you've seen her!"

"Why, no—she's not coming back," replied a half dozen girls in one breath.

"You're wrong—she's here!" declared Adelaide. "I just passed her on the walk in front of the Dean's house. Girls, you'll have the surprise of your lives! I never would have recognized her if she hadn't spoken first. And she's going to room in this dorm—"

But right there the door swung open and for one long, breathless moment we stared in amazement at the beautiful, aristocratic-looking girl who stood before us. There was a vague familiarity about her face and figure. Where had we seen her before? Then she smiled and we knew!

It was "Plain Louise!"

But what a transformed Louise! From the plain, shabby little misfit of the year before she had become a radiantly beautiful and charming creature. She wore a stunning little suit of the latest Fall fashion and from the tips of her gloved hands to her dainty shoes, she was perfect!

She greeted us with a simple grace that won the heart of every girl in the room, while we tried to hide the astonishment we felt. Then, turning to Madge, she said, "The matron told me I would find my key with you. For a little while I'm going to room across the hall."

A MOMENT later she hurried out to unpack her trunk and we were left more mystified and curious than ever.

At first none of the girls spoke. Then Madge voiced the thoughts of all: "Well, that's what I call a *modern miracle*! 'Plain' Louise! Not any more—*Lovely* Louise would be more like it!"

"Why didn't you ask her what had happened—where she got the money?" excitedly suggested Ad. "I know what my Fall outfit cost, and hers is twice as good-looking—how in the world does she do it?"

"She said she was in a hurry to unpack her trunk," piped up Mary. "Last year she brought only one suitcase and that was half filled with books!"

Days passed and the mystery of the remarkable change in "Plain Louise" remained unsolved. Some of the girls even confided their own cherished secrets in an effort to disclose her story. But Louise only smiled or changed the subject.

In the meantime she continued to maintain her high standing in the class room and enjoyed an ever-increasing popularity that had been denied her the year before. She appeared often in Madge's room, a place where only a selected few—generally the leaders in the school—felt comfortable and welcome. The old days when we had passed her by with a nod were now a mere memory.

Then one day a dainty, square white envelope appeared in each of the college mail boxes. The little simply-worded announcement it contained set the whole college talking and added greater mystery than ever to the change in "Plain Louise."

The announcement read:

You are invited to attend the open-

ing of "The College Girls' Modiste Shop," at Thirty College Place, Thursday afternoon, October twentieth, at three-thirty o'clock.

LOUISE CLAYTON.

On the appointed day 30 College Place was crowded to the doors. Louise, gowned in a delightfully simple but adorable afternoon frock, proved a charming hostess. She had transformed a small, old-fashioned house into just the kind of place where girls love to shop. About the rooms were several charming frocks, displayed to wonderful advantage.

They were the kind Louise herself wore—dainty, distinctive creations which fairly breathed a personality and charm that made them irresistible.

In the rear of the shop sat a woman whom Louise introduced as Mrs. Blake, her assistant. The girls needed no urging to take the initial step of real customers. I know at least a dozen gowns of various kinds were ordered within an hour.

Later in the afternoon, when most of the visitors had left, Madge and a few other girls of our set surrounded Louise.

"And now," began Madge, "don't you think you have baffled us long enough? There simply must be an interesting story behind all this, because—well, simply because you have changed so yourself, and this little shop is so wonderful. Won't you tell us how you did it?"

Louise hesitated a moment and over her face there came a flush of pride and happiness, as she answered, "I've been thinking all the afternoon that I owe you an explanation.

"I WOULD have told you before, only I wanted to wait until this opening proved a real success. Now that the business is really started, I am anxious that you should know the wonderful thing that has changed my former dull life into a new one of happiness and opportunity.

"When I was twelve my father died, leaving only our little home to mother and me. For a while it looked as though I would have to give up school. But that was not necessary when mother secured employment in the village library.

"Even then, though, as you can understand, we had all we could do to procure just the necessities of life. And there was never any money left for clothes. We wore our old ones as long as they would stand it and then called upon the village dressmaker to make us just the simplest kind of dresses so her bills would be as small as possible.

"I worked hard in High School—my heart was set on getting an education—and when they told me I had won the Hadley Scholarship, covering board, room and tuition for one year at Cotter, I thought I was the happiest girl in all the world!

"You see I had never known what it meant to have stylish, becoming clothes. Here at college, surrounded by other girls, I realized for the first time how forlorn I looked. I saw that I did not know how to make myself attractive and that I could not be one of you—hungry as I was for your goodwill and your companionship.

"FROM my darkened little room, I watched you girls, in your beautiful evening dresses, cross the campus to the gymnasium on the night of the Junior 'Prom.' And the hot tears sprang to my eyes as I told myself that not one of you in all that gay throng would give so much as a thought to the heart-sick girl who would have to spend the evening alone!

"I sat there till I couldn't stand it to look at the brightly lighted windows and hear the wonderful music any longer. And then an inspiration came to me!

"I opened the door of my room and peered into the hall. Everything was dark, and there was no one to see me. My heart was beating furiously as I slipped noiselessly across the hall to Nell Bradley's room. I knew she had gone to the 'Prom' in one of the beautiful dancing frocks which Campbell's had sent out that afternoon.

"Pushing open the door, like a thief, I switched on the light. As I expected, the other dress lay in its wrappings in the box beside the long French mirror! Oh, but it was beautiful—the dress that wasn't good enough for Nell! With trembling fingers, I caught it up, slipped out of my plain, shabby little dress and into that gorgeous gown. The transformation was marvelous—I saw that I was really pretty!

"But then the hopelessness of it all swept over me. I laid the magic gown in the box, and, clad in the old clothes, like Cinderella when the clock struck twelve, went back to my room. But in those few short moments I had tasted the joy of



"And now," began Madge, "don't you think you have baffled us long enough?"

being attractive. And for days the vision I had had of myself in Nell's dress before the mirror haunted me!

"A week or so later I was reading a magazine when my glance fell on a picture that attracted me. I began reading the article and it told the story of a girl, just like myself, who found the way to friends and happiness by learning at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make for herself distinctive, becoming clothes.

"Almost wild with hope I read every word of the story. It seemed so real—so convincing—and so much the very opportunity I needed, that I wrote the Institute that very day.

"WELL, the information I received proved such a revelation that I joined the Institute at once and took up dressmaking.

"As soon as I saw my first lesson, I knew that I had found the way to happiness! Any one could learn by this easy, fascinating plan.

"Right away I began to feel like a different girl—happier than I had ever been in my life! In comparison to study here at college the work was easy. I devoted every moment I could to my lessons and, of course, I made rapid progress—I couldn't help it. The textbooks seem to foresee and answer every possible question and the teachers take just as personal an interest as they do here in the classrooms.

"Almost at once I began making actual garments—that's another delightful thing about the course. Why, I made a beautiful little waist after my third lesson! You will never know what a temptation it was to wear it to class the next day, but I had decided not to wear any of my new clothes until I had enough so that I would never have to wear the old ones again!

"What was most important to me, I also learned what colors and fabrics were most appropriate for different types of women, how to develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.

"It was during the Easter vacation when, after just a few lessons, I finished my first dress. I simply had to wear it. Every one at home remarked how pretty it was, and mother was simply delighted with it and the work I was doing.

"Later I learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, and in fashion magazines. And so it went all through the course. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

"Then I decided to do more than make just my own clothes. I saw that I could turn my study to further profit. By the time summer vacation came last year I had almost completed the course, and with the money mother had been saving all winter to buy me one summer dress I made three prettier than I ever had before.

"But my scholarship had ended. College looked impossibly expensive, and I decided to make dressmaking my life work. Little did I know then how easily I could make my skill in dressmaking pay for my education.

"Back in our little town, my dresses soon attracted the attention of the best-dressed people. I called on several women who for years had gone to expensive city shops for their clothes. They welcomed my suggestion that I could create the kind of clothes they wanted and save them money besides.

"The very first afternoon one woman gave me an order. Girls, I worked like mad on that dress! When it was finished, she was so delighted she gave me two more orders—one a tailored suit. From that time on, it was easy. By the middle of the summer I had more work than I could possibly handle and Mrs. Blake, my present assistant, came to my aid. Most of my work then was designing and working on the more elaborate and expensive clothes.

"Toward the end of my vacation I found I had more than enough money to return to college this year. But I hated to give up my business. Finally, I decided to combine business with pleasure and start this College Girls' Shop here on the Hill. Already its success is assured, for the orders that you and the other girls have given me today mean that I will get another assistant soon and the shop will not interfere in any way with my college work. What is more, I am going to write mother tonight that she can give up her position in the library and come to live with me.

"SO that's my story," finished Louise. "I'm the happiest girl alive, and I owe it all to the Woman's Institute! That alone could have made possible the wonderful change that has come into my life. And what I did—in saving so much money on my own clothes, having prettier, more stylish, better-made garments than I could have had any other way, and attracting happiness and friends and prosperity with them—any woman or girl can do!"

This modern miracle has a practical application to your needs. More than 30,000 women and girls in city, town and country have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make all your own clothes and hats, or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a business.

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the coupon below and you will receive—without obligation—by return mail, the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business, to women and girls all over the world.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. 3-Y, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

- Home Dressmaking
- Millinery
- Professional Dressmaking
- Cooking

Name _____
(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____
Advertisement.



YOU will be glad to compare your hair with that of your friends after you have used

CANTHROX SHAMPOO

It is then that your hair's natural beauty and waviness is brought out to its best advantage. This daintily perfumed hair cleanser has been the favorite for many years because it immediately dissolves and removes all dandruff, dirt and excess oil and leaves the hair so fluffy it seems much heavier than it is. The very first shampoo removes most of the dandruff, and after each succeeding shampoo you find the flakes smaller and fewer until they disappear.

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No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used or works so thoroughly. Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water and you have enough shampoo liquid to en-

tirely saturate all your hair instead of just the top of the head, as is frequently the case. For this reason Canthrox is the one shampoo that loosens and carries away all the impurities.

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She knows the priceless worth of her flawless complexion and that Freeman's Face Powder will protect its dainty loveliness.

She herself delights in its fragrant daintiness and has discovered that Freeman's Face Powder meets every requirement of perfect quality.

It clings closely to the skin and won't rub off. In all the usual tints. At all toilet counters 50 cts. plus 2 cts. war tax. Miniature box by mail 4 cts. plus 1 ct. war tax.

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Mayonnaise Dressing

- 1/2 teaspoon mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon powdered sugar
- Few grains cayenne
- 1 egg yolk
- 2 tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice
- 1/4 cup olive or other vegetable oil

Sift together mustard, salt, sugar and cayenne; add egg yolk and one-half teaspoon Sunkist lemon juice. While stirring constantly add, drop by drop, three teaspoons of oil; then add oil, in a fine, steady stream, continuing the beating, and thinning occasionally with lemon juice, until all the oil and lemon juice is used.

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NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY, Paris, Tenn. Dept. M



Flesh
Pink
Brunette
White

Hands That Beckon Beauty

By Suzanne Sheldon

IF you can put out your hands to a friend with pride you probably won't read beyond the headline on this page, but if with each greeting you find your enthusiasm daunted a little on remembering the redness or roughness or swollen joints, doubtless this little follow-up to last month's finger-nail message will find you in a receptive mood.



Most women are highly sensitive about their hands, but, once they have neglected them they seem to lose interest or faith, and somehow never catch up again. You know how Mrs. Scott takes infinite pains with her hair, skin and body, yet deliberately slides over the thing which, as much as any of these, betrays the lack of fastidiousness. Women who do their own housework have a difficult task to keep well groomed, but their hands may come through even the ordeal of scrubbing the stove six times a day, or peeling potatoes for a regiment, if given adequate daily care!

As a result of dabbling in water a great deal, the skin becomes distressingly dry. When your responsibility in this direction is nothing more than the mere washing of your hands, use only tepid warm water softened either by a little ammonia or borax, but when the immersion is less a personal matter, avoid alternate extremes of temperature.

If your average day presents beauty dangers you can't ignore, combat them at night. Before going to bed, slip over the hands rather large chamois gloves, after applying mutton or beef tallow, cold cream or vaseline. When the skin seems especially rough, anoint the hands well with a good skin food. And, most important of all, invest in a pair of rubber gloves and wear them when you work.

In the winter, of course, hands behave their worst, even if they don't reach the chapping stage. And they "act up" chiefly because most of us can find no time in this world for careful drying! During cold weather, you should slack up on the number of times you wash the hands, but do the job thoroughly when you start it. In addition, always have a good hand lotion on your dressing-table for frequent use. You can make an excellent one

the two, stirring till cold. The benzoated tallow, too, you can make yourself. Take one half pound of tallow and one half ounce of benzoin; keep at high temperature until the alcohol has evaporated, then strain.

Under the pressure of housework, hands have a way, too, of acquiring stains. Lemon juice, alcohol, salt and pumice stone (in either powdered or solid form) will help considerably, and the lemon treatment, especially after working with vegetables, is commendable. Rub the lemon into the hands, and partly dry. Then, while the hands are still moist, spread them well with honey or glycerine.

Much as I should like, I cannot be blind to the fact that some hands, despite the best precautions, will chap when exposed to wind and weather. In a measure, the treatment for "chap" will need to depend upon the cause of the condition, but usually a hand cream will be the solution. Instead of using soap when your hands are chapped, as the chemicals in them are often drying, you may have the unique experience of substituting corn- or oat-meal! Some people never think in terms other than glycerine and rose-water for chapped hands, but the coco-butter pomade is, in some instances, even more successful. For it, you heat one ounce each of coco-butter and oil of sweet almonds in a double boiler, and, when thoroughly blended, add one dram each of oxide of zinc and borax. Stir all together; add about six or eight drops of oil of bergamot.

THE very things which make the hands chap or make them dry, bring about an ugly redness; but, in addition, this may be caused by a special sensitiveness of the skin, tight lacing or imperfect circulation or digestion. Honey and almond cream, which you can make at home, rubbed into the hand with a rotary motion every evening, will cure any slight roughness and leave the skin velvety.

A moist hand grips a red one with a sisterly feeling, for they both rise from the same cause—some general internal disorder. I wish there were no formula for moist hands, so that you might get to the core of the difficulty at once; but, granted you do accomplish that, a solution of two ounces of cologne and one quarter ounce of belladonna will hasten the good work. Sometimes the dampness or coldness of the hand is due merely to a local circulatory disorder, in which case vigorous finger and wrist exercises, along with massage, will help.

Speaking of exercise and massage reminds me that much can be done to beautify the hand through this means. While the shape of the hand cannot be made over any more than can the nose, much improvement and even beauty can come through acquired flexibility and grace. The first step comes with knowing how to relax the hand, whereas the former is achieved through intelligent exercise. A mere gripping of gymnastic apparatus will not help much here, for the muscles of the hands are tied up more or less with the thumb and fifth finger. Try stretching the thumb to one side and then to the other of the little finger, just as far as you can, and notice how even the three unoccupied fingers participate in the activity. For enlarged joints, a common hand disfigurement, massage is the best treatment. Blue-green veins that protrude on the back of your hand may be induced to recede by holding up the hand and stroking downward toward the wrists, at the same time wiggling the fingers rather vigorously. And, last of all, coco-butter



"To keep the hands plump, soft and white—"

steps in ready to do its best for hands that are too thin. An article on hands is scarcely complete without a word about the cosmetic glove which will soften and whiten the hands in a surprisingly short time. First make a paste of myrrh, honey, yellow wax and rose-water. Spread it upon the hands, covering them completely; then draw on loose kid gloves. Continue this treatment every night until the results are satisfactory.

A skin specialist of many years ago, tells us of an even simpler, faster route to the desired end—gloves made of chicken skin. These, he claims, have a cosmetic value, and to verify his statement, we find in the diary of a lady of long ago, these lines:

"Some gloves of chicken skin for night, To keep the hands plump, soft and white—"

with one ounce of oil of sweet almonds, three ounces of benzoated mutton tallow, two drams of glycerine, two drams of rose-water, and twenty drops of oil of rose geranium. Heat the tallow and oil of almonds together, and the other three ingredients separately, then mix

A Clear Skin
Or Money Returned
YOUNG'S VICTORIA CREAM

Used night and morning will be decidedly beneficial to the complexion. Has very unusual skin-clearing properties, and that is why it gives results. An ideal cream for motorists.

To those who have never tried this cream we will send a 30-day trial package for 10 cents in silver and this advertisement.

Large size in cents at Drug Stores.
F. H. YOUNG & CO., 48 Dorr Street, Toledo, Ohio

\$10 FOR YOU!
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WHITENS THE SKIN
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Is used in place of powder, has same effect but does not show.

Red, Brown or Dark Face, Neck, Arms or Hands made a beautiful white at once or money cheerfully refunded.

Absolutely Harmless.

When entertaining or being entertained, you will find exquisite satisfaction in having your skin so beautiful. Accept no substitute.

Try Derma Viva Rouge also, purely vegetable. In mirrored box with puff.

Either article sold at every toilet counter or sent prepaid upon receipt of 52c.

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endorses face powders that are unquestionably good. Lablache is an old favorite—it benefits, protects and beautifies the skin. It is fragrant, genteel, delightful and it sells on its merits—not because it "smells so good."

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Let Science Show You How
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Scientific Hair Color Restorer

FREE Send today for a free trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and state the exact color of your hair.

Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the result. And how it differs from old-fashioned dyes. Write today.

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Accept no imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL EYEBROWS and LASHES

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little **Lash-Brow-Ine** applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use.

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Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists.

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Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

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is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

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Bayer Tablets of Aspirin

Always ask for genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in an unbroken Bayer package.

The "Bayer Cross" marked on each tablet and on each package identifies the true, genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin."

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets. Also larger Bayer packages. Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

Established 1879

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vapo Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous ailment. Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring mental nights.

It is called a *Atom* by Asthma sufferers. Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria. It is a protection to those exposed. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 11. Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the Irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm, sugar, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. In stamps.

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Leaflet of beautiful models supplied on request. **CARYER BEAVER YARN CO., Inc., 366 Broadway, Dept. C, New York**



The Lady above the Mantelpiece

(Continued from page 6)

that you should perish a thousand times than bury your loveliness in a storage-vault. You see, my dear, I always think of her as you."

"I suppose if I were to die, you wouldn't miss me so long as you had that thing up there to look at," she said bitterly.

"If you were to die, my dear, that portrait would be my only source of consolation," he replied simply.

"You would think of me only as I was when I looked like that," she went on, a red spot in each cheek. "You would not even try to remember me as I am today. You wouldn't—"

"My dear!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it's the truth, John. You don't realize it, but it is the truth."

"Good Lord, Harriet, every man who comes into this room loses his heart to you the instant he lays eyes on you. I've watched 'em—"

"He does, does he?" she snapped. "Why, there hasn't been a man in this room in ten years who has even looked at me except when it was necessary. That includes you, John. We've been sitting here for fifteen minutes and you haven't taken your eyes off of that portrait up there. Oh, I know you love me. You—"

"I have loved you for twenty-five years," he said, with dignity.

"You began when I looked like that, didn't you? Do I look like that to you now?"

"You do," he said, facing her. "You have not changed an iota in my eyes, Harriet, old girl. You will always be just like that." Again his gaze turned lovingly to the lady above the mantelpiece.

Mrs. Renfrew got up suddenly. She stared down at him for a few seconds and then laid her hand on his gray head.

"I have never suspected you of loving any other woman but me, John," she said slowly.

"Well, that's a relief," he cried heartily.

"You've never loved anyone except the girl you married," she went on hurriedly. "That girl up there over the mantel—the one you are looking at now. She was pretty—even I may say so—but she was, if you will believe me, the stupidest, vainest fool that ever lived. Oh, don't look at me like that! I happen to know what I'm talking about. I dare say any girl as pretty as she was couldn't be expected to have brains. They seldom do. If she had possessed the brain of a gnat she wouldn't be sitting here beside you now gazing at her portrait!"

"What do you mean? Why wouldn't she be sitting here with me gazing at—"

"Because there wouldn't be any portrait to gaze at," said his wife, and with that cryptic rejoinder she left him.

Renfrew was sorely perplexed. He was still perplexed when he went to bed that night, but some friendly though secret counselor far back in his puzzled mind advised him not to renew the discussion.

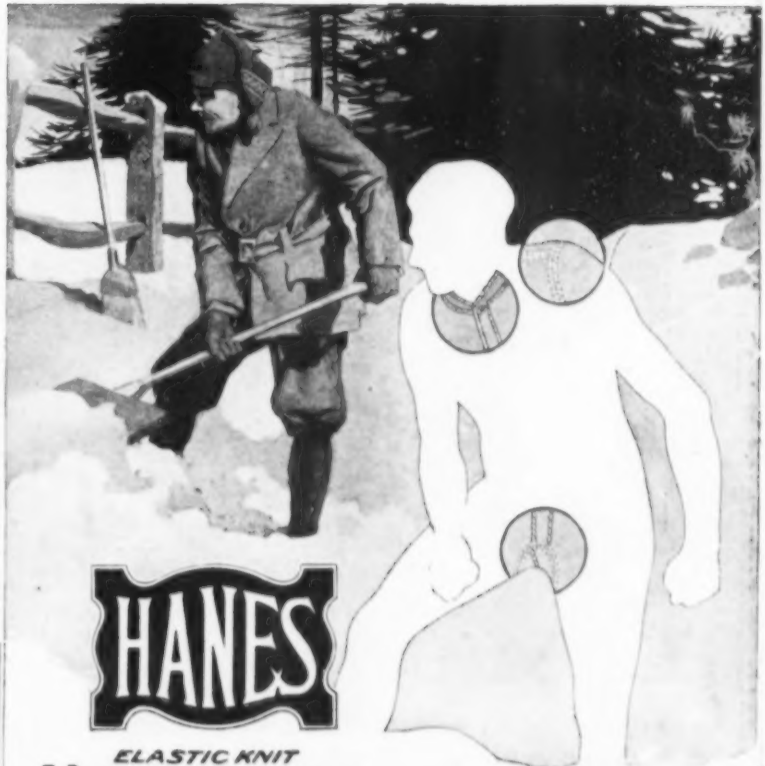
On subsequent occasions, however, his wife urged him to remove the portrait to a place of safety. Her pleadings became insistent. She seemed obsessed by the fear of impending disaster to his chief treasure.

"How joyfully I could commit murder," she would cry to herself. "Oh, if that beastly thing up there were only alive—how gladly I could pay the penalty for my crime. The joy—oh, the wonderful joy there would be in slashing her into a thousand pieces. But if I did it to that lifeless thing, there would be no happy penalty to pay. They would call me a lunatic, a madwoman, and hurry me off to an asylum."

"When my time comes I shall die and she will be left to fill my place. She will go on living. She will live to see me carried out of this house to the grave, and she will smile as usual through it all. She will greet him when he comes back from burying me and he will look into her eyes and find them smiling. She will smile when he is taken out of this house to be laid beside me. It will all be the same to her, joy and sorrow, gladness and grief, life and death. When we are gone our grandchildren will point at her with pride and say, 'That was grandfather's wife. Wasn't she beautiful?' And he, up to the day of his death, will speak of her tenderly, lovingly as 'my wife.' God help me, is there no way to destroy her without destroying his love for me?"

At last Renfrew began to understand. He had taken to watching his wife when she was not observing him; he studied her extraordinary moods; in the course of time he came to appreciate the true situation. To him, her attitude was incomprehensible. How could a woman be jealous of her own

(Continued on page 36)



ELASTIC KNIT UNDERWEAR

GUARANTEE—We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

Mothers would be astounded to see the quality and care that goes into Hanes winter Union Suits for boys!

Mother-confidence in this really wonderful Hanes underwear for their boys would be as supreme as ours if mothers knew *what went into Hanes* as we know! Mothers would immediately buy Hanes for their boy's winter needs because they'd realize that Hanes is the greatest value ever sold at any price!

Give any Hanes garments at your dealer's the closest inspection and your faith in their sturdiness, in long wear, in comfort, will be as great as though you saw the many processes from yarn-spinning to the finished garment in the Hanes Plant! Hanes has all the joyous downy fleeciness that keeps little chaps snug and warm—with added staunchness that delights a thrifty mother.

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Study the diagram figure in the above illustration—*guaranteed* unbreakable seams; *guaranteed* elastic knit collarette that cannot gap; *guaranteed* closed crotch that stays closed; *guaranteed* pearl buttons sewed on to stay! And, back of all these extra-value features, stands the perfect Hanes workmanship!

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Made in sizes from two to sixteen years. Two to four year old sizes have the drop seat. Four desirable colors.

HANES UNDERWEAR FOR MEN

All the enthusiasm we express for our Boy's Union Suits is duplicated for our Men's Union Suits and Shirts and Drawers. They are *standard* throughout America! In wear, warmth, workmanship and never-ending-satisfaction they are unequalled at any price. Know Hanes underwear *as we know it!*

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All druggists sell the reliable and genuine "California Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna".

Children's Pleasant Laxative

Full directions for children of all ages are plainly printed on label. Mother! You must look for our name,—The California Fig Syrup Company.

Every light mechanism about home, office, factory will operate better and last longer if regularly oiled with 3-in-One. Kills squeaks. Reduces friction. Prevents clogged bearings.

3-in-One

The High Quality Oil

Try on clock that runs slow; squeaking hinges; locks and bolts that stick. Try on sewing machine, washing machine, churn, lawn mower, tools, fire arms, fishing reels. See how much better they'll work.

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The Lady above the Mantelpiece

[Continued from page 35]

portrait? How could she rebel against her own loveliness? How could she despise that which had made her the envy of all other women? But it was true. She was waging war against her own youth, her own incomparable beauty; she was jealous of the bride of twenty-five years ago!

One day men came out from the city and removed the lady from her place above the mantelpiece. She was tenderly carted off to the vault in which she was to repose until resurrected by another generation.

Renfrew's unselfish, generous act was a misguided one, however. In the first place, he could no more conceal his own disconsolation than Mrs. Renfrew could banish the galling thought that he was mourning over the loss of the missing lady!

Moreover, what they had both overlooked, she in her selfishness and he in his unselfishness, was the inevitable outcome of comparison. In other words, Renfrew began to look upon his wife with undazzled eyes. He was seeing her at last as she really was and not in a mirror, so to speak. Up to now he had gazed upon a reflection, a faithful reflection that had endured for twenty-five years without fading in the slightest degree. Now that reflection was gone, at least in a visual sense; only the most heroic exercise of the imagination could bring it into being again. In place of that alluring link between fact and fancy was the rift of realization.

Mrs. Renfrew was no longer the lady above the mantelpiece in the eyes of her astonished, incredulous husband. The illusion was gone forever. The restoration of the portrait to its accustomed place would not revive the thing that was dead, for the vanquisher, alas! was still very much alive!

And so it was that the mistress of Fourwinds came into her own. As long as the glorious bride of Fourwinds cast her blinding radiance into the eyes of the man, he saw no change in the wife who had come down through the years with him, mercifully protected as she was by that most amiable of supporters, Propinquity. Through all the years she had stood side by side, in close touch, with her former self, and she had lost nothing in the eyes of her adoring husband. Now she stood alone, unsupported, bleakly visible to the man who had been blind to everything except her presence. The spell was broken. She knew, too late, that her dearest friend had been the lady above the mantelpiece; too late, that she had not so much to fear from the lovely bride as from the middle-aged, unattractive, double-chinned person who had cast her out.

Her joint reign with the bride of long ago was at an end. The eyes that had seen her through all the years as she was when she first came to Fourwinds were now regarding her with something akin to pity. They were seeing her as she really was. They were no longer seeing her as she came down the marble steps in her rose-colored gown, with a kiss on her lips and a smile in her eyes. She was still the mistress of Fourwinds, but she had lost her stanchest ally in the battle with Time.

For the first time in all their married life, her husband now had eyes for other women.

With a Capital E

[Continued from page 13]

"Oh, rats!" scorned Patience. "Why don't you lay off this dutiful-wife business for once and have a little fun? You've been married six months, and you never dance any more and your wildest dissipation is a movie matinee! And you look old—absolutely old!"

Ruth blushed hotly. "At least," she said evenly, "David and I are happy! And we aren't living beyond our means or worrying about debts."

"I should think owing somebody a quarter occasionally would be a thrilling adventure!" jeered the child. "Well, good-by, Mrs. Efficiency. I'll go out the window and not waste any of your scientifically disposed time in opening the door!"

When Pat had swung her long limbs over the door of the car in lieu of opening it properly, and treading vehemently upon the gas had banged and snorted out of the block, Ruth slipped away from the front window and returned to the kitchen. She sighed as she lifted the heavy pressing-iron from the board.

"We are happy!" she insistently told her tired eyes in the kitchen mirror. "We are!"

[Continued on page 37]

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With a Capital E

[Continued from page 36]

And, in a burst of domestic enthusiasm, she baked an elaborate and rather superfluous cake and molded complicated croquettes from a disheartening remnant of a disappointing roast. When David arrived she had powdered the burned flush out of her face and slipped on a fresher gown, but no alchemy could remove the flat weariness from her eyes nor the red swelling from her knuckles.

David was exuberant with news. "They want me to join the Rotary Club," he announced. "It's made up of the most representative men, you know—live wires! It's a wonderful chance for me to meet some worth-while people—men who will be valuable to me as friends!"

"Did you accept?" asked Ruth, moving the bread-and-butter plates a fraction of an inch to improve the mathematical symmetry of the table.

"I waited." David fingered the serving fork. "I wanted to talk it over with you. Of course there are meetings—and you have to attend—and then it costs something—"

Ruth maintained an immobile smile. But her heart was experiencing a sort of cold douche. Her beloved red book—how would the *Personal Expenses* column balance, if David had to spend big sums on luncheons and civic enterprises? She could see her precious little item labeled *Saved* diminishing into contemptible nothingness. But she smiled on bravely.

"It will be wonderful, for you," she said. "And I suppose, in the end, it will prove to be an investment?"

David frowned slightly. "Well," he twisted his fork, "you can't count everything on your fingers, you know! There are things worth while that really never bring in any return that you can add in a book, things like the respect of honorable men and—other things. And then," he flashed her a husbandly and propitiating smile, "it will be fine for you, old lady. There are affairs—dinners and things like that—and the ladies are invited."

"Oh, but that means clothes, David," Ruth argued sweetly, "expensive clothes that I really don't need at all! I'd rather have the money in something else—something for our home—Are they good?" she asked, as David lifted a second of the croquettes. "I concocted them out of scraps. And, David—the gas bill is two dollars less this month. I've tried so hard to keep it down."

"Is it?" David was without enthusiasm. "That's fine. I'd like to see you in something frilly once, honey—something pink, or blue like your eyes."

"Would you?" Ruth's lips curved into dimpling sweetness. For an instant she looked very, very young—as young as Pat. Then the too-firm, capable, matronly heaviness eclipsed the youth of her again. "I'll buy one," she said, "when we get rich."

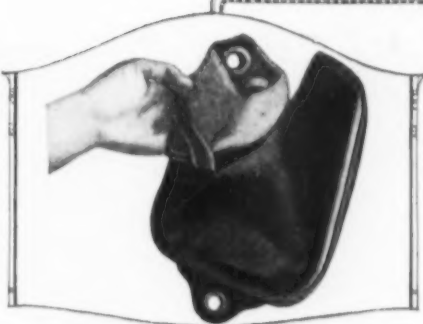
And David, who loved his wife devotedly, swallowed a certain gnawing discontent which of late had troubled his conscience not a little.

There were plenty of fellows, men in his office, who were struggling along trying to meet extravagant bills—living always just a little beyond their incomes, spending tomorrow's salary the day before yesterday. He saw them—saw the utter weariness that lined their young faces, saw them grow haggard and anxious and a bit furtive. It was certainly a blessing to have a prudent, efficient wife! There was Gorham's wife—her tinted cheeks hidden under an embroidered veil, driving a run-about that Gorham patently could not afford, and with a ridiculous poodle on the seat beside her. And Gorham walked home on rainy nights to save car-fare, in shoes that obviously needed repairing! David thrust aside an unworthy and absurd speculation which had occurred to him persistently of late—a speculation as to how a pearl necklace would look against Ruth's round white throat.

With the coming of winter, Ruth Waggoner grew very busy—briskly, relentlessly. Her own work had been sternly scheduled and systematized until every task knew the hour of its fulfilling. But there were so many things to do that were not her own work. Things which mother, happy-go-lucky, with her chafing-dish teas and card-parties, left undone. Things which Pat, gone mad over dancing, should have done and didn't.

Sitting in her still little house, binding her mother's blankets, or darning the thin places in Allen's underwear, she assured herself that the occasional injured twinge which she felt was not from loneliness. She was tired, that was all! The furnace needed so much care and the basement stairs were steep. And unless she went

[Continued on page 39]



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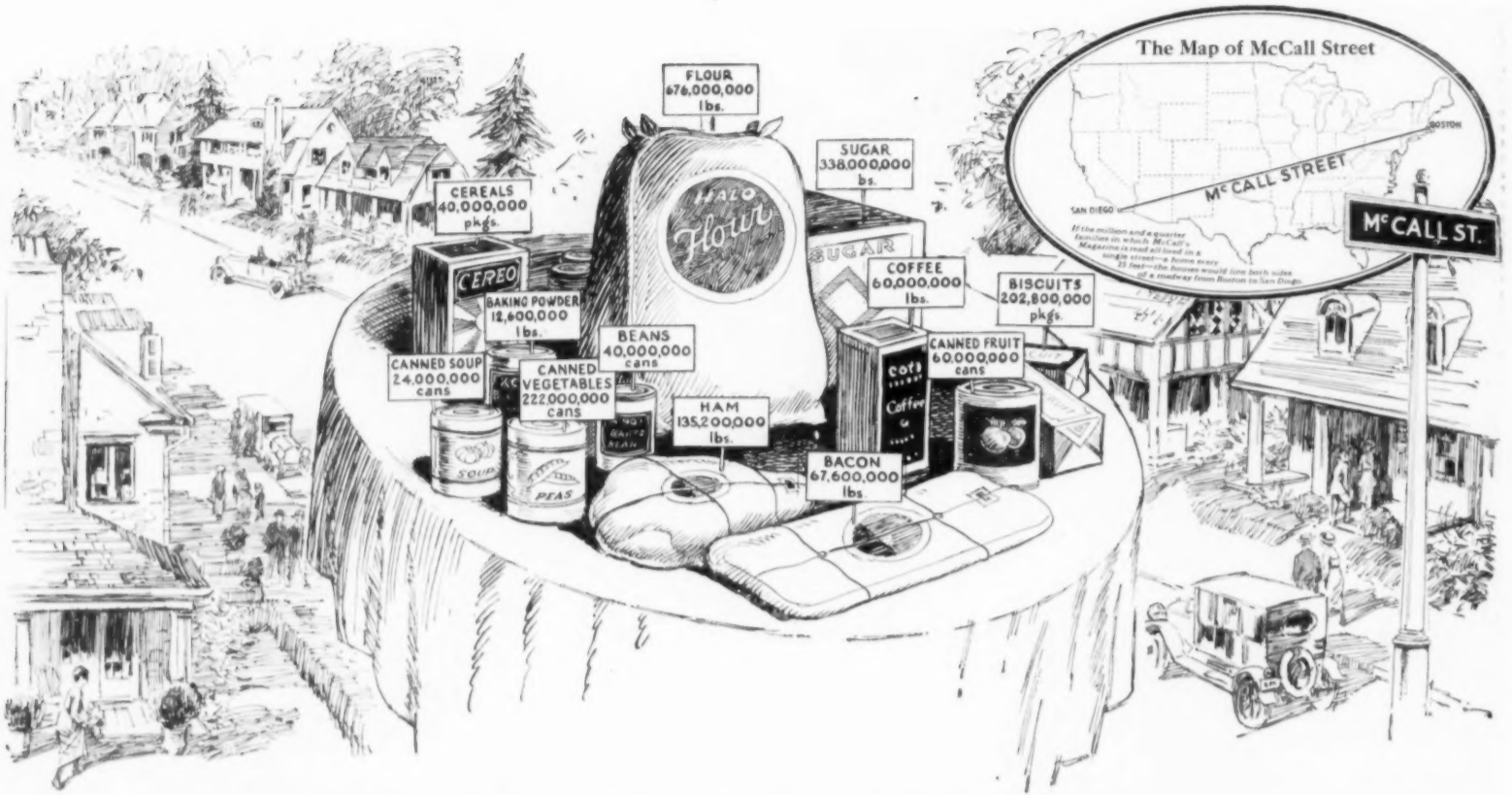
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Flour	676,000,000	pounds,	\$54,080,000
Sugar	338,000,000	pounds,	33,800,000
Coffee	60,000,000	pounds,	30,000,000
Ham	135,200,000	pounds,	54,080,000
Bacon	67,600,000	pounds,	33,800,000
Beans	40,000,000	cans,	10,000,000

Canned Soup	24,000,000	cans,	\$3,000,000
Canned Vegetables	222,000,000	cans,	40,000,000
Canned Fruit	60,000,000	cans,	15,000,000
Biscuits	202,800,000	pkgs.	30,420,000
Baking Powder	12,600,000	lbs.	8,820,000

Big figures these—for McCall Street, with its 3,000 miles of sturdy American homes, has a big appetite. And these sums are paid out by the women who take McCall's, who

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"The Old Stove Master"



A Kalamazoo Direct to You



With a Capital E

[Continued from page 37]

back home every day she worried about the plumbing, or for fear Dad would forget the ashes, or about Allen's little irritating cough. Usually she had to walk back, too, because Pat or Cleage had the car out. And lately there were nights when David came in very late.

Twice Ruth had gone out with David—not because she cared so much about going, but because David was so insistent. But she knew that her summer trousseau frocks looked frumpy, and—it cost more when she went. David had sulked a little at her refusals, then he invited Pat, who promptly bought a new red georgette frock which Ruth knew that Dad could not afford.

Sitting through the solitary evenings, she tried to alleviate the monotony and conquer a certain persistent pang of martyred loneliness by adding the comforting columns in the little red book. Always she argued to herself that they were happy. And weren't they saving money—not much, of course, but a little every month?

It was on the day after Christmas that calamity came to the little bungalow. It was mother who brought it—mother with her head bare and her cloak buttoned all wrong, and her dimpled, rose-leaf face drawn and gray and stiff.

Ruth looked at her once, and her own heart contracted into an aching, icy lump.

"It's Dad!" said mother, breathlessly. "His side is the worst—Pat read the thermometer and she said a hundred and three, but I guess she was excited—and you know I'm no good at all in sickness, Ruthie. You'd better bring some clothes. He doesn't seem rational at all. He talks wild things about being young again. You'd better bank your fire. Pat can come over and fix something for David. And hurry—Cleage left the engine running so it wouldn't get cold—"

Ruth sank stiffly into a chair, palsied, numb. Dad! A hundred and three! That was pneumonia, of course! And not even a hot-water bottle!

Oh, she had known, she had known how it would be! They were dear, they were lovely, but, oh they were so heedless! And now Dad—with his thinning hair and his wistful eyes. He had always called her "Daughter." Nobody must ever call her that—nobody!

"Put on your rubbers," counseled her mother anxiously—mother who was usually the one to receive counsel and, generally, to ignore it. "Allen 'phoned for Doctor Small. Are your windows upstairs closed? It looks like more snow—"

Somehow they were in the car. Ruth, fastening her fur with icy fingers, wondered vaguely if she had locked the front door. It did not matter—nothing mattered. Dad! A hundred and three! She would not have a nurse, she would not! Stiff, heartless creatures—and forty dollars a week. She could do it herself.

By the time they reached the gate she felt that her soul was congealed within her. She was frozen into something mechanical which could not feel and could not suffer, something efficient which was wound up and tuned to the task of saving Dad.

She silenced Pat's childish snuffle at the front door with a hard look. Before she had her cloak off, the old servant, bewildered and whimpering, had become an abashed and apologetic creature of activity, wielding an effectual broom. Allen swallowed a reprimand about the fires with astonishing meekness, and scuttled off to the basement. And Cleage's aloof and defensive air was explained when Ruth went into the sick-room, where her father's face lay crimson against the pillow.

"Don't scold me now, Daughter," he mumbled hoarsely, as she felt his burning wrist, "I ought not to have gone on the pond—but the boys begged me—and I sat down in the snow. But I came straight home and went to bed—"

Ruth's throat swelled and tingled. She faced the two boys in the dark hall.

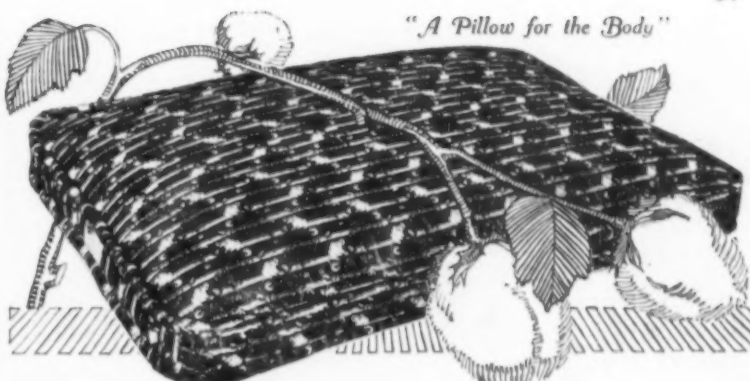
"How could you?" she demanded in a furious whisper. "You persuaded him to go skating with you—when you know how frail he is! And I suppose you kept him waiting in the snow for hours, while you selfishly enjoyed yourselves?"

Allen bridled defensively. "Well—he had a good time, anyway! He had as much fun as we did! We told him the snow was wet—and he laughed! He doesn't know he's old—until you remind him of it!"

"And since you haven't been here to nag at him all the time about his health he's been ten years younger," blurted Cleage unkindly. "I guess he would rather be dead than sitting around all the time holding a stop-watch on his liver!"

Ruth was silent. There was something so astonishingly sincere in their youthful

[Continued on page 40]



"A Pillow for the Body"

The full measure of sleep

If you would realize the full value of sleep's benefits—health, happiness and success—begin now to practice both mental and physical relaxation at occasional intervals during the day. Remember that a good night's rest begins the day before as truly as a good day's work begins the night before.

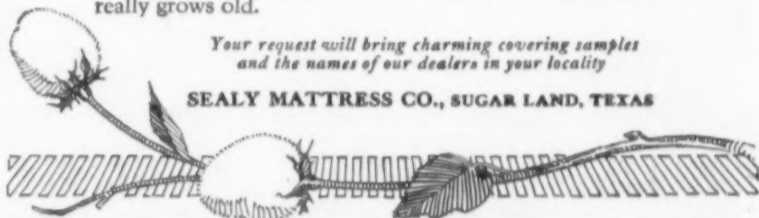
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Sloan's World's Liniment **KEEP IT HANDY**



With a Capital E

[Continued from page 39]

and flaming defense, something vital which refused to be quenched by drafts of cold common sense.

But it was of no use to talk! There was so much to do—bedding to freshen, cold poultices to throw away, closed windows to open—things which Ruth attended to swiftly and expertly, wasting no energy and giving directions in a low efficient tone.

They obeyed her silently, even the two boys who were inclined to be sulky.

But, somehow, she had a feeling that they were all arrayed against her, that the principles for which she had wrestled so doggedly all through her girlhood and had demonstrated so triumphantly since her marriage, were on trial. Not even the fact that they had been compelled to turn to her in their emergency, pleaded in her defense.

"We are happy!" Pat's half-averted face seemed to declare. "Suppose we don't always hang up our clothes and fold our napkins on the proper creases! We love the world—and most people are glad to see us coming!"

"We are happy!" she read the defense in her mother's eyes, "even if we do spend more money than we ought to! People drop in at meal-time and there are always boys hanging around, but I've heard Dad singing as he poked out the clinkers—and I've a feeling that perhaps there are jolly angels who forget sometimes to polish their crowns!"

"We are happy!" boasted the two boyish frowns. "We like a house where a fellow can throw his hat down anywhere and not be nagged at, and where nobody looks injured if the ball game lasts eleven innings and dinner happens to be late!"

Even Dad, who formerly had been so loyal to her and so patient with the others, had grown stubborn. On the second day of his illness, when his temperature kept mounting and he fought for breath, while Ruth and her mother trudged endlessly with hot turpentine stupes, he instructed the doctor to telephone for a nurse.

"I want somebody else to do this back-breaking work," he declared, huskily, "somebody who's paid to do it! I want my folks to be cheerful, and not tired to death; I want to hear somebody singing around the house again."

Singing! With the sound of that rasping breath struggling through the still, tense air of the house! Singing! When even the boys went about white-faced, and stoked the furnace without being told!

The nurse came. She was capable. She was efficient. But Ruth declared to herself, stubbornly, that this stranger was not more efficient than she herself—and there was the forty dollars a week!

They fought through the crisis, anguished minutes stretching into hours. They waited tensely for every labored breath. When, at last, the struggle was less and Dad lay back, relaxed a little, but with his pulse responding to the stimulants the nurse applied, they collapsed into still, limp weariness and mother crept into the basement to sob gratefully in a black corner behind the coal-bin.

Then it was that Ruth realized how utterly tired she was. It seemed to her that she had been tired for years and that life was a continuing weariness—a weariness made up largely of people's neglected tasks. If only, for one short day, she could carry no burden other than her own small, well-ordered affairs! If only she were not harassed with the perverse propensity to stoop to some other dragging load.

It was then that Dad, grown a bit stronger and freer from pain, insisted that she should go home. "I'm all right!" he argued, "and you've neglected David."

Ruth experienced a sudden qualm. David! Her beautiful little house! How had they fared under Pat's fitful and bungling ministrations? David had been cheerful and patient on his nightly visits, but how had he endured a comfortless house and spasmodic meals? Pat was never known to hang up a towel, and scouring a bathtub was a task she scorned. How good David had been, not to complain!

She rode home in the cold, bumpy old car in a fever of wifely penitence. There was a light in the hall—two lights, which was an extravagance she had never indulged in. The dining-room was lighted, too, lighted and deserted, the soiled dinner dishes were in sticky confusion on the table. She peered into the kitchen. A black unwashed skillet squatted in slovenly content squarely in the middle of her immaculate table. Every register was open and the house was too warm, but no one was about.

She started up the stairs, very slowly because her feet were unaccountably heavy.

[Continued on page 41]



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With a Capital E

[Continued from page 40]

A door opened at the head of the flight and Pat's curly head appeared. She was half-dressed, dabbing at her glowing face with a powder-puff.

"Oh—you—Ruthie!" she exclaimed, and to Ruth's ears made keen by weariness, it seemed that there was an edge of disappointment in her voice. "We weren't expecting you. We were going to a show, Dave and I, to celebrate Dad's getting better. Get dressed and go with us."

From the bathroom David thrust out a lathered countenance. "Come along, honey!" he seconded the invitation. "Pat and I are going to dissipate scandalously. We're going to a hectic movie, eat nut sundaes afterward, and come home in a taxi. It will do you good, you've been shut up in that sick-room so long."

Ruth took one slow, dragging step upward. And something cold and mechanical and hindering which had been binding her with steely bands of duty and conscience and a relentless impulse for efficiency, lost its tenacious grip. She stood upon the higher stair feeling strangely free, lighter, less weary.

Were they right, then, these dear, blithe, careless ones of hers who snatched the beauty and the pleasure out of the days and left the ugly husk of commonplace for folk like her to bear—sensible, efficient people, who, to her curiously changed viewpoint, seemed now a trifle stupid?

Were they right, who moved on, singing, and who worried not a whit about windows unwashed or coats that needed pressing, who had no money for the heathen because they wasted it all on roses and bows of red ribbon?

They must be right, for they were happy. And she, who picked up dutifully every fallen thread, was unhappy—oh, how wearily unhappy she was, and how lonely! And people loved them. Even loyal David, who loved her—David hired taxis for Pat!

She mounted another step. There were the dishes, abandoned disgracefully. An hour before she would have labored at their washing until an injured and martyred weariness obsessed her. But now—why was it she did not care? Somehow, she seemed to see farther, as though from groping among weeds she had suddenly lifted her eyes into the sunset and the wheeling wings of swallows.

"I'll go," she said, in a voice that sounded strange in her ears. "I don't know what I'll wear, though. I wish—I wish I had a red dress!"

And David, a towel over his shoulder, his shaving-brush in his hand, took swift steps. "I'll buy you one, tomorrow," he said, and, bending, kissed her suddenly and ardently.

Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[Continued from page 14]

"I should think it would be awfully interesting to go," I encouraged gently. And soon we checked off Senator Sutherland's name on our lists, and said, "Five more to get."

"Do you think we can get Borah?" I asked Senator Curtis. "He's one of the Fathers of the amendment. He introduced it in 1910."

"He says he did that by request."

"It doesn't say so in the Record. Doesn't a man always say so when it is so?"

"That is usual," said Senator Curtis, stroking his mustache, and not meeting my eye, and I knew he said only half of what he thought.

"I think I'll go and see him at once." Senator Borah is a most approachable person, but when you have approached you cannot be sure what you have reached. You see him sitting at his desk, a large unferocious bulldog type of man, simple in manner. You talk to him, and you think he is with you, through and through. But you never quite know. Sometimes you wonder whether he knows.

In April, Senator Gallinger told Miss Paul that the Republicans counted four more votes for suffrage—Kellogg, Harding, Page and Borah. "We understand Borah will not vote for the amendment if it will not pass. He will not vote for it if it will pass without him. But if his vote will carry it, he will vote for it."

Thus far had we come on our journey toward the eleven, when Senator Andreus Aristides Jones of New Mexico, Chairman of the Woman Suffrage Committee, rose in the Senate and announced that on May

[Continued on page 46]

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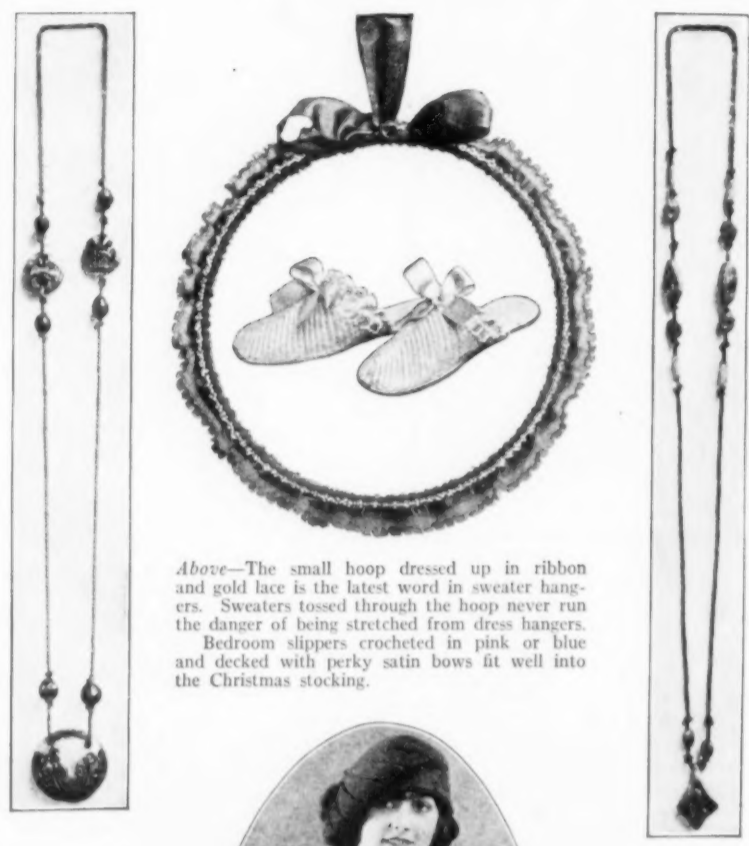
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Into the Christmas Gift-Box

By Elisabeth May Blondel



Above—The small hoop dressed up in ribbon and gold lace is the latest word in sweater hangers. Sweaters tossed through the hoop never run the danger of being stretched from dress hangers. Bedroom slippers crocheted in pink or blue and decked with perky satin bows fit well into the Christmas stocking.



Above—While undoubtedly a necklace is the thing to give, sometimes it comes too high! But here is a stunning one you can easily make of inexpensive modeling wax and cord.

Above—To make a pretty necklace, like this, of modeling wax and cord provides one with a fascinating occupation as well as with the necklace. See Editor's note below.

Below—What real woman doesn't long for a shimmering necklace of woven beads like this? Beads, time, a hand loom, and it is yours! See Editor's note below.

Below—This, the miser's purse, the smartest bag of the season, anyone can make who knows the first steps in crochet. Steel beads, gray, red and blue silk purse twist are the materials used.



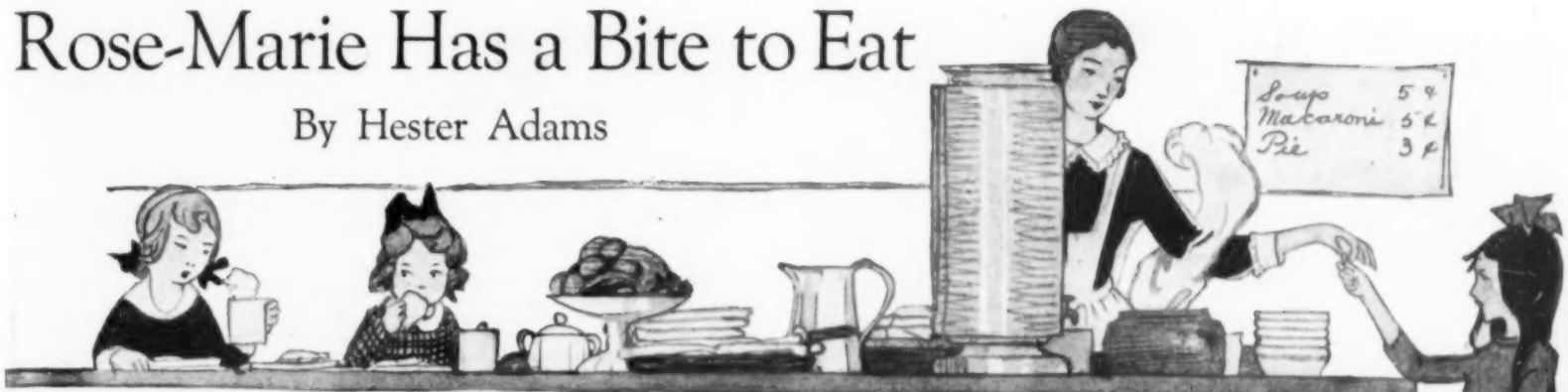
Above—A jaunty knitted tam, and the new shawllette which rivals the sweater in popularity.

Below—The secret of quickly making an exquisite collar-and-cuff set like this is to cut the embroidery from a worn-out dress or centerpiece and applique it on new handkerchief linen.

Editor's Note—Directions for making all the articles pictured above are printed on one leaflet No. FW. 125. To obtain this send 10 cents in stamps or money-order. With your request enclose a stamped envelope for reply. Address The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

Rose-Marie Has a Bite to Eat

By Hester Adams



ROSE-MARIE'S was no hair-splitting ethical code: If you want anything, get it, and success will justify your method.

Therefore, when the three factors of gnawing hunger, a hot lunch in the basement, and ten cents in Teacher's desk were clamoring to be brought together, who was Rose-Marie that she should interfere? The result was highly satisfactory—to Rose-Marie. But Melissa Kennedy, the adored teacher of the fifth grade, wore a worried frown, and, early in the afternoon, slipped away for a conference with Mr. Evans who was wise in the ways of children and teachers. When Melissa had first come to this school, Mr. Evans' ways of disciplining the children had seemed very odd, but she had come to see that they were always founded upon his deeply rooted conviction that children will grow aright if given half a chance, and that it is the teacher's main function in life to afford the chance.

"Please, Mr. Evans, you do it!" she coaxed when she had told him her suspicions. "Why don't you do it yourself?" he asked in his quick, direct way.

"Oh, no!" answered Melissa in shocked protest. "Why I could never forgive myself if I unjustly accused a child of stealing! Rose-Marie wouldn't forgive me either."

"Will she forgive me?" asked Mr. Evans with a smile.

"Oh, it won't hurt her feelings if you ask her. The children expect you to dig down into their consciences—if the little rascals have any such thing. But, really, Mr. Evans, I have worked like a beaver building up Rose-Marie's manners and morals, and I honestly think she loves me. If I hurt her now—pouf! there goes all my year's work. I never could win her again. She would mistrust everything I tried to do for her. Please, you do it."

The hardest thing in the life of a parent or teacher is to let a child be hurt for its own good. Both Melissa and Mr. Evans knew that Melissa was a coward when it came to punishing children; but she loved them so dearly and so thoroughly won their love and respect that Mr. Evans gladly took over the cases she shrank from, for Melissa was that rare thing—a teacher born, not made. So when Mr. Evans said, "Send her up; I will discipline her," Melissa smiled gratefully, and went back to her room with a light heart, confident that the ends of justice would be served, but not at the expense of love.

ROSE-MARIE, her chin resting on her collar, had given herself up to the delicious warm wave that spread slowly, slowly down to the very toes in the stubby old shoes. Of course the fifth grade room was always warm—Miss Kennedy saw to that—but this was a different kind of warmth; it came a little more and a little more until her hands and feet, usually so cold and clammy, tingled and glowed. Rose-Marie was feeling the bliss of a full stomach. She stared absently at an old ink-spot on the floor. It wavered, winked, went out, came again. Ink spot? Why, no, it was a rose with sprangling leaves growing all about it! In a flash the rose was no rose at all, but a grotesque donkey with a wreath on its head. Oh! Rose-Marie almost screamed (or she thought she did) when the donkey became an ogre—what awful eyes—it was coming—coming—coming—

A sudden silence cut with knife-like thrust across her consciousness. She looked up hastily to find the children staring at her. Fear gripped her. *Did Teacher know?* She was tongue-tied with relief when Melissa said (for the third time), "Would you like to go up to read for a while to Mr. Evans, Rose-Marie?"

To read to the Principal was an honor much prized among the fifth graders, and they worked hard to win his praise. Not knowing of the soul-searching trial ahead of her, but fully aware of the precious glory of the moment, she marched triumphantly down the aisle, the cynosure of thirty pairs of envious eyes. As she went down the long hall, Rose-Marie switched her scant skirt from side to side as crisply and importantly as she could, rehearsing to herself a speech with which to greet Mr. Evans. But when she reached the office, the half-open door invited her to come into the warm comfort of the room, and she forgot her speech. With a ripple of laughter she thrust her head into

the office and said, "Come in, youse, and make yourself at home." She was not at all afraid of this gentleman who knew so much about little folk and their struggles to grow up.

"Well, Rose-Marie, what can I do for you?" asked Mr. Evans with a welcoming smile.

"Miss Kennedy said I could read to you," said the little girl proudly.

As she found the place and began to read, he leaned back in his chair and studied her with shrewd, appraising eyes. Obviously of foreign parentage, her smooth black hair and lustrous brown eyes gave promise of more than usual beauty. Her face, too thin and worn for a child of her years, shone with the fire of her spirit as she threw herself into the story. Unconsciously the child reflected her adoration for her teacher, for she copied Melissa's turn of the head, the dainty movements of the hands, the alertness and mobility of the face, and especially the sweet expression about the mouth. In her fancy, Rose-Marie was, for the moment, Melissa Kennedy, reading to her class. She radiated an inner happiness as she stood straight as an arrow, shoulders thrown back, and her face upturned like a flower.

IMPRESSIONABLE, dramatic, needs self-expression—heaven knows what else she needs! he thought to himself. When she had finished, he said aloud, "You have been studying hard, haven't you?"

"Oh, I jus' love to read, an' 'specially to act 'em out—that's the most fun of all!"

"Then you like to come to school?"

"Betcha neck! I like the kids, an' the games, an' everything—'cept that ol' 'rithmetic!" She made a wry face to amuse her audience.

But Mr. Evans did not laugh. Very quietly he said: "Do you like the hot lunch?"

The light went out of the brown eyes. "Yes," answered Rose-Marie, nervously twisting her fingers and looking out of the window.

"Did you go down to lunch today?"

"Yes." Her voice was low, and uneasy. "What did you have to eat?"

A sudden gleam swept into the pale face. "Soup! Did you smell it? An' macaroni!" She looked him full in the face with wide-open eyes.

"Where did you get the money, Rose-Marie?" His voice was low and gentle, but Rose-Marie looked out of the window as if hope and happiness had gone away from her, out into the great blue space where she could never find them again.

Mr. Evans knew, and his heart was full of sympathy for her misery; but he knew, too,



"Oh, I love you! You're such a—a—a good ol' sport!"

that this was a crisis in the child's life which he must help her bridge over into newer and better conceptions of living. So he let the iron burn remembrance into her soul.

Rose-Marie turned her hands ceaselessly over each other. After a choking silence she answered faintly, "My Gran'mother brought it to me at recess this morning."

"What did you have for breakfast this morning?"

"Bread."

"What else?"

"That's all—jus' bread."

"No butter on it?"

"We never have butter," said Rose-Marie.

"What do you have for lunch when you don't go down-stairs?"

"Bread—if—there's any left from breakfast."

"Just bread?"

She nodded. Speech was growing difficult.

"What do you do when you don't have any lunch?"

"I—I stay around. I—I don't mind—much, an' it smells good!"

"Your Grandmother gave you the money when you left home this morning?"

"Yes."

"But you said she brought it to you at recess."

Rose-Marie was silent, but her eyes met his with the startled look of a wild animal that finds itself suddenly trapped. Mr. Evans held out his hand and said gently, "Come here, dear child, and tell me all about it."

She began to tremble, and before he could stop her, she threw herself over his arm, clutching him desperately. "Don't whip me! Oh, don't whip me!" she sobbed convulsively.

He stroked her smooth hair with his free hand, and said softly, "Do I look like a man who would whip hungry little girls?"

"But I ain't hungry now; I'm warm. An' you'd ought to whip me 'cause I *did* take the money out of Miss Kennedy's desk!"

"No, Rose-Marie, I never whip little girls."

She straightened up, her tear-brimming eyes round with astonishment. "What are you going to do, then?"

"Do you think I ought to do something?" he asked with a cheerful, confidential smile.

"Sure! You'd ought to lick the stuffin' out of me!"

As Mr. Evans shook his head at this, Rose-Marie puckered her brow thoughtfully. "You might make me stay in at recess a whole month," she suggested hopefully, "or tie

"Well, little Rose-Marie, it is like this: suppose you worked hard on your arithmetic till you could work all your examples correctly, and then, before you could hand it in, some other little girl took your paper and wrote her name on it and gave it to Miss Kennedy. What about it?"

ROSE-MARIE'S intense little face darkened. "I know what I'd do, by golly! I'd scratch her eyes out!" She meant it, too.

"You wouldn't stand for any stealing of your work, would you?"

"Not—on—your—life!" Her eyes flashed in emphasis.

"But that is what you did to Miss Kennedy. She worked hard for you and the other children, teaching you the things you will need to know so you may become fine men and women. The trustees gave her some money for it, and then, when you took that money, wasn't it just like stealing her work?"

"Stealing is cheating!" Rose-Marie had been a most ardent little cheat when she first came to Melissa, but they had fought the fight to a finish, with Melissa the victor. Rose-Marie now looked upon all forms of cheating with scorn. As the significance of the new idea dawned upon her, the tears came afresh—and welling over, rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh! O-oh! I cheated Miss Kennedy, an' she knows what I done!"

"Yes," he answered soberly, and waited for her to go on.

"I got to give it back to her, —an' —an' I can't 'cause it's inside of me!"

"Well, now, let me think; maybe there is some way that we can fix it. How would it be if you were to work very hard for me, sorting cards or something, and earn ten cents? Then you could give the money back to Miss Kennedy and tell her that you couldn't give her work back to her, but that you could give her some of yours in place of it? How about it? That would be honest, wouldn't it?"

A sudden very wet kiss fell on his hand. Rose-Marie had no words just then with which to reply.

"And another thing—about the lunch, you know. Somebody had to work for that, too; and all the little girls and boys who go down to lunch with the money to pay for it have fathers and mothers who worked for every cent of it. I wonder, now, if you wouldn't like to work, say, waiting on the table, and instead of money, take the lunch for your pay?"

"Every day?" asked Rose-Marie breathlessly.

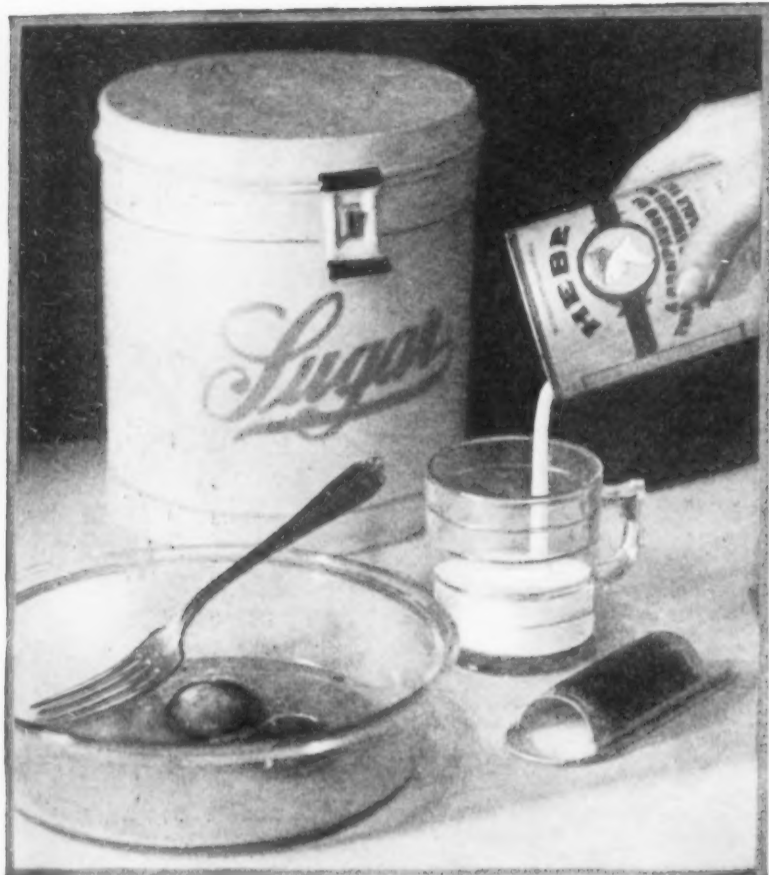
"Every day."

A small, warm bunch of ecstatic happiness landed on Mr. Evans' knees, two slender arms hugged him tightly about the neck, two soft lips kissed him vigorously. "Oh, I love you! You're such a—a—a good ol' sport!"

"Heaven help me to be worthy of that!" he said whimsically as he gently disengaged the clinging arms. "Come in after school, Rose-Marie, and I'll find something for you to do to earn the money. Run along, now, and be sure to tell Miss Kennedy it is all right."

Like one who walks the earth with winged feet, Rose-Marie sped back to the fifth grade room. Her face glowed with an inner light.

Melissa turned eagerly. Rose-Marie followed the pleading of the soft brown eyes, and coming close, she said in a tense whisper: "I'm honest now; I *works* for my grub. An' oh, Miss Kennedy! I gets the eats every day!" Then, to a cup overflowing with joy, a few more drops were added. The angels in heaven must have rejoiced, for they swung low in their sweet chariots. Right before the whole school, Teacher kissed Rose-Marie!



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CUP CUSTARD

1 cup Hebe
1 cup water
¼ cup sugar
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ teaspoon butter substitute

Beat the egg, sugar, salt and vanilla together until well mixed, add water and Hebe, mixing well. Brush six custard cups with butter and pour in mixture. Place cups in pan of warm water and bake until firm.

P. S. The way to test the custard to see if it is firm all the way thru, is to put a silver knife in center and if it comes out dry, the custard is done. Care must be taken not to bake too long.



Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

[Continued from page 41]

tenth he would move to take up the suffrage resolution. There was great rejoicing. We thought that now the Administration would get the needed votes.

The stirring procession of suffragists, antis, Senators, pages and tourists, swarming through the Capitol reached its height on May ninth. There was something almost feverish in the atmosphere. Inez Haynes Irwin and I sat in the marble room sending in for Senators, dispatching messages, talking with numbers of women who had hurried to the Capitol from all parts of the country.

Senator Curtis crossed the room to us. "We are three votes short. Borah is not with us, nor Sutherland whom I had hoped for, and we can't get another Republican, and here I've wired all our men to come back for the vote."

"Could the President get us three votes?"

"He has always been able to get them for anything else he wanted."

"Of course, the President can get them," said Senator Harding who came by just then. "Don't let him string you along and say he can't." Senator Harding is always cryptic in expression and clear in thought.

When the proper time arrived next day, Senator Andreus Aristides Jones arose in his place. The galleries were packed. Our forces were all present except the three missing votes. There was Senator Smith of Michigan, who had come from California; Senator Smith of Arizona, who had left a sick relative to be present for the vote; there were others who had come from far and wide. Senator Jones, in the hush of a great moment, rose and announced that he would not call up the amendment that day.

Our opponents looked at him and, grinning, taunted: "Haven't you got the votes?" "We want to vote today." "We're ready now."

Finally the women filed out of the galleries and went home, and the Senate resumed its usual business.

We sent for Senator Jones to ascertain his plans. He came out to see us, his hand on his watch-pocket, his plans—nowhere in particular. "While there's life there's hope," said he. "Perhaps we can bring it up again this session."

A month later, again showing signs of battle, he rose and announced that, on June twenty-seventh, he would move to take up the suffrage resolution. Senator Jones does not act on mad impulse. No one could imagine that placid, unhurried man buckling on his armor and brandishing his sword to lead his forces a second time up a blind alley only to lead them back again. Senator Jones was a strong Administration man and would not act without approval.

Moreover, he was a sincere suffragist. In fact, he was a Father of the amendment. So we kept at work, aiding and abetting all its Fathers. For the disabilities of fathers are manifest when you compare them with mothers. A father is so casual, especially when his child is an amendment to the constitution.

"Nagging!" said Senator Lenroot viciously, when I asked him to speak to Senator Borah. "If you women would only stop nagging!" And, making a savage face at me, he hurried down the hall.

I stood still. It was but the second time we had spoken to him since he had come to the Senate. I wondered if he thought we liked "nagging," if we liked going to the Capitol day after day, tramping on marble floors, waiting in ante-rooms—sometimes rebuffed, sometimes snarled at. I wondered if he thought we could do it for anything but a great cause—for the thousands of women toiling in factories, for the thousands struggling under burdens at home. And then I bit my lips to keep back the tears and, putting aside such uncomfortable things as feelings, and putting forward such solacing things as a lace jabot and a smile, I sent for another Senator.

Senator Martin, of silvery white hair and determined manner, would not sit down and talk suffrage, nor would he stand up and talk it. The only way to discuss suffrage with Senator Martin was to run beside him down a hall.

"The good women of Virginia do not want suffrage," said he, breaking almost into a trot, with eyes on his goal, which was an elevator.

"But if you were convinced that the good women of Virginia do want it?" you replied, breaking almost into a run, with your eyes on him.

"It's only the professional agitators I hear from," he answered.

It was interesting to talk suffrage with

[Continued on page 50]

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THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

How Eight Great Chefs "Brew the Broth"

A new concoction now and then
Is relished by the best of men.

STRAIGHT from their pans and mixing-bowls, eight of New York's famous chefs de cuisine offer the best of their art for your table. Here is a salad from Coquin, bass from Panchard, and delicious baked beans baked as only Oscar knows how, waiting to be voted a triumph dish. Seres, Derouet, Fiat, Mougénel, and Lantiat too, take you with them into their kitchens. You see how they go about making their favorites. America's foremost chefs are at your service!



YOU have soups, fish, eggs and meats on your table daily, cooked in your own way. On Thanksgiving, let one of these eight master-cooks show you what he would do with the same dish. His method is not difficult; it's different.

ENTREE

Recipe for six persons
VEAL A LA MARENGO

Cut 3 pounds of lean veal in small pieces. Put in a saucepan with 2½ ounces pork and an onion, both cut in small pieces. Shake around in a pan while cooking until a nice brown. Sprinkle with 3 scant tablespoonfuls of flour and stir all together. Add 1 quart of broth, and a gill of tomato sauce. Season with salt, pepper, garlic and a bouquet (carrot, celery, leeks, bay leaves and parsley tied together). Cook for 45 minutes, remove the bouquet and serve on a platter garnished with squares of bread fried a golden-brown color. Sprinkle finely chopped parsley over the meat. Left-over beef or lamb may be used in place of the veal if desired.

ROAST

Recipe for six persons
ROAST STUFFED CAPON

Select a nice meaty capon, singe and clean well and fill with stuffing prepared as follows: Soak stale bread-crumbs in milk and season with mint, sage, pepper and salt and a little chopped onion. Mix thoroughly and fill the capon, making it a good shape. Sew up both ends so the stuffing will not come out. Cover with thin strips of larding pork and roast in an oven for 1½ hours, basting frequently with melted butter. Serve with a gravy made from the strained liquid in which the capon was cooked, with a little broth added.

Chef Louis Seres, of the Hotel Biltmore.

FILET OF LEMON SOLE LORD DECIES

Remove the filet from 1 lemon sole, pare it, take skin and bones out and put in fish dish. Season with salt and pepper; add 3 heads of fresh mushrooms, ½ dozen oysters, 3 shrimps, half green pepper chopped very fine. After blanching, add ½ glass of white wine, and small piece of butter. Let cook slowly for 10 minutes; put fish in another platter; put on the mushrooms, oysters and shrimps. Reduce the sauce, add a teaspoonful Hollandaise and pour over the fish.

Chef Leony Derouet, of the Hotel Commodore.

SALADE PARISIENNE (for Luncheon)

A nice boiled fresh salmon is taken for the Salade Parisienne. Place the fish in

the center of an oval dish; garnish all around it some macedoine of vegetables such as green peas, cut carrots, string beans and tur to taste. Garnish filling up a few with the macedoine and placing them at

Panchard

nips; season the fish by lettuce leaves of vegetables intervals all around the salmon. Between each leaf, decorate with quarters of hard-boiled egg, tomatoes and sliced cucumbers. Serve sauce mayonnaise separately.

Fiat, Le Chef de Cuisine, Hotel Ritz-Carlton.

BAKED BEANS SPANISH

Soak a pint of pink or white beans overnight. Cover with boiling salt water; change water twice, each time use boiling water. Cook beans until tender. Butter a crock or pan well and place in it a layer of beans and a small minced onion. Now sprinkle a little chili powder on over a sliced tomato, then some grated cheese. This combination makes a layer ½ inch in thickness. Repeat this, seasoning alternately with layer of beans until the crock is full. Add cheese; and bake in a moderate oven one hour. Serve for luncheon or dinner.

MINCED CHICKEN WALDORF

Take the breast of a cooked chicken and cut into small pieces. Place in a saucepan together with one red sweet pepper, diced and already cooked in butter. To this add a little heavy cream, salt, pepper, and let cook for 5 minutes. Then add 1 raw egg-yolk mixed with 1 tablespoonful cream (mixed well). Also add 2 ounces of sweet butter. This preparation is then placed in a gratin dish, sprinkled with fresh bread-crumbs, a little grated cheese and fresh butter. Put in the oven for a few minutes until it is golden brown.

Oscar, Chef of the Waldorf.

DU BARRY SOUP

Recipe for six persons

To 2 quarts of clear chicken bouillon add cupful of washed and drained rice; boil until tender. Rub through a sieve, and add cupful boiled cauliflower pulp which has also been passed through a sieve. Thin this mixture with cream, season to taste with salt and white pepper, and add the well-beaten yolks of 2 eggs mixed with cream. Add to the soup and stir over the fire until it comes to a boil. Cut some stale bread in small squares; fry in butter; mix in the soup. This soup is delicious and should be served very hot.

FISH IN SEASON

Recipe for six persons
BAKED SALMON (or other fish)

Place 4 salmon steaks, weighing 1 pound each, in a buttered saucepan with 1 pint white wine (if there is no prohibition) and 1 pint of water. Season with white pepper, salt, a little grated nutmeg, a bunch of parsley with a few herbs wrapped in it, and 2 ounces of butter. Let it come to a boil, then cover and simmer for ½ hour. Drain, remove the bunch of parsley, and thicken the liquid with 1 ounce of flour which has been cooked in butter. Boil 10 minutes, then mix with the yolks of 4 eggs and some chopped parsley. Spread a thin layer of thick mashed potatoes in an oval baking-dish, well buttered. Remove the bones and skin from the steaks and place them, one overlapping the other, on the mashed potatoes. Fill with more potatoes, smooth nicely, and pour the sauce over all. Sprinkle with bread-crumbs and melted butter, and bake until a light brown (about 20 minutes) in a moderate oven. Serve immediately in the baking dish.

Chef Jean Mougénel, of the Hotel Belmont.

Oscar

MY LADY SALAD

Lettuce leaf, sliced pineapple, apples, slices of grape fruit and orange. French dressing.

HALIBUT MENAGERE

Remove the filets of a halibut; place them in a buttered dish. Cover with hashed mushrooms and hashed green pimientos; sprinkle with pepper, salt and crumbs of bread; add 1 glass of white wine and juice of 1 lemon. Butter and put in a hot oven.

Coquin, Chef of the Hotel Claridge.

POACHED EGG POLONAISE

Place a few poached eggs on small tea biscuits, according to the size of each egg. Prepare 1 pint very good heavy cream, whipped thick, mixed with 1 large cupful fresh horseradish grated very fine, little salt and a tablespoonful sugar. Cover egg with cream and chopped green pepper.

SUPREME OF BASS MARSEILLAISE

After the bass has been dressed and cleaned, remove the filets and meats adhering to the skin; cover the bottom of a sautoir with oil, chopped shallots, parsley, onions and fresh tomatoes, and add little taste of saffron. Cook it very slowly with some white wine and fish broth. When it is well cooked, take off the filet from the sautoir. Reduce ½ by boiling; let cool. When sauce is very cold add to it 1/5 part of mayonnaise sauce and pour over the fish.

Panchard, Chef of the Hotel McAlpin.

FRESH STEW OF LAMB WITH DUMPLINGS

Take 5 pounds breast and neck of lamb. Cut up in 2-inch pieces; soak over night. Drain; add 2 pounds potatoes and 3 medium-sized onions, sliced. Add a bouquet made of celery, 2 bay leaves, 2 garlic cloves, 2 leeks, 3 cloves, parsley, thyme. Cover with water; salt to taste; boil and skin. When the stew is cooked, take off bones. To the meat, add 2 dozen small white onions and 1 dozen small potatoes already cooked. The sauce is made by straining potatoes, onions and broth through a colander. Pour it over the meat and vegetables. Put the dumplings on top. Garnish.

DUMPLINGS

To 8 ounces beef suet chopped pea size, add 6 ounces flour sifted with 2 teaspoonfuls salt and baking powder, 3 eggs, and 1 cupful water. Work into a smooth dough. Roll in pigeon-egg size; drop in salted boiling water; cook for 10 minutes.

Felix Lantiat, Hotel Vanderbilt.



On bended knees the black slaves served COFFEE

In this dazzling fashion, coffee was served in the court of Louis XIV:—

"In gorgeous costumes, on bended knees, black slaves presented coffee in tiny cups of egg-shell porcelain, with saucers of gold and silver and embroidered silk napkins, to the grand dames of the period."

Coffee is not now in any sense a luxury. It is the most democratic of drinks. It is found everywhere, enjoyed by everybody,—rich and poor. Coffee costs less than a penny a cup.

The *charm* of coffee,—who will deny its zest, its savor, its gusto? Coffee has subjugated nearly every nation,—edged its way around the habitable globe. Simply because it most fully *satisfies* the complex craving for food and drink.

In America, coffee as a beverage, is safely and firmly established in public favor. It is now used more extensively here than in any country of the world. The annual consumption is more than one *billion* pounds! It is on the menu of the millions. Coffee is part of our national life—as staple as bread and butter—the "*Universal Beverage*."

Coffee has earned this important place by the sheer might of merit,—by reason of an amazingly pleasing appeal to the taste,—by the force of its genuine wholesome goodness. It tastes good. It smells good. And by the verdict of the masses expressed in daily life—*it is good*.

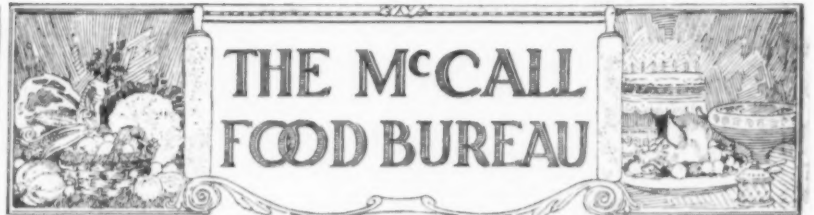
Coffee is cheering, soothing, comforting, sustaining and *healthful*. Ask the soldier in the trench. Ask the sailor at sea. Ask the laborer in his cottage. Ask the millionaire in his mansion.

Coffee is "*man's drink*." A sturdy, hearty, savory, savory drink. A real chummy, clubby drink. It greets the busy man at breakfast. It meets him at the conference luncheon. It regales him at dinner. And again at his club banquet.

Where prohibition prevails,—coffee becomes even more *popular*. We see the revival of the good old-fashioned coffee house, where men may meet, and mingle in honest, manly, friendly spirit,—where they may toast each other in a "*bumper*" of their favorite brand of coffee.

Coffee—the *Universal drink*

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In a Nutshell

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

In all our list of foods there is nothing more delicious than the nut, and scarcely a food that will yield equal nutritive value for the same expenditure of money. Nuts, besides being rich in protein and fat, impart a delicious flavor to all the food used in combination with them. As they are digestible to the normal stomach they should play an important part in the diet.

To those fortunates who can gather nuts, nothing need be said as to the economy in their use, but to the woman who must buy them, come the questions of "How are they best purchased? Shall I buy them in the shell or out?"

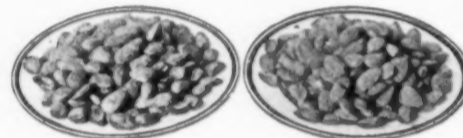
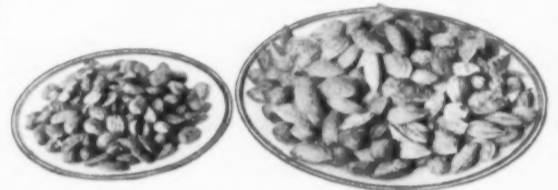
From a pound of walnuts you can get a little over seven ounces when shelled, and from almonds about six and a quarter ounces. The cost, of course,

not catch fire by spilling over the sides of the pan.

ALMOND CARAMEL ICE-CREAM

2 cupfuls milk
1/2 cupful sugar
3 eggs
3/8 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful sugar
1/4 teaspoonful water (boiling)
1 quart cream
1 cupful blanched almonds

Cut the almonds up crosswise and bake in a shallow pan until quite brown; chop very fine. Make a custard of the first four ingredients. Caramelize the sugar and add boiling water; add this to the warm custard and cool; add cream and almonds and a little vanilla.



Six and a quarter ounces of meats is the yield from one pound of almonds bought in the shell; if purchased already shelled, you will get the second quantities when you order a pound

varies in different localities, but it is safe to say a pound averages from forty-two to forty-four cents. The cost per pound for meats is sixty-five to eighty-five for almonds and eighty-five to one dollar for walnuts. Now if the housewife puts a valuation on her time, add it on and see the comparison in cost. As it will probably take about twenty minutes to half an hour to shell the nuts, each must answer for herself which is the cheaper way.

When storing in any quantity out of the shell, it is well to keep nuts cold to prevent their becoming rancid. If this has already happened, pour boiling water over them and dry them. When the taste is not too strong, this will remove it.

Almonds ought to be blanched for almost every purpose. The best way to do this is to put them into water that has just stopped boiling, for 2 minutes, drain thoroughly, and plunge into very cold

NUT COOKIES

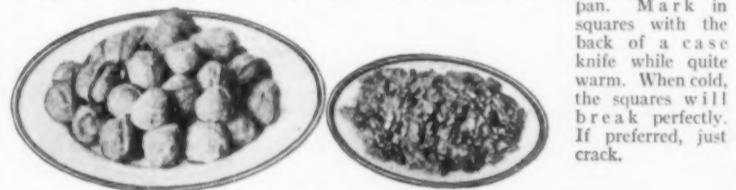
1/2 cupful fat
1/2 cupful sugar
1 egg beaten light
3 tablespoonfuls milk
1/2 teaspoonful soda
1/2 cupful raisins
1/4 cupful nuts chopped
1 cupful rolled oats
1 1/2 cupfuls flour
1/2 teaspoonful cinnamon

Cream fat, add sugar, then egg and milk. Sift spice and soda with flour; add the raisins, nuts and oats. Combine with the first mixture. Roll and cut out or drop on a buttered sheet and bake in a moderate oven.

NUT BRITTLE

1 cupful sugar
1/2 cupful any kind of nuts cut fine

Put the sugar in a saucepan and keep it moving all the time; heat slowly until it melts and becomes a delicate brown. When a white smoke rises from the sugar, lift at once from the fire, quickly stir in the nuts and pour into a well-greased pan. Mark in squares with the back of a case knife while quite warm. When cold, the squares will break perfectly. If preferred, just crack.



As compared with almonds, your grocer will give you enough walnuts, when bought in the shell, to aggregate a little over seven ounces; the second platefuls represent a pound already shelled

water for 4 minutes. The outside skin can then easily be removed. Dry them carefully before using or salting.

For green coloring, there is nothing prettier than chopped pistachio nuts used without blanching. When cut in sections for garnishing, they should be blanched the same way as the almonds.

To salt nuts: Blanch and dry them; put enough of any cooking oil in a shallow saucepan to fill it; heat until it will delicately brown the nuts. Put in a few at a time and keep them moving while in the oil so that they will brown evenly. When a light brown, remove from the oil, place on a piece of unglazed paper to drain, and while still warm, sprinkle with salt from a shaker. A flat wire egg-beater is a good utensil to use in taking the nuts out of the oil as the oil will drain through the wires and not be wasted. Always be careful when using oil to see that it does

WALNUT WAFERS

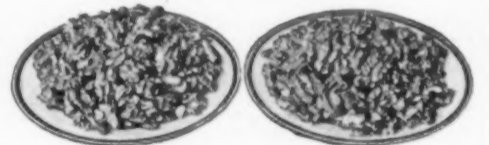
1 cupful brown sugar
1 egg
1 cupful chopped walnuts
1 tablespoonful butter
1 cupful flour

Cream butter; add sugar and then the egg, well beaten; add flour and walnuts. Drop by teaspoonfuls on a pan well greased with butter. Bake until firm. Leave on sheet for one minute.

SPICED NUT CAKE

1/4 cupful fat
1/2 cupful brown sugar
4 tablespoonfuls molasses (do not over-measure)
Yolks 2 eggs
1/2 cupful sour milk
1/2 teaspoonful soda
1/2 teaspoonful cinnamon
1/4 teaspoonful clove
1/2 cupful raisins cut in small pieces
1/2 cupful nuts cut fine
1 1/3 cupfuls flour
1 teaspoonful baking-powder

Cream fat, add sugar, molasses, beaten egg yolks, and milk. Sift spices, baking-powder and soda with the flour; add to mixture. Add nuts and raisins. Bake.



THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

New Frills For an Old Feast

By Lilian M. Gunn

FROM the time that Moses declared the feast of Thanksgiving to the children of Israel when they had "Gathered in from the threshing floor and from the wine presses," down through the ages, the feast of Thanksgiving has been kept by the various nations of the world, but I doubt if there was ever a Thanksgiving with more cause for joy and gladness than the one of the present day. The choicest from our fields and flocks, from our woods and herds, will be taken for the feast of our Thanksgiving in this year of 1919.



This cool green cabbage nest hides a delicious salad

Fine linen and sparkling glass will enhance the most carefully prepared menus; there will be a variety of attractive table decorations. One of the best of these is made by hollowing out a pumpkin, or an immense head of lettuce or cabbage, and filling it with different colored fruits. Some are made of paper and are so deceiving it takes an expert to detect the difference.

Put pretty nut cups, made to look like a pumpkin flower, at each cover. Place-cards with turkeys on them add to the festive appearance, while a sprinkling of autumn leaves gives the finishing touch of beauty.

As to the feast, let us choose wisely and well, not forgetting our war-time lesson of thrift. In all parts of our country the same kind of a menu is served, the turkey being the chief attraction around which the other viands are assembled. Pumpkin and apple pie always figure in the dessert, with nuts, raisins and black coffee at the end.

Following are suggested some menus:

APPLE CIRCLES

Core the apples, being sure that the corer goes all the way through. Peel them; cut them crosswise into about quarter-inch slices. Marinate for 1/2 hour. Drain, and serve on lettuce leaves with the slices just lapping over each other. Sprinkle each slice with chopped pistachio or other nuts. A cream or mayonnaise dressing may be served with it if desired.

MARINADE FOR THE APPLE SALAD

- 6 tablespoonfuls oil
- 1/4 teaspoonful salt
- 1/8 teaspoonful celery salt
- 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
- 1/2 teaspoonful paprika
- Few grains cayenne



Old apples in a new form



A crisp lettuce fruit-basket is the innovation on this Thanksgiving table. Gleaming yellow pumpkin flowers mark the covers

CABBAGE NEST

Select a small, firm cabbage. Wash the outside and cut a thin slice from the bottom so that it may stand firmly on a platter. With a sharp knife cut out the inside, being careful to leave about an inch of the cabbage untouched. Finely shred the cabbage and mix with a large green pepper, also finely shredded. Pour over it the following dressing:

- 1/2 cupful oil
- 3 tablespoonfuls vinegar
- 2 tablespoonfuls catsup
- 1/2 teaspoonful paprika
- 1/4 teaspoonful salt
- 2 teaspoonfuls sugar
- 1 tablespoonful very finely chopped onion

Let the cabbage stand in this dressing for three hours; stir frequently. Fill the cabbage head with shredded cabbage.

CHOCOLATE CREAM DAINTY

- 2 cupfuls scalded milk
- 5 tablespoonfuls corn-starch
- 1/2 cupful sugar
- 1/4 teaspoonful salt
- 1/3 cupful cold milk
- 1 1/2 ounces chocolate
- 3 tablespoonfuls hot water
- Whites of three eggs
- 1 teaspoonful vanilla

Mix sugar, corn-starch and salt in cold milk. Melt chocolate over hot water; add the hot water to it very slowly, stirring all the time. Add scalded milk slowly. Pour in the cold milk mixture, and cook 15 minutes; stir very often. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff; pour the mixture over them slowly; add vanilla, and mold immediately. Chill and turn out. Serve with whipped cream.

SULTANA CREAM PIE

- 1 cupful sultana raisins
- 1 cupful thick sour cream
- 1/2 cupful sugar
- 3 tablespoonfuls cracker crumbs
- 1 teaspoonful cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoonful allspice
- Yolks two eggs

Mix, and cook over hot water just long enough to thicken eggs. Put in a pastry shell and cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs and 2 tablespoonfuls powdered sugar.

FILLING FOR PUMPKIN PIE

- 1 1/2 cupfuls pumpkin cooked and strained (canned pumpkin may be used)
- 1/4 cupful brown sugar
- 1 teaspoonful cinnamon
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 teaspoonful ginger
- 1/2 teaspoonful salt
- 2 cupfuls milk

STEAMED FIG PUDDING

- 1 pound figs, chopped
- 2 cupfuls bread-crumbs
- 1 1/4 cupfuls milk
- 1 teaspoonful cinnamon
- 1 cupful suet, finely chopped
- 1/2 cupful sugar
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1 teaspoonful nutmeg

Soak crumbs in milk; combine with the other ingredients, put in a well-greased mold, and steam 3 hours. Serve with a hard sauce.

TURKEY

Select a 10-pound turkey, or larger if the family requires it. Draw, wash, stuff and truss it. Place in a dripping-pan and put on the breast and over the drumsticks the fat which was found around the gizzard. Dredge it with flour. Put in a hot oven and when the flour commences to brown, reduce the heat. Add 2 cupfuls boiling water to the pan and roast slowly. Turn often and baste every fifteen minutes until the turkey is cooked. Allow 3 hours

for a 10-pound turkey. Baste with 1/2 cupful butter melted in 1 cupful boiling water or use thin cream.

A NEW STUFFING

- 3 cupfuls bread-crumbs (rather coarse)
- 1 tablespoonful poultry seasoning
- 1/2 cupful melted butter
- 2 cupfuls or 1 pint oysters
- 1/2 cupful raisins, seed-ed and chopped fine
- Salt and pepper to taste

CURRIED GIBLETS

Chop the cooked giblets coarsely, and sauté in 2 tablespoonfuls butter. Mix 2 tablespoonfuls flour with 1/4 teaspoonful curry powder. Add to giblets; cook 1 minute. Add 1 cupful stock.

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates



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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





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That is the message of modern science—*sickness prevention*—and the women, the mothers of the race, should heed it above all. Smallpox, cholera, typhoid, and the rest, no longer rage as epidemics and plagues. **PREVENTION**, with its vaccines, its anti-toxins, and its methods of sanitation, has raised barriers through which they only filter here and there; and science at length has developed an equally effective agent against another plague, which still remains one of the most insidious and universal of them all—constipation.

That effective agent is Nujol.

Over 90% of human illness has its origin in the intestinal canal—in constipation.

Leading medical authorities agree as to the unfortunate action of pills, salts, castor oil, mineral waters, etc. They force the system, impair digestion, weaken the intestinal muscles. But Nujol is entirely different. It is not a drug, does not act like any drug. It prevents stagnation by softening the food waste and encouraging the intestinal muscles to act naturally, thus removing the cause of constipation and self-poisoning. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take.

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Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For Constipation
Sickness Prevention



Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

(Continued from page 46)

Senator Martin, and very good exercise. But it was still more interesting to watch a deputation of good Virginia women talking to him.

"Everyone knows where I stand, and yet the ladies waylay me all about the halls," he complained. Yet when he had spoken before the Platform Committee of the Democratic Convention in St. Louis, he told me: "I said to those men, 'There isn't an equal number of you that could make as good speeches as those women made.'" So he was not to be considered as hopeless, though the path to his salvation was a strenuous one.

The twenty-seventh of June approached. Again we were in the marble room talking with Senators. Absentees were on trains hurrying to Washington. The ants were in the reception-room knitting votes into their wool. The Capitol thrilled with excitement. Even the Senators seemed to feel it. This time Sutherland would vote "yea," and several opponents were absent. If none of them paired with a Suffrage Senator we could just manage the necessary majority. And the White House was taking a hand. Senator James of Kentucky, in a Baltimore hospital, had promised Mr. Tumulty that he would not pair—that is, that he would not ask a Suffrage Senator to refrain from voting to counter-balance his own enforced absence. Victory seemed in our hands.

The day arrived. The galleries were filled. The Senators came in all dressed up for the occasion—here a gay waistcoat or a bright tie, there a flower in a button-hole, yonder an elegant frock coat over gray trousers.

"Isn't it cute of them to dress up for the vote!" said Julia Emory.

"Yes," said Inez, "any one of them might be best man at a wedding, or pall-bearer at a funeral."

Senator Jones arose to take up the amendment. At once opposition developed. Our opponents were willing to have a vote, provided all absentees could be paired. Now, if all absentees were counted, we would not have enough votes. Senator James' promise not to vote had given us our majority. But, stunned, we heard Senator Underwood read a telegram from Senator James pleading that some suffragist pair with him. Senator Underwood said he had just confirmed the telegram. It was not until too late that we learned the truth. The telegram had been sent six weeks earlier for another occasion.

And now Senator Reed had the floor. "Oh, who will pair with Ollie James?" he cried. "That n-o-oble Ollie James! You all know that great, fine, noble specimen of manhood, Ollie James! A pair! A pair!" he cried, with tears in his voice and arms outstretched. He went on and on.

We leaned over the balcony and watched Senator Curtis pleading with Borah, urging him to vote for us and save our amendment. We watched breathlessly. We saw Borah listen, smile, and then, without a word, rise and walk slowly out of the room. We flew down to Senator Curtis.

"No, Borah won't do it. They say King is going to. Reed won't give up the floor unless we withdraw or furnish a pair. He and his friends will hold the floor for weeks, if necessary. And the military bill must pass before July first. The army needs the money. You can see for yourself what's happening. It's a filibuster."

Reed was still talking. They say he knows about a great many subjects, and I think he talked about all he knew that day. But nobody will ever know what they were, for no one listened; and he never allowed the speech to be printed in the Record.

Finally Senator Jones arose and withdrew the motion to take up suffrage. Senator Reed, satisfied, sat down. His filibuster had succeeded. He had threatened to hold up the military bill to defeat us, so we had withdrawn. The Senate took up the military bill, and we went home.

"Suffrage is dead for this session," said Senator McKellar. "The Senators don't like being nagged any more. They are all very tired of it."

"We are all very tired of it, too," I said. But I saw no hope of a vacation. All through the summer we worked but, with all our pressure, our amendment was not brought up again until September twenty-sixth. On that day, Senator Jones of New Mexico again brought it up.

Discussion began. Discussion went on. For five whole days it lasted, with waves of hope and waves of dismay, and always an undercurrent of uncertainty. Thursday,

(Continued on page 51)



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See Page 67**

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Quickly you go to the Musterole jar. A bit of that clean white ointment on little Bobbie's chest, and lightly you rub it in. A gentle tingle of skin puts Doctor Nature to work, and soon a healing warmth reaches the congested spot. Then comes a soothing coolness, and Bobbie drowses off to sleep.

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Revelations of a Woman Lobbyist

(Continued from page 50)

Friday, Saturday, the speeches went on. On Monday word went forth that the President would address the Senate on behalf of our amendment.

I hurried to Senator Curtis, who was in his office signing letters. He said, "The other side claim that they have their men pledged; that the President comes too late. What do you expect?"

"I don't know what I do expect. I hope." I went over to the Senate. There was very great excitement; a sense of something wonderful impending. On the floor there was the ceremonious atmosphere that attends the President's coming.

"Look," said a newspaper man in the gallery beside me, "he's brought all his heavy artillery with him." There on the floor of the Senate were the members of the Cabinet. Lesser dignitaries were scattered about the room. Congressmen stood, two deep, lining the walls. The Sergeant-at-Arms announced in clear tones: "The President of the United States."

The President came in, shook hands with the presiding officer, turned and read his speech. There is always an evenness about his public appearances, in manner, in voice, in reading; yet I thought he read this message with more feeling than his War Message, or his Fourteen Points.

The next afternoon when the vote was called for, and the last Senator had answered to his name, the presiding officer announced the result:

"The joint resolution does not pass. We still lacked two votes."

Stunned, as though unable to grasp it, hundreds of women sat there. Then slowly the defeat reached their consciousness, and they began slowly to put on their hats, to gather up their wraps and to file out of the galleries, some with a dull sense of injustice, some with burning resentment. In the corridors they began to form in groups, talking in low voices. Everyone wanted to discuss it. But Alice Paul took my arm.

"Come," she said, "we must find out about the short-term candidates and go into the election campaigns at once."

Two weeks later, with election approaching and Margaret Widdemore going up and down Idaho telling why Borah should vote for suffrage, he came to our headquarters to see Miss Paul. He said he could not make a pledge, as it would look like trying to get votes. But he wrote out this statement for Miss Paul to sign and telegraph to Idaho:

"We have talked over the suffrage situation with Senator Borah, and our understanding from the interview is that he will carry out his platform and vote for the suffrage amendment if reelected."

He was reelected, and now, with Senator Pollock of South Carolina and Senator Borah, we had our majority. But when the amendment came to a vote on February tenth, Senator Borah voted "No."

In the galleries we sat aghast. Margaret Widdemore turned to me: "And with my own eyes I saw his written acceptance of the Republican platform and the Non-Partisan League platform in Idaho! Both of them pledged him to vote for us."

Four months later, on June fourth, for the fifth time in a little more than a year, we sat again in the Senate gallery to hear a vote on the suffrage amendment. The new Congress, coming in on March fourth, had brought us two more votes—we now had our eleven. There was no excitement. The coming of the women, the waiting of the women, the expectancy of the women, was an old story. A whole year had passed in the winning of two votes. Everyone knew what the end would be now. It was all very dull.

We walked slowly homeward, talking a little, silent a great deal. This was the day toward which women had been struggling for more than half a century. We were in the dawn of woman's political power in America.

Power is a sobering thing, for it means responsibility. The American woman now must take her place in our national life, bear her share of the blame for injustice and poverty and suffering, do her part in abolishing them. She has a fresh point of view, a mind not accustomed to accepting whatever is because it always has been. She will see old abuses with new eyes. With her great concern for the human values of life, she now has the power to fight for them, to preserve them from all that threatens them in our complex industrial and political machinery. She need no longer hope and pray for a better world, she will put her shoulder to the wheel and help to make it better.

[THE END]



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Durable-DURHAM Hosiery includes not only Fleecy-lined but other styles for every member of the family—for work, dress, or play—for every season of the year. The children's stockings are made doubly strong to stand the hardest wear and tear. Styles for men and women include all fashionable colors and come in all weights from sheer mercerized to the heavy fleecy lined.

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A True Fairy Story of Thanksgiving

WELL, dear, how are you getting along?"

Mrs. Howard glanced across the library table, where her pretty daughter sat chewing the end of a pencil and frowning at a column of household accounts on which she had been working for some time.

"It just isn't any use, mother," Helen replied. "I have done these old figures backward and forward, and the answer is the same. Oh, dear! I am so tired of being poor—and this of all years, when we want so much to go and see Marjorie and her new apartment. I do think," this last with a sigh, "it is too provoking."

The older woman smiled as she answered, "Yes, dear, I know. I, too, would like to see my other chick and her new home. But Thanksgiving isn't here yet, and who knows what may happen before it arrives?"

"You certainly are the most incorrigible optimist I ever knew," said Helen, shaking her head in mock disapproval at her mother, "always believing something nice is waiting just around the corner. Sometimes I almost think you believe in good fairies."

"Of course I do," said Mrs. Howard, "and if we will only keep our eyes and ears open, we may find one. Even now," she continued, a half-smile on her lips as she watched her daughter regarding the long row of figures with hostile eyes, "there may be a good fairy hiding in this very room."

"Well, mother, I'll agree with you anyway about the hiding."

With a sweep of her hand, Helen gathered up the offending papers and threw them in the waste-basket.

WELL, dear, how are you getting along?"

It was two months later, and again Helen was adding up a column of figures. This time there were no frowns.

"Great—tickets all paid for and twenty dollars to the good. Think of it. In less than three days we will be in New York and at Marjorie's. Oh, it is almost too good to be true!"

Mrs. Howard smiled at her daughter's radiant face. Then, with just a trace of teasing in her voice she demanded: "What have you to say now about the good fairies that hide round waiting to be discovered?"

Helen laughed. "Well, mother, you have always said that McCall's helped you with your dressmaking and cooking and lots of other things, but to think your good fairies would help us to find a pot of gold in its pages; to show us what the More-Money Club can do—that's the most amazing miracle of all."

YES, dear reader, Mrs. Howard and Helen have found the pot of gold in McCall's—but thousands of other women and girls have, too. So can you, if you'll give the fairies half a chance to help you as they have helped them.

It doesn't matter whether you are old or young, whether you live in a little village or in a big city; if you need money (and show me the woman or girl who doesn't), the More-Money Club can and will help you. That is what it's for!

If you want money for tuition at school, for clothes, for vacations, or any one of the numerous things for which money is needed in these days of high costs and many demands, write to Jane Brewster, of McCall's. I will send you by return mail complete details of the Club's method of helping women and girls to make money, and will do everything that I, personally, can to aid you. Just drop a note or a postal card and I will answer it by return mail. The address is:

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Fashion for December

No. 9246, LADIES' AND MISSES' EVENING WRAP. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2 5/8 yards of 54-inch material. The fulness of the cape is gathered into a band which is embroidered with a new design, No. 830.

No. 9235, LADIES' WAIST; side-front closing; draped bodice. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 1 3/8 yards of 40-inch material, and 3/8 yard of 40-inch contrasting. The blouse is very effectively embroidered with a new design, No. 987.

DAME FASHION HAS REACHED THE ZENITH OF SMARTNESS IN HER CAPTIVATING WINTER MODES

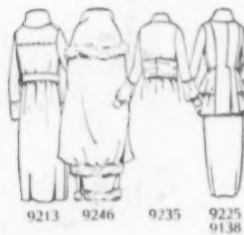
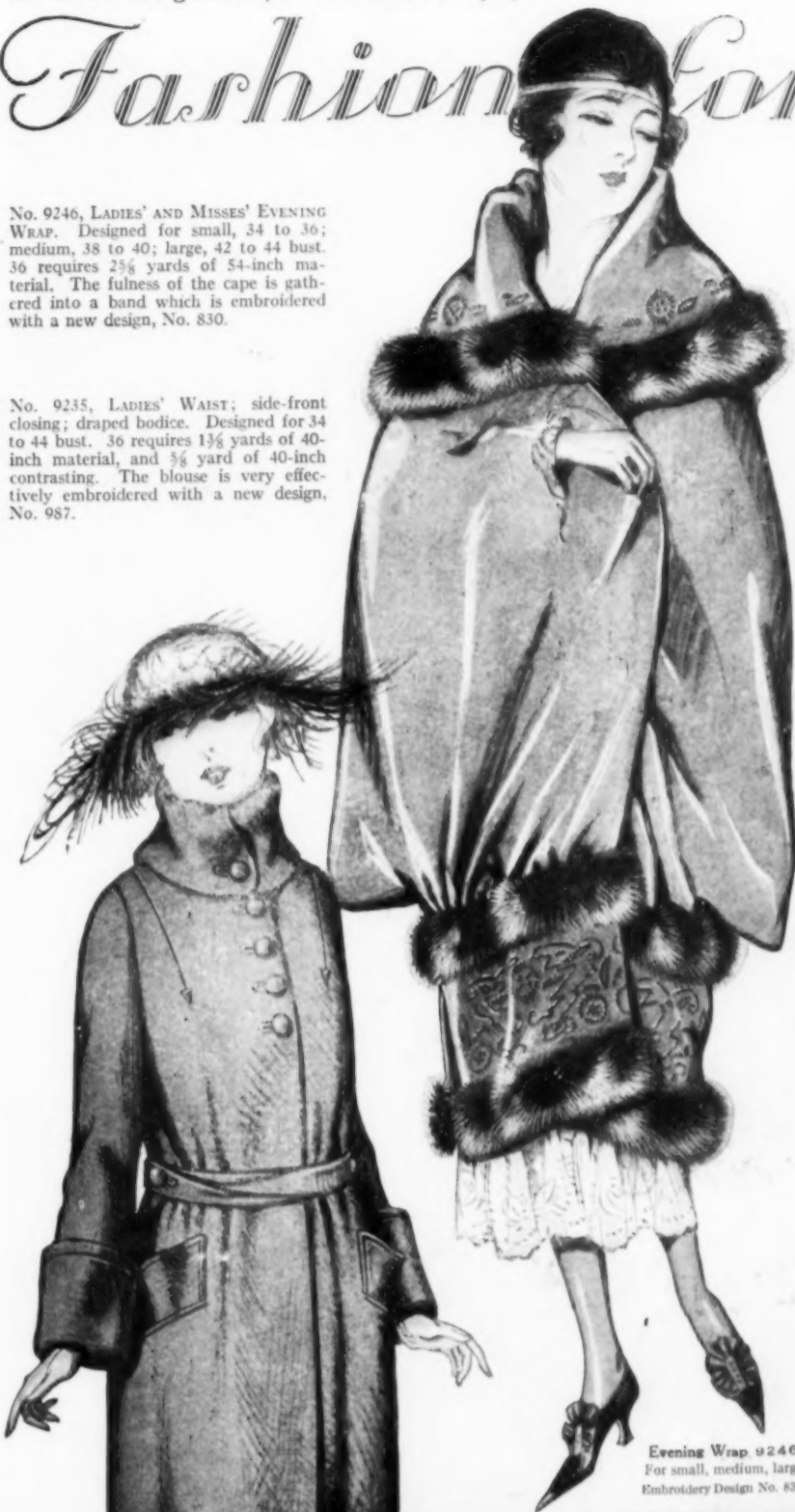
JUST what would we do without our afternoon teas? Many questions of great moment in the world of Fashion are decided over the dainty teacups. And then what a perfectly satisfactory hour it is for milady to display her newest wrap, and frock, and furs. The most fashionable hotels accommodate daily throngs of the smartest women in town, wearing the very smartest clothes. Most prominent are frocks of velvet with which are worn unique fur pieces of every pelt on the market. Brown is the favored color, but black and various shades of dark blue are very much in evidence. These velvet frocks follow the lines of the chemise frock, and if there is much fulness it is so arranged that the silhouette remains narrow.

An Individual Evening Wrap

Evening dress is the criterion expression of individuality. Undeniably beautiful are the evening modes for winter. Dame Fashion has seemed to realize that there is a multitude of types and has created for each one of them. There are no two faces of identical likeness and no two figures are exactly similar. The thoughtful woman will spend hours studying her particular type and then select the design which conforms with and enhances her individuality.

Wraps are known by the fulness they possess. Voluminous materials wrap themselves gracefully about the figure and are sometimes gathered into a wide band at the lower edge, as shown in the illustration on this page. Brilliant colors are most essential to the evening costume.

Apropos of evening, it may be noted that many dazzling coiffure ornaments are worn. Cloth of silver and gold make turbans, while feathers and aigrettes stand alone in their undisputed beauty, caught, perhaps, by a band of jewels about the head.



Evening Wrap 9246
For small, medium, large
Embroidery Design No. 830



Coat 9213
For 34-46 bust

No. 9213, LADIES' COAT; convertible collar. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 1/8 yards of 54-inch material, and 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch lining. The one-piece sleeves are tucked in cuff effect, and the slash pockets have welts. This large comfortable coat is suitable for motoring. There is a yoke across the back and darts in front from shoulder to bustline.

Waist 9235. For 34-44 bust

Embroidery Design No. 987



Suit Coat 9225
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9138
For 22-33 waist

COSTUME Nos. 9225-9138.—36 requires 3 5/8 yards of 54-inch material. No. 9225, LADIES' SUIT COAT. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2 3/8 yards of 54-inch material. No. 9138, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 22 to 38 waist. 26 requires 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

DESIGNS IN THE WINTER REVIEW OF FASHION
 THAT MEET WITH THE APPROVAL OF
 DISCERNING MODISTES



Waist 9207
 For 34-46 bust
 Skirt 9223
 For 24-34 waist

No. 9151, LADIES' DRESS; front having upper and lower section. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. This semi-fitted dress is surplice closing with inset panel at the center-front. There are deep darts from shoulder seams to bustline.



Blouse 9205
 For 34-46 bust
 Embroidery Design No. 981
 Skirt 9168
 For 24-40 waist



Dress 9109
 For 34-48 bust

Waist 9233 Skirt 9231
 For 34-48 bust For 24-38 waist

No. 9109, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material for the dress, and ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting for the vest. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9207-9223.—36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch Georgette and 2¼ yards of 40-inch taffeta.

No. 9207, LADIES' WAIST; with tucked over-blosure closing on shoulder. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch Georgette and 1½ yards of 40-inch taffeta.

No. 9223, LADIES' SKIRT; three-piece tunic, underskirt with front lining, high waistline. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch Georgette and 1¾ yards of 40-inch taffeta. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. The tunic is separated at the back, giving a panel effect. When developed in Georgette and taffeta this makes a very smart frock for afternoon wear. The skirt has the desired fullness acquired by the use of a rather full tunic, which concentrates its fullness at the hips.



Dress 9151
 For 34-46 bust

COSTUME NOS. 9205-9168.—36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 9205, LADIES' BLOUSE; kimono sleeves, panel front, gathered peplum. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material for the waist, ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the puff sleeves and front panel, and 4¼ yards of ribbon. The front of the blouse is prettily beaded, Design No. 981.

No. 9168, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. 26 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.



Dress 9140
 For 34-46 bust

No. 9140, LADIES' REDINGOTE DRESS; two-piece tunic; one-piece underskirt with back foundation sections. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 44-inch material, and ¾ yard of 36-inch for vest. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards. The tunic is embroidered with one of the newest designs which is developed in silk of a contrasting color, Design No. 997.

Dress 9140
 For 34-46 bust
 Embroidery Design No. 997

COSTUME NOS. 9233-9231.—36 requires 3½ yards of 42-inch material, and ¾ yard of 40-inch for vest.

No. 9233, LADIES' WAIST; back closing. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 42-inch material for the blouse, and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the vest. This blouse, which closes at the center-back, has a wide front panel inset with tucks. The short sleeves are lengthened by circular frills.

No. 9231, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. 26 requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Simple tailored skirt featuring front darts which terminate in pockets; slightly gathered at the back and closing on the hip.

No. 9140, LADIES' REDINGOTE DRESS; two-piece tunic; one-piece underskirt with back foundation sections. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 44-inch material, and ¾ yard of 36-inch for vest. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards. The tunic is embroidered with one of the newest designs which is developed in silk of a contrasting color, Design No. 997.

No. 9140, LADIES' DRESS; one-piece straight skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch satin, and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for vest. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards. Featuring a waist which blouses over at low waistline.

No. 9175, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards. A simple frock whose only trimming is the soutache braid on the skirt, Design No. 863.

Dress 9175
 For 34-46 bust
 Embroidery Design No. 863



9109 9233 9151 9207 9140 9205 9175 9140
 9231 9223 9168

FOR DIVERSION THE ONE-PIECE FROCK AFFECTS
TUNICS AND RUFFLES WITHOUT LOSS
TO ITS SMART LINES



Dress 9217
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9211
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9212
For 34-46 bust



Waist 9235 For 34-44 bust
Skirt 9209 For 24-32 waist

No. 9217, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt and three-piece tunic attached to waist. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 5 yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and front. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9235-9209.—36 requires $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for collar, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch for vest.

No. 9235, LADIES' WAIST; side-front closing; draped bodice. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for blouse, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for collar, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch for vest.

No. 9209, LADIES' RUFFLED SKIRT; panel front; two-piece back foundation lengthened by two-piece lower section. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. 26 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 45-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Quite an unusual skirt design, featuring ruffles which are gathered and attached to the foundation.

No. 9079, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE; 47-inch length. Designed for small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material for the cape, and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for lining. This charming cape features a large shawl collar with facing, which gathers at the back where it is attached to neckline.



No. 9221, LADIES' DRESS; with peplum; two-piece underskirt. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch for collar. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The tunic is embroidered with a new, attractive motif, Design No. 1000.

Dress 9221
For 34-44 bust
Embroidery Design No. 1000



Overblouse 9220 For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9138 For 22-38 waist

COSTUME NOS. 9220-9138.—36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9220, LADIES' OVERBLOUSE; two-piece circular tunic attached to blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of ribbon for sash.

No. 9138, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 22 to 38 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. This simple two-piece skirt is very suitable for wear with this overblouse, making with it an attractive costume.

Dress 9243
For 34-44 bust
Embroidery Design No. 936



No. 9243, LADIES' DRESS IN ETON EFFECT; two-piece skirt. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44-inch serge, and 1 yard of 40-inch satin for the sleeves, front and back band. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The satin bands of the waist are trimmed with soutache braid in the newest design, No. 936.

No. 9212, LADIES' DRESS; side-front closing. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material for the dress, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18-inch for the vest. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Featuring a novel way of attaching the back panel to the front by means of round tabs which come forward over the shoulder and button on the front. The sides of the waist are dropped and attached to the gathered skirt portion which is in one with the front panel. The belt slips through slashes in the front panel and buttons at the center-front.

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No. 9242, LADIES' DRESS; with circular side tunics and girde belt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. The fulness of the dress is held in at the waist with a narrow belt. A separate lace collar is worn.

No. 9141, LADIES' COAT; adjustable collar. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 48-inch length, 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material and 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch lining. The collar and cuffs are trimmed with fur.



Dress 9242 For 34-48 bust

Waist 9174 For 34-50 bust Skirt 9227 For 24-36 waist



Overblouse 9245 For 34-46 bust Embroidery Design No. 983 Skirt 9241 For 24-36 waist



Coat Suit 9119 For 34-48 bust



Coat 9133 For 34-46-bust Skirt 9138 For 22-38 waist

No. 9119, LADIES' DIRECTOIRE COAT SUIT; two-piece skirt; high waistline. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 54-inch material for suit, and 1/2 yard of 27-inch contrasting for the vest. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.

COSTUME Nos. 9133-9138.—36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. No. 9133, LADIES' COAT; adjustable collar. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9138, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 22 to 38 waist. 26 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.

No. 9243, LADIES' DRESS; in Eton effect; panel straps and tunic. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. Braid trimming is all that is needed to make a frock fetching and smart for winter, Design No. 863.



9242 9174 9141 9245 9243 9133 9119 9227 9241 9138

Coat 9141 For 34-48 bust

Dress 9243 For 34-44-bust Embroidery Design No. 863

No. 9125, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE COAT; sleeveless, adjustable collar. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 3 3/8 yards of 54-inch material and 4 yards of 36-inch lining.

COSTUME Nos. 9237-9138. — 36 requires 3 3/8 yards of 54-inch material.
No. 9237, LADIES' OVERBLOUSE; to be worn over a skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. The smartest frocks show braid as trimming, Design No. 912.
No. 9138, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 22 to 38 waist. 26 requires 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 9219, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt attached to waist at low waistline. Designed for 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width, 1 3/8 yards.

COATS AND DRESSES TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF WINTER



Overblouse 9237
For 34-48 bust
Embroidery Design
No. 912
Skirt 9138
For 22-38 waist

Coat 9193
For 34-52
bust
Skirt 9138
For 22-38
waist

Cape Coat 9125
For small, medium, large

No. 9193,
LADIES' COAT.
Designed for 34
to 52 bust. 36
requires 2 yards
of 54-inch mater-
ial and 1 7/8
yards of 36-inch
lining.

No. 9131,
LADIES' COAT.
Designed for 34
to 46 bust. 36
requires 3 1/4
yards of 54-inch
material.

Waist 9238
For 34-48 bust
Skirt 9239
For 24-36 waist

Dress 9219
For 34-46 bust

No. 9061, LADIES' RUSSIAN BLOUSE
SUIT; two-piece skirt, high waistline.
Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 re-
quires 4 3/8 yards of 54-inch material
and 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch lining. The
width is 1 1/2 yards.

Coat 9131
For 34-46 bust

Blouse Suit 9061
For 34-46-bust



9061 9125 9193



9131 9219 9238 9239 9138



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Coat Suit 9092
For 14-20 years



Dolman 9084
For 14-20 years



Dress 9161
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 1000

One-Piece Dress 9094
For 14-20 years

No. 9161, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 yards of 54-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting for the vest. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Four large motifs developed in contrasting silk trim the skirt, and smaller ones are used at the neck, Design No. 1000.

No. 9092, MISSES' COAT SUIT; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt; high waistline. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. The waist section of the coat is loose and falls over in Russian blouse effect. The tie-on sash is finished with fur to correspond with the collar and cuffs.

9094, MISSES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards. The one-piece frock is still as popular as ever, and this attractive modal finds a place of indisputable prestige in the wardrobe of the smart miss.

No. 9084, MISSES' DOLMAN; suitable for small women. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material and $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch lining. A dolman wrap for the miss which is not extreme in line but possessing all the qualities of a smart refined wrap for the young girl.



No. 9084, MISSES' DOLMAN; suitable for small women. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material and $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch lining. A dolman wrap for the miss which is not extreme in line but possessing all the qualities of a smart refined wrap for the young girl.



A DISTINCTIVE EVENING FROCK, AND OTHER SMART DESIGNS FOR EARLIER HOURS

No. 9204, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; front in two sections. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 3/8 yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and 1/2 yard of 18-inch for vest. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards. The back is in one from neck to hem and the front is in two sections with pockets.

No. 9208, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; to be slipped on over the head; two-piece skirt attached at low waistline; two-piece tunic. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 5/8 yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards. The tunic, sleeves and collar are trimmed with braid, Design No. 863.



Dress 9204
For 16-20 years



Dress 9208
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 863

Dress 9228
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 866 on hat



Suit Coat 9163
For 16-20 years

Skirt 9145
For 16-20 years



Dress 9218
For 16-20 years



Dress 9220
For 16-20 years



Dress 9056
For 14-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 983



Dress 9215
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 891

No. 9218, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; closing on shoulder and at underarm; sleeves attached to lining; three-piece tunic; underskirt having front lining section. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 7/8 yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and vest. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.

No. 9228, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; surplice closing; three-piece draped skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 3/8 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards. The hat is very attractively embroidered with a conventionalized rose, Design No. 806.

No. 9056, MISSES' CHEMISE DRESS; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for dress, 3/4 yard of 40-inch for the chemisette and puff sleeves, and 3/8 yard of 40-inch for collar and cuffs. Width, 1 3/4 yards. The pockets and front of the blouse are embroidered effectively, Design No. 983.

COSTUME NOS. 9163-9145.—16 years requires 3 1/4 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9163, MISSES' SUIT COAT; suitable for small women; adjustable collar. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9145, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women; high waistline. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards.

No. 9220, MISSES' EVENING DRESS; suitable for small women; sleeveless; skirt with three-piece lining, lengthened by straight section. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 7/8 yards of 45-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. Developed in apricot taffeta, and for contrast a rose of turquoise is worn at the waist. The side puffs are gracefully draped.

No. 9215, MISSES' DRESS; sleeves attached to lining; two-piece tucked skirt, attached to waist. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and 7/8 yard of 36-inch for the collar and vest. Width, 1 1/2 yards. The vest is trimmed with beads, Design No. 901.



9204 9208 9228 9163-9145 9218 9220 9056 9215

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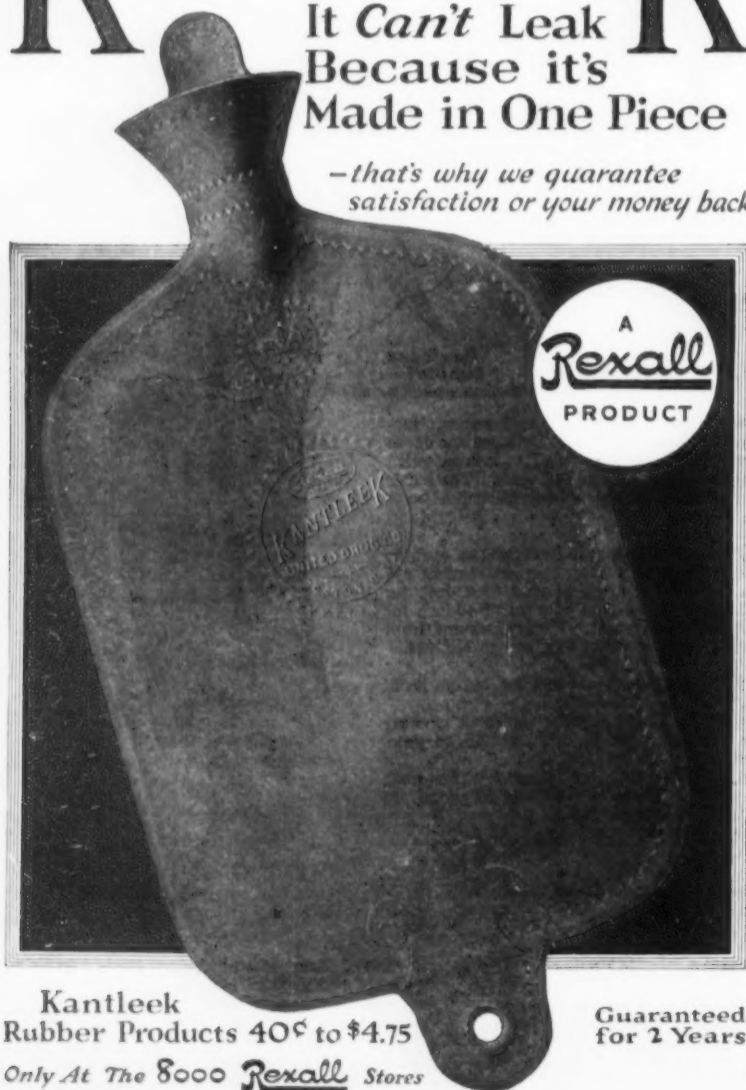
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FOR MISSES



Dress 9074
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 987

Dress 9169
For 14-20 years

Dress 8700
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 947

No. 9074, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 3/4 yard of 40-inch contrasting for chemisette and sleeves. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/4 yards. A very pretty design is embroidered at the edge of the round neck which is filled in with chemisette, Design No. 987.

No. 9169, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 3/8 yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/8 yards.

No. 8700, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 5/8 yards of 40-inch material, and 1/2 yard 36-inch for collar. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/4 yards. The tunic and front panel of the waist are embroidered, Design No. 947.

Dress 9171
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 883

No. 9171, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 7/8 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. Embroidered in contrasting color, Design No. 383.



9171 8700 9169 9074

THE KIDDIES DON THEIR WINTER TOGS

Cap 9244
For small, medium, large



Suit 9206
For 2-6 years

No. 9206, BOY'S RAGLAN SUIT; knee trousers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 4 years requires 1 3/8 yards of 36-inch material, and 3/8 yard 36-inch contrasting.



8646



Dress 9066
For 4-12 years



Dress 8646
For 4-14 years



Dress 9216
For 4-14 years



9206



View A
Doll's Overalls 9240
For 14-26-inch



9216



Cooking Apron 9230
For 6-14 years



9230

No. 9244, BOY'S CAP. Designed for small, 2 to 4; medium, 6 to 8; large, 10 to 12 years. 6 years requires 3/8 yard of 42-inch material.

View B
Doll's Smock 9240
For 14-26-inch
Smocking Design No. 690

No. 8646, GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS; straight pleated skirt. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2 1/8 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9216, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9240, FARMERETTE DOLL'S SET. Designed for 14- to 26-inch. View B is smocked, Design No. 690.

Coat 9132
For 4-14 years

No. 9230, GIRL'S ONE-PIECE COOKING APRON, to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9132, GIRL'S COAT; adjustable collar, dropped shoulder; three-piece skirt section, straight lower edge. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 12 years requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9066, GIRL'S DRESS; smocked or shirred. Designed for 4 to 12 years. 8 years requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting.



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STYLES OF DISTINCTION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Hat 9244
For small, medium, large

No. 9244, Boy's Hat. Designed for small, 2 to 4; medium, 6 to 8; large, 10 to 12 years. 8 years requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 42-inch material.



Dress 9114
For 6-14 years



No. 8876, Boy's Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 6 years requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 42-inch material.



Dress 8834
For 6-14 years



Dress 8720
For 6-14 years

Suit 8876
For 2-6 years

No. 8834, GIRL'S DRESS; in box-pleat effect. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.



Suit 8704
For 6-14 years

No. 9114, GIRL'S DRESS; with chemisette, straight gathered skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 6 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 42-inch material, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 8720, GIRL'S DRESS; one-piece straight skirt, in box-pleat effect, attached to waist. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 8694, GIRL'S DRESS; three-piece skirt and peplums attached to waist. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $7\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The three-piece peplums are embroidered, Design No. 987.

No. 8704, BOY'S SUIT; knee trousers. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 14 years requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch lining.

Dress 8694
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 987

SMALL PERSONS AND SMART STYLES



Hat 9244
For small,
medium, large

Suit 8348
For 2-8 years

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8348

Dress 9222
For 4-12
years

Dress 9210
For 4-14 years
Embroidery
Design
No. 992

Dress 9224
For 4-14 years
Embroidery Design
No. 992

Coat 9214
For 4-14 years

Doll's Set 9240
For 14-26-inch

No. 9222, CHILD'S EMPIRE DRESS; kimono sleeves; with trimming-straps; straight skirt gathered into straight bands. Designed for 4 to 12 years. 6 years requires 1 3/4 yards of 42-inch material, and 6 yards of ribbon for straps.

No. 9214, GIRL'S COAT. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch material and 1 7/8 yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9226, GIRL'S DRESS; straight pleated skirt attached to waist. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch for the dress, and 3/8 yard of 27-inch contrasting for the collar.

No. 9240, FARMERETTE DOLL'S SET. Designed for 14- to 26-inch. 18-inch requires 1 yard of 27-inch material.

No. 9210, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. The embroidery at the neck is very effective, Design No. 992.

No. 9224, GIRL'S DRESS; straight gathered side sections. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 6 years requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. The neck is very simply embroidered, Design No. 992.

No. 9244, BOY'S HAT. Designed for small, 2 to 4; medium, 6 to 8; large, 10 to 12 years. 8 years requires 3/8 yard of 42-inch material.

Dress 9226
For 6-14 years

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TAMS ARE UNUSUALLY SMART



A New Way to Make Money at Home

This is a very unusual advertisement, due to a very unusual condition. We want thousands of new workers, men and women, to make socks for us at home on The Auto Knitter. Our need for these workers is very acute.

We are a large hosiery concern doing a world-wide business.

Not only in the United States, but throughout the world, there is a great hosiery shortage. Though we employ an army of home-workers we cannot fill our orders.

Regular Wages Paid Not a "Canvassing Scheme"

This great demand is your own personal opportunity. It is your chance to make good money working in the freedom and comfort of your own home. Our Wage Contract guarantees a fixed pay, on a liberal piece-work basis. This work agreement is positively not a "canvassing" or "agency" scheme. It is a straightforward Employment Arrangement. You can work full-time or spare-time just as you choose right in your own home. Here is some evidence; we can send you more:

I am sending you 74 pair of half hose. Hope they will reach you all right. Please send replacement Yarn and wages. Will send another shipment soon. *State College, Pa.*

I am sending by express three dozen and 9 pair of half hose, being the product of ten pounds of yarn. Send me ten pounds replacement yarn and wages. *Milton, Wyo.*

Am shipping by express today 4 1/2 dozen pair of socks knit to your order. Kindly send replacement yarn as soon as possible. Send me the wages in cash. *Bismarck, Iowa.*

I have this day sent you a package of three dozen socks by parcel post. Please send me yarn in replacement. *Traverse City, Mich.*

I am sending 12 dozen pairs of half hose, for which kindly send me pay for my work, and wool in return. Send the check and the wool immediately; we want to get to work with it. *New York, N. Y.*

I am sending another lot of socks today. Am getting along fine with my machine, and thank you for the promptness with which you have accepted and paid for my hosiery. *Limestone, Tenn.*

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Read more testimony of our perfectly satisfied people. Learn of the profitable, pleasant and permanent opportunity for you in our organization. Know the future possible through The Auto Knitter; independence, freedom from bosses, time-clocks, work-hours, and working-rules. Learn how, if you desire, you can also have your own home factory and sell your output both wholesale and retail.

As we have said before, the great and unsatisfied world-shortage of hosiery is your own personal opportunity to make good money at home. Write us today, no matter where you live.

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Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you need not know how to knit. You do not have to even know how to sew. The Auto Knitter does the work.

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Department 511R, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Slip 9248
For 16-20 years

View B
Tams 9247
For small, medium, large

No. 9248, MISSES' FIVE-GORED PRINCESS SLIP. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years, 27 1/2 yards 36-inch material.

No. 9232, LADIES' NEGLIGEE; with angel sleeves. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9234, LADIES' HOUSE DRESS; kimono sleeves; in-step length. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material, and 1 1/2 yards of 27-inch contrasting for trimming.

No. 9236, LADIES' AND MISSES' BREAKFAST COAT; in ankle length. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 3 5/8 yards of 40-inch material, and 13 yards of lace edging.

No. 9247, LADIES' AND MISSES' TAMS. Designed for small, 23; medium, 23 1/2; large, 24 head. View A requires 1 yard. View B, 3/4 yard. View C, 1 1/8 yards of 36-inch material. Tams are smart for many occasions.



9236

9234

9248

9232

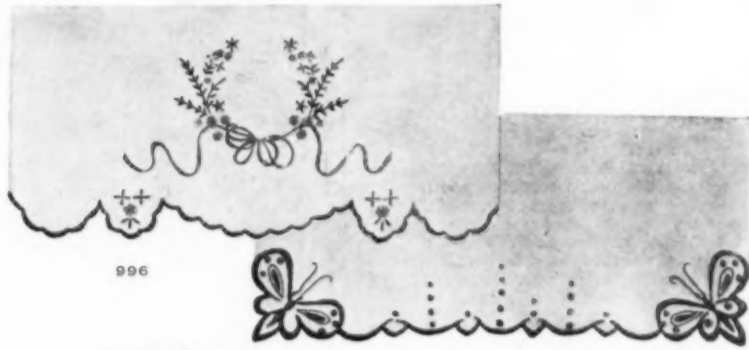
Breakfast Coat 9236
For small, medium, large

Negligee 9232
For small, medium, large

Dress 9234
For 34-48 bust

Designs Decorative and Gay

By Helen Thomas



996

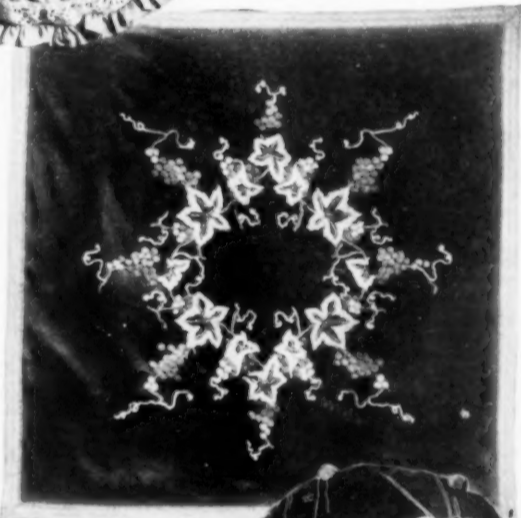


996—Embroidery Design for Guest Towels. These 15-inch towels are very gay embroidered in bright colors.



999

999—Embroidery Design for Pillow and Scarf Ends. This charming pillow is embroidered with a new embroidery-machine for handwork. The effect is equally attractive with the design worked by hand in French knots.



998—Embroidery Design for Center-piece. 28 inches square. Exceedingly effective worked in the natural colors with a hand embroidery-machine, or by hand in French knots, satin- and outline-stitch.

994—Embroidery Design for 22-inch Butterfly Pillow. Brilliant colors on the black sateen make this stunning.

995—Embroidery Design for Scarf Ends. 17½ inches wide.

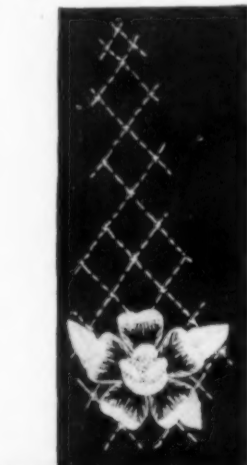
997—Embroidery Design for Dress Trimming. These large motifs, 21 inches long, with a matching band are featured on the newest dresses.

1000—Embroidery Design for Dress Trimming. About 10 inches deep, these motifs strike the newest note in trimmings.



998

994
995



997



1000



Yes, you can have all these beautiful things just for the mere cost of the materials. You can rejoice in the possession of the most superbly charming kimono, doilies, scarfs, centerpieces, pillows, collar and cuffs, lingerie, embroidered hats and ever so many other things.

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As fast as hands can operate and eyes can follow a pattern, this little machine creates the most luxurious and beautiful designs in plain colors or wonderful combinations. You can embroider any material in cotton thread, silk, yarn or chenille, following the simple directions. You will be amazed at your ability to create such beautiful work. You will be astonished at the quickness with which the most intricate or the plainest designs grow before your very eyes.

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Yes, we mean it. Purchase a MARVEL Machine, including complete outfit, machine hoop and assortment of needles. Or, if you cannot easily obtain one locally, send only \$2.50 to us and we will forward the complete outfit postpaid. If we cannot supply you send direct to us. Try the MARVEL for 30 days and if you are not convinced it will do all we claim, send it back and your money will be returned. Ask for one of the first women to do hand embroidery at machine-like speed.

Prepare for Christmas

Just think of the wonderful Christmas presents you can make with the MARVEL Machine, and at what small expense you can gain the appreciation of grateful recipients. But start now—you will find it so easy that you will want to make many, many things, from dainty embroidered handkerchiefs to lovely scarfs.

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Torn Veils

[Continued from page 15]

Mrs. Ramsay filled her house and kept it full in the weeks that followed her return. Burnstable saw many strange faces on its gay little beach that summer. The Ramsays had made friends in all the curious corners of the earth where they had traveled. Many were young, but most of them were older men who had made their mark; men a little tired and jaded. To see them with Janet was the hardest thing that Steve had to endure; to hear her laugh as they bent toward her, smiling, sure of themselves. Not for a moment did he blame Janet. And not for a moment did he love her less.

As the summer waned, the color came back into Steve's cheeks. The lassitude that had held him vanished. He could swim as far as ever; he could take long walks. But, though he was impatient, though twice he went to the city to see his doctor, he had to wait.

He saw Janet often. In Burnstable, that was inevitable. Mrs. Ramsay was punctilious in including him in her invitations. And Janet herself was more—and less!—than kind to him.

"I like to play, Steve," she said, once, wistfully. "And I don't have to be on my guard with you. I don't have to think of everything I say."

More than once, she sent his hopes flying upward, only to dash them down. A score of times hope died, only to be revived. There was a night in August; a night of sultry heat, when the moon was copper red. There was a dance at the Casino, but it was too hot to dance. Steve and Janet went out upon the sands.

"Janet, let's cut and run! Get your bathing-suit and swim out to the rocks!" "Oh, I'd love to!" she said. "Mother—she'd be wild—I don't care!"

In ten minutes, she came running down to him as he waited on the sands. Hand in hand, they raced out through the breakers, and plunged into the deep, smooth water beyond. Together they made for the rocks that had been their goal a hundred times in that dead summer that was to live in his memory so long as he himself should live. Laughing they drew themselves up on the smooth, flat rock that was hidden from the shore. There was scant space for them; almost unconsciously, he put his arm about her.

"Oh, this is good!" she said. She leaned upon him. "Steve—I'm so tired!"

"When we were swimming out here—" he groped for words—"You know—I was reading some poetry the other day, about a chap and a girl. She didn't love him, you know. But he begged her to ride with him just once, and she did. I thought of it when we were swimming. The poem was about if they never did stop riding—just kept on—and that was heaven—"

"And I wished we could—" he said, when she didn't answer.

"I almost wish so, too, Steve." She leaned toward him; her head drooped. And suddenly he pressed her to him, and she lay limp in his arms. She opened her eyes, and smiled up at him. And with a groan he threw his head back.

"Oh, Janet—" he cried. "I love you so! No one's ever going to love you as I do! And you loved me last summer—that night when we said good-by? Didn't you?"

"It wasn't I!" She drew away from him, gently. "That girl's gone, Steve. She did love you—yes! But I—I've grown up. And you're just a boy! Oh, Steve—I hate to hurt you! But you're so young! The men I've met. Oh—I don't know what it is! I wish—Steve, I have wished I could go back! But I can't—I can't! You do things—I can't tell you what they are. I know when you do them, that's all. Young things—things I ought to love you for—things you say and think—things that are just you. And I laugh at them and you and hate myself for laughing—"

"If you could tell me—" he said, humbly. "I can't!" she cried, desperately. She slipped into the water. He had to follow her, and they swam in together.

"I'm going to town," he said to Peggy, at breakfast the next morning. "I'll see Doc Ayres again, and then go over to the plant. They're running at full capacity now and the men are pretty restless. Dad's promised to try out some of my ideas and says the sooner I get back the better."

"All right," agreed Peggy, understandingly. Two months later he came back for a week's rest. His recent illness had left him with only a little reserve strength, and the strain of his new work had exhausted it. His energies had been so completely absorbed in the struggle to make good that he had forgotten everything except Janet.

[Continued on page 67]



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Torn Veils

(Continued from page 66)

"Talk about luck!" he said to Peggy when she met him at the station in her car. "I couldn't write much. Dad's put me in charge of this new profit-sharing scheme for the men. It's a man-sized job. And when I get rested up again—"

"I am so glad," Peggy smiled at him. "I—I didn't know you were so good-looking, Steve."

"Rats," he said. He had a buoyant, conquering air, quite different from the forlorn boy of the early summer. Peggy sensed his new pride in himself and realized that he had really grown up. He rattled on about his work, and the men—what corking fellows they were when you got to know them. But it wasn't until she was bringing the car to a halt before the house that he said:

"Oh—are the Ramsays still here?"

"Yes—darn them!" answered Peggy, and collapsed in a storm of tears.

"Oh, Lord!" said Steve. "Peg—I don't know when I saw you cry before—Peggy—dear—it's all right—"

"G-go away—please!" she begged. "I'm sorry I'm such a fool. But I hate that girl—"

He shook his head as she made her way, stumbling a little, into the house. Slowly he turned and walked along the sands. The purple shadows of the dunes lay long upon the beach; behind them the sun was going down in a riot of color. The first frost had painted the hills that rose behind Burnstable; the woods that clothed their sides were ablaze with the reds and yellows of the autumn leaves.

He walked far along the beach; away from Burnstable and its houses. And he didn't see Janet at all at first; didn't see her start when she recognized him, nor hear the quick catch of her breath.

"Steve!" she said, so low that the word just reached his ears.

His pulses leaped, and heart and lips cried out to her at once—as they always did, as he thought they always would!

"Oh, Janet! I—I wondered if I'd see you—if you'd still be here—"

"I ran away, Steve," she said. "There were a lot of people at the house."

He looked at her. And suddenly a puzzled look came into his eyes. This Janet—there was something different, something changed, about her. She was dressed as the Janet whose image he had carried in his heart during the long year of her absence had been wont to dress. She wore a middy blouse of white, and a blue skirt, so short that her slender ankles flashed silken below it. And her hair was parted and lay low upon her neck.

"You—you're changed, Janet," he said, awkwardly. "You look the way you used to look—last summer—"

"I wanted to!" she cried. And he saw the tears running down her cheeks. "Oh, Steve—it's dear of you to know! I—I didn't want to be grown up! I wanted to go back. And—oh, I'm glad you're here! Steve—must you go to the works soon?"

"I think so," he said. "You know, when I was in college I specialized in economics, and in vacations I hung around the shop a lot. At first Dad laughed at me—said it was all sentimental tommyrot—wouldn't work. This last year he's been different. When I was getting well I worked out a plan on paper and we're trying it."

"But you're just a boy!" she said, vehemently. "How can you do anything like that? It'll be years and years before you can amount to anything! That's what Mother's always said—"

"I thought so, too," he said, humbly. "But they're not treating me that way. I'm glad you're here, Janet. I hoped I'd have a chance to say good-by—"

"No!" she cried. She swayed toward him. "Steve! I won't say good-by! Oh—Steve—I've been such a little fool! I thought—I thought all sorts of things mattered—and they don't! I just want you, Steve—you! I always have—I don't care what anyone says—"

"Janet!" he cried. And with a boy's laughing cry of triumph he caught her in his arms. But it was with a man's lips that he kissed her, and it was with a man's tenderness that he held her as once again he felt her tears, wet upon his cheek.

"They can't stop us now!" he said, minutes later. "Janet—they sha'n't—no one shall stop us—"

"No one!" she said. "Oh, Steve—"



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The Curtain Call

Petty Argument

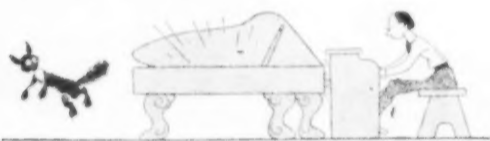
THE modern home, so shrinking in character, makes the selection of a household pet decidedly difficult. Before it is too late and we are all living a truly tabloid life we would like to plead for the elephant, in favor of whom, as a household pet, there is so much to be said.

Never would he endanger his dignity, or the piping, by swinging from the chandelier by his tail. It is doubtful if he would ever embarrass a visitor by lispings, enticingly, "Kiss Polly," and then, after an interval of significant silence, shrieking, "Go 'way, go 'way, go 'way!" No matter how numerous elephants in the home might become, one probably would never spring confidently to your shoulder, while at breakfast, and tickle your neck with his whiskers. Neither would he purr maddeningly in your ear while you are trying to determine, from half a dozen different paragraphs in the morning paper, just what Russia has on for the day. He would never anger the cook by over-indulging in the uncooked roast and then frighten the entire household by running around the parlor in circles and trying to scale the newly papered walls. Nor would he attempt sharpening his nails on every enticing silk-clad ankle in his path.

Of course there are certain things he probably could not be enticed to do to please the family vanity and tax the politeness of guests. One does not picture him in a cage furiously whirring in a wire ring. It is doubtful if aunty could coax him to jump daintily through an embroidery hoop. Fancy can scarcely picture him sitting on the piano-stool picking out a plaintive *Home Sweet Home* for a large semi-circle of week-enders.

But there are certain sturdy paths along which his usefulness could, without doubt, be trained. Have you a fruit-tree in your yard? How easy it is to see the household pet plucking the sweet red apple and dropping it with careful precision into the capacious brown basket. During spring cleaning would it not be quite possible to train him as a vacuum-cleaner? He might easily be substituted for the garden-hose. And in parts of the country where cyclones have become a careless habit I'm sure he would prove invaluable holding down the homestead.

Yes, altogether, the possibility of the elephant as a household pet seems far from fantastic.



The Musicianiac

HE sits at the piano, and plays with equal ease *The Trumpeter of Saakengen*, *The Wedding of the Winds*, or one of Mozart's symphonies; a Chaminade, a Ben Godard, a song à la gondola, the latest on the hurdy-gurdy, the old familiar works o' Verdi. I s'pose, o' course, you must 'a' heard, he has a pianola.

Inspiration

WHERE do authors get it and how? We've heard it rapturously charged to some sun-kissed hill, to a cloud soft as cotton and luminous as a soul, to a strain of heaven-born music—to endless similar things. But at last, from a man who so firmly anchors his flights of fancy to the good brown earth that he farms in New Mexico, we learn that his inspirations are sturdy, clay-stained things.

William David Ball, whose story, *The Lover Who Wanted Advice*, you read in October McCall's, writes us, "Even now I can see a dandy story just above an irrigating ditch whose banks are lined with sweet clover, sand burrs and a litter of pigs." He's what we call honest. We, too, have to grovel for ours.

Henrietta

IT has been said that authors become enamored of their characters. Can it be true when the character is inanimate? It would seem so. Parker Fillmore tells us that he became completely wrapped up in the creation of his four-wheeled and four-cylindered Henrietta in *Phoebe Replies*. All outside interest, all friends were forgotten, so that one day he had a momentary panic upon receiving a telegram announcing that his friend Henrietta's "brother, wife and child" were coming to visit him. To him there was but one Henrietta. He had a terrifying vision of a great big automobile, a middle-sized automobile and a teeny, weeny automobile bump-bumping up flights of stairs to his aerie among New York's roofs and honking at his door for admission.



Nothing New

THERE'S nothing new in politics,
There's nothing new in art;
The Chinese say they knew it all
Before we got a start.

And men who view the pyramids,
And travel at their ease,
Declare that the Egyptians were
Ahead of the Chinese.

Each little jest that one essays,
Each passing verbal trick,
Is very likely to be found
On some Assyrian brick.

But why pursue the dreadful theme,
Since no relief we view;
*There's nothing new in telling men
That there is nothing new!*

Surprising Progeny

PROFESSOR BLAKE, of the department of biology in an Eastern university, employs a colored gardener. With true Ethiopian perspicacity he had absorbed much of his employer's vocabulary, though his correct use of it was not



always to be trusted. One day he complained to the professor that some little animal was making havoc in the rose-bed. A few days later he reported beamingly that he had located the disturbance. "Yassir, Professor Blake, I foun' that critter. In fac' there's a whole fam'ly of 'em—two moles and four little molecules."

A Biting Answer

LITTLE Mildred was allowed to pay a visit alone for the first time and was carefully instructed how to behave. "Now, dear," said her mother, "if they ask you to dine with them you must say, 'No, thank you; I have already dined.'"

It turned out as her mother anticipated. "Come along, Mildred," said her little friend's father, "You must have a bite with us." "No, thank you," replied the little girl, with dignity, "I have already bitten."

"Little, but Oh, My!"

SOME of us have a favorite pudding. Some of us are indifferent to all puddings and some like all. This is so of poetry, actors, tooth-paste and innumerable other things. But we're all alike in one respect—we all have our favorite fish story and the telling of it rises perennially, joyously, trustingly, like the trout rises in the spring, and we tell it and tell it, no matter what suffering it may inflict. This is our favorite fish-story.

At a mountain resort on the edge of a lake a six month's bride, plump and placid, one morning established herself



with hook and line on the end of the little pier. All day she waited, visited now and then by her devoted husband who showered her with attentions in the matter of fresh bait, etc. The fish refused to bite. Toward sunset a game little sunfish of two and a half inches sacrificed himself that her patient day might be triumphant. "Henry, O Henry," she shouted, "bring a dish. Bring a large one. I've learned how to do it at last."

Wanted to Know

JULIAN was exerting his child's right to ask questions. "Curiosity once killed a cat, you know," answered his mother, wearied at last.

Julian pondered. Finally, he asked, "Mother, would you mind telling me what it was the cat wanted to know?"



Juliet à la Mode

A FEW winters ago, when the whole country was regarding the humble hod of coal as a treasure more priceless than rubies, an actor and actress, famous as interpreters of Shakespeare, were touring the country. They arrived in St. Louis, where they were to put on *Romeo and Juliet*. It was half an hour before the curtain. The theater was like the interior of a cold-storage warehouse. There seemed not to be a soul in the city who had authority or substance to produce heat. "Is there anyone in the company who has not telephoned to all the coal dealers?" asked Romeo. "Has the mayor been appealed to?" demanded Juliet. Both of



these things and everything else had been done. As the moment for the curtain's rising approached, peeps into the auditorium disclosed that the audience had intimate knowledge of the city's dearth of fuel. Every figure was muffled to the eyes in every conceivable kind of wrap. There were evidences of several foot-warmers. It was even suspected that certain huddled shapes embraced comforting hot-water bags.

"Look at them!" said Juliet. "They'll be comfortable. And you, in your velvets, you'll be all right. But how about me? I just can't go on."

But she did. And for the first time in the history of Shakespeare's classic, Romeo made entrancing love to a Juliet clad in a fur coat.

A Life Job

TWO friends met after not having seen each other for several years.

"Hello, Hilkins. Who are you working for now?" "Same people," was the cheery reply, "a wife and five children."

A Fainting Opportunity

FREDERICK STROTHMANN, who makes our smiling cartoons, says that Monsieur M., his teacher in Paris, was a fine artist, who strove quite unsuccessfully to hide a most kindly nature behind a mask of rather gruff austerity, and his pupils all worshiped him.



One morning the class was working from a new model, one, being unused to the strain of posing, promptly fainted.

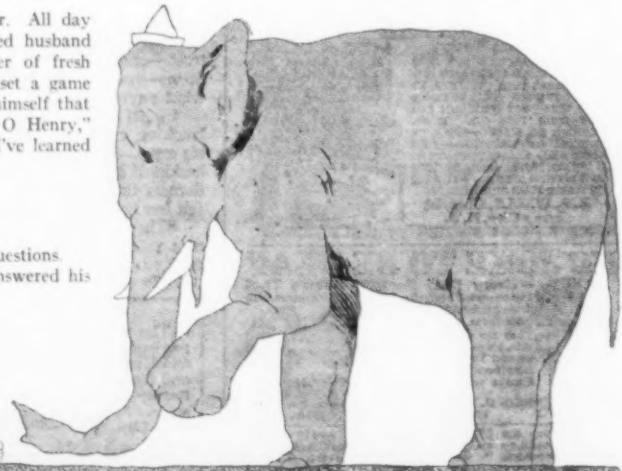
One of the pupils ran to Monsieur M.'s studio and asked excitedly what to do in the emergency.

"Do?" said he. "Why, sketch it. You may never have such another opportunity."

High Cost of Living

THE druggist handed the old colored man a bottle of medicine, and said:

"You must take a dose of this after each meal." "Yas, sah," replied the colored man. "An' now, if yo' please, sah, tell me whar I'm gwine to get de meals?"





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